Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courteour.

Off the Wiserabyll Estait of the warld.
Compylit be Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the mont Knycht *Alias*, Lyone Kyng of Armes.
And is Deuidit in Four partis As efter Followis.
And Impȝentit at the Command and Expensis of Doctoȝ NACHABEVS. In Copmanhouin.

Attouir thare is bukis impȝentit in France, of twa soȝtis the quhilkis ar verray fals as it is knawin, ȝ wantis mekle that this Buke hes foȝ this is Juste and trew, and nane bot this Buke. be war with thame foȝ thay wyll dissaue zow.

Absit gloriari, nisi in Cruce domini nostri Iesu Christi.

BIBLIOTHECA LAMBETHANA

1554

THOV lytle quair, of mater miserabyll
Weil auchtest ȳ, couerit to be w̄ sabyl
renūceand grene ȳ purpur reid & quhit
To delicat mē, ȳ art not delectabyll
Nor zit tyll amorous folkis amyabyll
To reid on the, thay wyll haue no delyte
Warldly peple, wyll haue at the dispyte
Quhilk fyxit hes thare hart, and hole intentis
On sensuall luste, on dignitie and Rentis.

We haue no kyng, the to present allace
Quhilk to this countre, bene ane cairfull cace
And als our Quene, of Scotland Heretour
Sche dwellis in France, I pray God saif hir
It war to lang, for the to ryn that race (grace
And far langar or that zoung tender flour
Bryng home tyll ws ane kyng and gouernour
Gen. vii. Allace tharefore, we may with sorrow syng
Quhilk most so lang, remane without ane king

O I not quhome to thy simpylnes to send
With counyng mē, frō tyme that ȳ be kend
Thy Vaniteis, no way thay wyll auance
Thynkand the proude, sic thyngis to pretende
Notwithstandyng, ȳ straucht way sal ȳ wende
To thame, quhilk hes ȳ realme in gouernance
Declare thy mynde to thame, w̄ circunstance
Go first tyll James, our prince, & Protectour
And his Brother, our spirituall Gouernour

And Prince of preistis, in this natioun
Efter Reuerend Recommendatioun
Under thare feit, thow lawly the submyt
And mak thame humyll supplycatioun
Geue thay in the, fynd wrang Narratioun
That thay wald pleis, thy faltis to remyt
And of thare grace, geue thay do the admyt
Than go thy waye, quhare euer ẏ plesis best
Be thay content, mak reuerence to the rest.

To faithfull prudent Pastoris spirituall
To nobyll Erlis, and lordis temporall
Obedientlie, tyll thame thow the addres
Declaryng thame, this schort memoriall
Quhow mankynd bene, to miserie maid thrall
At lenth to thame, the cause planelie confesse
Beseikand thame, all lawis to supresse
Inuentit, be Mennis Traditioun
Contrar to Christis Institutioun.

And cause thame cleirly, for tyll vnderstand
That for the brekyng of the lordis command
His thrinfald wande of Flagellatioun
Hes Scurgit this pure Realme of Scotland
Be mortall weris, baith be sey and land
With mony terrabyll trybulatioun
Tharfor mak to thame trew narratioun
That all thir weris, this derth, hunger & pest
Was nocht, bot for our Synnis manefest

Re. xxiiii. & the. iii. i. Cor. ii.

Gen. vii. Declare to thame, how in the tyme of Noye
Alluterlye, God did the warld distroye
Gene. xix As holy Scripture, maketh mentioun
Sot om, Gomor, w thare Regioun and Roye
God sparit nother Man, woman, nor Boye
Bot all wer brynt, for thare offentioun
Mathew xxiii. Jerusalem, that moste tryumphand toun
Luc. xiii. Distroyit wes, for thare Iniquytie
As in the Scripture, planelye thay may se.

Declare to thame, this mortall miserie.
Jere. xv. Be sweird and fyre, derth, pest, and pouertie
Procedis of Syn, geue I can rycht discryue
For laik of Faith, and for Ydolatrye
For Fornicatioun, and for Adultrye
Of Prencis, Prelatz, w mony a man & wyue
Expell the cause, than the effect belyue
Sall cease, quhen that the peple doith repent
Than God sall slak his bow, quhilk zit is bent.

Mak thame request, quhilk hes the gouernãce
The Sinceir word of God for tyll Auance
Conforme to Christis Institutioun
Without Ypocrisie or dissimulance
Causing Justice hald ewinlye the Ballance
On Publicanis, makyng punyssioun
Commendyng thame of gude conditioun
That beyng done, I dout not bot the Lorde
Sall of this countre, haue Misericorde.

Thocht God, wt mony terrabyll effrayis
Hes done this countre scurge, by diuers wayis
Be Juste Jugement, for our greuous offence
Declare to thame, thay sall haue mery dayis
Efter this trubyll, as the Proheis sayis
Quhen God sall se, our humyll repentence
Tyll straing peple, thocht he hes geuin lyscence
To be our scurge, Induryng his desyre
Wyl quhē he lyst, that Scurge cast in the fyre.

Pray thame, that thay put not thare esperance Psal. c. xvii
In mortall men, only thame tyll aduance
Bot principallye in God Omnipotent
Than neid thay not, to charg ẏ realme of frāce
With gounnis, galayis, nor vther ordinance
So that thay be, to God Obedient
In thir premissis, be thay nocht neglygent
Displayand Christis Banar, hie on heycht
Thare Ennimeis, of thame sall haue no mycht

Go hence pure Buke, quhilk I haue done In-
In rurall ryme, in maner of dispyte (dyte
Contrar the warldlis Variatioun
Off Rethorick, heir I Proclame the quyte
Ydolatouris, I feir sall with the flyte
Because of thame thow makis Narratioun
Bot cure thow nocht, the Indignatioun
Of Ypocritis, and fals Pharisience
Howbeit on the, thay crye ane loude vengeance

Requeist the Gentyll Redare, that the redis
Thocht Ornat termes, in to thy park not spre-
As thay in the, may haue experience (dis
Thocht Barrane feildis, beris not bot weidis
Zit brutall beistis sweitly on thame feidis
Desyre of thame, none vther recompance
Bot that thay wald reid the with pacience
And geue thay be, in ony way offendit
Declare to thame, it salbe weill amendit

FINIS.

Heir endis ye epistil & follouis ye Prolog &c.

MVSING and meruelling on ẏ misere
From day to day in erth quhilk dois
And of ilk stait ẏ instabilitie (incres
Proceidyng of the restles besynes
Quhair o ẏ most part dois thare mynd addres
Inordinatlie, on houngrye couatyce
Vaine glore, dissait, and vther sensuall vyce

Bot tumlyng in my bed, I mycht nocht lye
Quharfore I fuir furth, in ane May morning
Conforte to get, of my malancolye
Sumquhat afore fresche Phebus vprysyng
Quhair I mycht heir, the birdis sweitly syng
In tyll ane park, I past for my plesoure
Decorit weill, be craft of dame Nature.

Quhow I ressauit conforte naturall
For tyll discryue at lenth, it war to lang
Smellyng the holsum herbis medicinall
Quhare on the dulce, & balmy dew doun dang
Lyke aurient peirlis on the twistis hang
Or quhow that the Aromatik odouris
Did proceid frome the tender fragrant flouris.

Or quhow Phebus that kyng etheriall
Swyftly sprang vp in to the Orient
Ascending in his throne Imperiall
Quhose brycht and buriall bemes resplendent
Illumynit all on to the Occident

Confortand euery corporall creature
Quhilk formit war, in erth, be dame Nature

Quhose donk impurpurit vestiment nocturnal
With his imbroudit mantell matutyne
He left in tyll his regioun aurorall
Quhilk on hym watit quhen he did declyne
Towart his occident palyce vespertyne
And rose in habyite gaye and glorious
Brychtar nor gold, or stonis precious

¶ Bot Synthea, the hornit nychtis quene.
Scho loste hir lycht, and lede ane lawer saill
From tyme hir souerane lord that scho had sene
And in his presens, warit dirk and paill
And ouer hir visage, kest ane mystie vaill
So did Venus, the goddes amorous
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurious

Rychtso the auld Intoxicat Saturne.
Persauyng Phebus, powit his beymes brycht
Abuke the erth, than maid he no sudgeourne
Bot suddantlye did lose his borrowit lycht
Quhilk he durst neuer schaw, bot on the nycht
The Pole artyck, Ursis, and sterris all
Quhilk sittuate ar, in the Septemtrionall

Tyl errand schypis, quhilks ar the souer gyde
Conuoyand thame, vpon the stromy nycht
Within thare frostie circle did thame hyde

Howeit that sterris haue none vther lycht
Bot the reflex, of Phebus bemes brycht
That day durst none in to the heuin appeis
Tyll he had circuit all our Hemispeir

Me thocht it was ane sycht celestiall
To sene Phebus so Angellyke ascende
In tyll his fyrie chariot tryumphall
Quhose bewte brycht, I culde not cōprehende
All warldly cure, anone did fro me wende
Quhen fresche flora, spred furth hir tapestrie
Wrocht be dame nature quhent and curiouslie

Depent with mony hundreth heuinlye hewis.
Glaid of the rysing, of thare royall Roye
With blomes breckand on the tender bewis
Quhilk did prouok myne hart tyll natural ioye
Neptune that day, and Eoll, held thame coye
That men on far, mycht heir the birdis sounde
Quhose noyis did to ẏ sterre heuin redounde

The plesand powne, prunzeād his feddrem fair
The myrthfull Maueis, maid gret melodie
The lustie Lark, ascending in the air
Numerand hir naturall notis craftellie
The gay Goldspink, the Merll rycht myrralie
The noyis of the nobyll Nychtingalis
Redundit throw ẏ montanis, medis and valis

¶ Contemplyng this melodious armonye

Quhow euerilk bird, drest thame for tyl aduance
To salus Nature with thare melodye
That I stude gasing halflyng; in ane trance
To heir thame mak thare naturall obseruance
So royallie, that all the roches rang
Throuch repercussioun of thair suggurit sang

¶ I lose my tyme, allace for to rehers.
Sick vnfrucfull and vaine discriptioun
Or wryt in to my raggit rurall vers
Mater without edificatioun
Consydderyng quhou that myne intentioun
Bene tyll deplore the mortall misereis
With contyneuall cairfull calamiteis

Consistyng in this wracheit vaill of sorrow
Bot sad sentence, sulde haue ane sad indyte
So termes brycht, I lyste not for to borrow
Off murnyng mater, men hes no delyte
With roustye termes tharefor wyll I wryte
With sorrowful seychis ascendyng frō ẏ splene
And bitter teris, distellyng frome myne eine.

Without ony vaine inuocatioun
To Minerua, or to Melpominee
Nor zit wyll I mak supplicatioun
For help to Cleo, nor Caliopee
Sick marde Musis, may mak me no supplee
Proserpyne I refuse and appollo
And rychtso Euterp, Iupiter, and Iuno

Quhilkz bene to plesand Poetis confortyng
Quharefore because I am nocht one of tho
I do desyre of thame no supportyng
For I did neuer sleip on Pernaso
As did the Poetis of lang tyme ago
And speciallie the ornat Ennius
Nor drank I neuer with Hysiodus

Off Grece, the perfyte Poyet souerane
Off Hylicon the sors of Eloquence
Off that mellifluus famous fresche fontane
Quharefore I awe to thame no reuerence
I purpose nocht to mak obedience
To sic mischeand Musis, no malmontrye
Afore tyme vsit in to poetrye

Rauand Rhamnusia, goddis of dispyte
Mycht be to me ane Muse rycht conuenable
Geue I desyrit sic help for tyll indyte
This murnyng mater, mad, and miserable
I mon go seik ane muse more confortable
And sic vaine superstitioun to refuse
Beseikand the gret God to be my muse.

Be quhose wysedome all maner of thing bene
the hie heuinnis, wt al thare oramētis (wrocht Gene. ii.
And without mater maid all thyng of nocht
Hell, in myd Centir of the Elementis
That heuinlye Muse, to seik my hole intentis iii Re. iii
The quhilk gaif sapience to kyng Salomone

Psalme. lxxxix. To Dauid grace, strenth to ẏ strang Sampsõe
Juges. xiii And of pure Peter, maid ane prudent prechour
Mat. iiii. And be the power of his deitee
Actis. ix. Of creuell Paule he maid a cũnyng techour
I mon beseik rycht lawly on my knee
His heych supperexcellent Maiestie
That with his heuinly spreit, he ne inspyre
To wryt no thyng, contrarye his disyre.

Luc. i. Beseikand als, his souerane Sonne Jesu
Quhilk was consauit be the holy spreit
Incarnate of the purifyit Virgyne treu
In to the quhõ, the Prophicie was compleit
That Prince, of peace most humyll & mãsweit
Quhilk onder Pylat, sufferit passioun
Upon the Croce, for our saluatioun
Luc. xxiii
And be that creuell deth, intollerabyll
Lousit we war from bandis of Baliall
And mairattour, it was so proffitabyll
That to this hour, come neuer man nor sall
To the tryumphant Joye imperiall
Hebre. ix. Off lyfe, howbeit that thay war neuer sa gude
Bot be the vertew, of that precious blude.

Quharefor in steid, of the mont Pernaso
Swyftlie, I sall go seik my Souerane
To Mont Caluare, the straucht way mon I go
To get ane taist, of that most fresche fontane
That sors to seik my hart may nocht refrane

Off Hylicon, quhilk wes boith deip and wyde]
That Longeous did graue, in tyll his syde Iho.xix.

From ẏ fresche fontane, sprang a famous flude
Quhilk redolēt ryuer ihrow ẏ warld zit rynnis
As christall cleir, and myxit bene with blude
Quhose sound aduke the hieast heuinis dinnis
Al faithfull peple, purgyng frome thare sinnis
Quharefor, I sall beseik his Excellence
To grant me grace, wysedome, and Eloquence

And bayth me with those dulce & balmy strādis
Quhilk on the Croce, did spedalie out spryng
From his most tender feit, and heuynlie hādis
And grant me grace, to wryt nor dyte no thyng
Bot tyll his heych honour, and loude louyng
But quhose support, yar may na gud be wrocht
Tyll his plesour, gud works, word nor thocht

Tharefor O Lorde, I pray thy Maiestie
As thow did schaw thy heych power diuyne
First planelie, in the Cane of Galelee Iho.ii.
Quhar thow conuertit calde watter in wyne
Conuoye my mater, tyll ane fructuous fyne
And saue my sayngis, baith frō schame & Syn
Tak tent, for now I purpose to begyn.

FINIS.

Heir endis the plog

And begynnis the Mater.

INTO that Park I sawe apeir
Ane ageit man quhilk drew me neir
Quhose beird wes weil thre quarter
His hair dōn ouer his schulders (lāg
The quhilk as ony snaw wes quhyte (hang
Quhome to behald I thocht delyte
His habit Angellyke of hew
Off culour lyke the Sapheir blew
Onder ane Hollyng he reposit
Off quhose presens, I was reiosit
I did hym salus reuerendlye
Bot did he me rycht courtesllye
To sitt doun he requeistit me
Onder the schaddow of that tre
To saif me frome the Sonnis heit
Amangis the flouis soft and swett
For I wes wery for walkyng
Than we began to fall in tallyng
I sperit his name with reuerence
Cour. I am (said he) Experience
Than Schir (said I) ze can nocht faill
To geue ane desolat man counsaill
Ze do appeir one man of fame
And sen Experience bene zour name
I pray zow Father venerable
Expe. Gene me sum counsaill confortabyll
Quhat bene (quho he) thy vocatioun
Cuor. Waikand sic supplycatioun
I haue (quod I) bene to this hous

Sen I coulde ryde one Courtiour
Bot now Father, I thynk it best
With zour counsall to leif in rest
And frome thyne furth to tak myne cais
And quyetlie my God to pleais
And renounce Curiositie
Leauyng the Courte, and lerne to de
Oft haue I salit ouer the strandis
And traualit throuch diuers landis
Boith south, and north, and est and west
Zitt can I neuer fynd quhare rest
Doith make his habitatioun
Without zour supportatioun
Quhen I beleue to be best easit
Moste suddantlye, I am displeasit
Frome trubbyll quhen I fastest flee
Than fynd I moste aduersatie
Schaw me I pray zow hartfullye
Quhow I may leue most plesandlye
To serue my God, of kyngis kyng
Sen I am tyrit for trauellyng
And learne me for to be content
Off quyet lyfe, and sober rent
That I may thank the kyng of glore
As thocht I had ane Mylzeoun more
Sen euerilk Court, bene variant
Full of Inuy and inconstant
Mycht I but troubbyll leif in rest
Now in my aige, I thynk it best

Expe. ¶ Thow art ane gret fule Sonne (said he)
Thyng to desyre, quhilk may nocht be
Zarnyng to haue prerogatyue
Aboue all Creature on lyue
Sen Father Adam creat bene
In to the Campe of Damassene
Mycht no man say on to this hour
That euer he fand perfyte plesour
Nor neuer sall tyll that he se
God in his Diuyne Maiestie
Quharefore prepair the for trauell
Iob. vii. Sen mennis lyfe bene bot battell
All men begynnis for tyll de
The day of thare Natiuitie
And Journelly thay do proceid
Tyll Atrops cute the faitell threid
And in the breue tyme that thay haue
Betuix thare dyrth on to thare graue
Thow seis, quhat mutabiliteis
Quhat miserabyll Calamiteis
Quhat trubbyll trauell and debait
Seis thow, in euery mortall stait
Begyn at pure law Creaturis
Ascendyng syne to Synaturis
To gret Prencis and Potestatis
Thow sall nocht fynd in non estatis
Sen the begynning generallie
Nor in our tyme, now speciallie
Bot tiddious restles besynes
But ony maner of seikernes

¶ Prudent father (quod I) allace Cour.
Ze tell to me one cairfull cace
Ze say that no man to this hour
Hes found in erth, perfyte plesour
Without infoꝛiunat variance
Sen we bene thrall to sic mysehance
Quhy do we set so our Intentis
On Ryches, Dignitie, and Rentis
Sen in the erth, bene no man sure
One day but trubbyll tyll Indure,
And werst of all, quhen we leist weue
The creuell deth, we mon sustene
Geue Izour Fatherhede durste demand
The cause I wald faine vnderstand
And als Father Izow Implore
Schaw me sum trubbyll gone afore
That heryng vtheris Indigence
I may the more haue pacience
Marrowis, in trybulatioun
Bene wratcheis consolatioun.

¶ Quod he, efter my small cunnyng Expe.
To the I sall mak answeryng
Bot Ordourly'e, for to begyn
This Miserie procedis of Syn
Bot it war lang for to defynit
Quhow all men ar to Syn Inclynit
Quhen Syn aboundantly doith ryng
Justly God makith punyssing
Quharefore gret God, in to his handis

To dant the warld, hes diuers wandis
Efter our cupll conditioun
He makis on ws punytioun
With hounger, darth, and Indigence
Sum tyme gret plagis, and pestilence
And sum tyme with his bludy wande
Throw creuell weir be sey and land
Concludyng all our miserie
Proceidis of Syn, alluterlie.

Cour. (Father (quod I) declare to me
The cause of this Fragylitie
That we bene all to Syn inclynde
In werk, in word, and in our mynde
I wald the veritie wer schawin
Quho hes this seid amang ws sawin
And quhy we ar condampnit to dede
And quhow that we may get remede.

Expe, (Quod he) the Scripture hes concludit
Syen kroms felicitie wer denudit

Gen.iii. Be Adam our Progenitour
Vnquhyle of Paradyse possessour
Be quhose moste wylfull arrogance
Wes Mankynde brocht to this myschance
Quhen he wes Inobedient
In brekyng Godis commandiment

Rom.v. Be solystatiour of his wyfe
He loste that heuinlye plesand lyfe
Eatyng of the forbiddin tree
Thare began all our misarie
So Adam wes cause Radicall

That we bene fragyll Synnaris all
Adam brocht in this Natioun
Syn, Deth, and als Dampnatioun
Quho wyll say, he is no Synnair
Christ sayis, he is ane gret lear
Mankynd sprang furth, of Adamis Lonis .i.Jo.i.
And tuk of hym, flesche, blude, and bonis
And so efter his qualytie
All ar Inclynit Synnaris to be
Bot zit my Sonne, dispare thow nocht
For God that all the warld hes wrocht Expe,
Hes maid ane Souerane remede
To saif ws boith frome syn and dede
And frome eterne dampnatioun
Tharfore take consolatioun
For God as Scripture doith recorde
Hauyng of Man Misericorde
Send doun his onely Sonne Jesu
Quhilk lychtit in ane Virgene treu
And cled his heych Diuinitie
With our pure vyle Humanitie
Syne frome our synnis to conclude
He wysche ws with his precious blude Spera.ii.
Quhowbeit throw Adam, we mon dee
Throuch that Lorde, we sall rasit bee Rem. v. Debre. x.
And euerilk man, he sall releue
Quhilk in his blude, doith ferme beleue
And bryng ws all vnto his glore
The quhilk throw Adam bene forlore
Without that we throw laik of faith

Off his Godhed, incur the wraith
Iho.iii v Bot quho in Christe, fermely beleuis
Salbe releuit frome all myscheuis.
Cuor. ¶ Quhat faith is that, that ze call ferme
Schir gar me vnderstand that terme
Expe. Faith without Hope, and Charitie Hebre.xi.
Aualit nocht, my Sonne (said he)
Cour. Quhat Cheritie bene, that wald I knaw
Expe. Quod he, my Sonne that sall I schaw
First luke thy God, aboue all thyng i.Conir.xiii.
And thy Nychtbour, but fenzeyng
Do none Iniure, nor villanie
Iacob.ii. Bot as thow wald war done to the
Quick faith, but charetabyll werkis
Can neuer be, as wryttis Clerkis
More than the fyre, in tyll his mycht
Can be but heit, nor Sone but lycht
Geue Charitie, in to the faillis
Thy faith, nor hope, no thyng auailis
The Deuyll hes faith, and trymlis for dreid
Bot he wantis hope, and luke in deid
Do all the gude, that may be wrocht
But charitie all auailis nocht
Quharefor pray to the Trinitie
For tyll supporte thy Charitie
¶ Now haue I schawin the as I can
Quhow Father Adam the first man
Brocht in the warld, boith Syn and Dede
And quhow Christ Iesu, maid remede
Quhilk on the day of Iugement

Sall ws delyuer frome torment
And bryng ws to his lestyng glore
Quh ilk sall indure for euer more
Bot in this warld thow gettis no rest
I mak it to the manifest
Tharefore my Sonne, be diligent
And learne for to be pacient
And in to God, set all thy traist
All thyng sall than cum for the best.
¶ Father I thank zow hartfullye Cour.
Off zour confort, and cumpanye
And heuinlye consolatioun
Makand zow supplycatioun
Geue I durste put zow to sic pyne
That ze walde pleis for to defyne
And gar me cleirlye vnderstand
Quhow Adam braik the Lordis command
And quhow throw his transgressioun
Wer punyst his Successioun.
My Sonne (quod he) wald thow tak cure
To luke on the Diuyne Scripture Exte.
In to the buke of genesis
That stroye thare, thow sall nocht mis
And alswa syndrie cunnyng Clerkis
Hes done rehers in to thare werkis
Off Adamis fall full Ornatly
Ane thousand tymes, better nor I
Can wryt, of that vnhappy man
Bot I sall do, the best I can
Schortlie to schaw that cairfull cace
With the support of Goddis grace

THE FIRST BVKE.

Ane Exclamation to

The Redar. Twycheing the wryttyng of Vulgare, and Maternall Language.

☞ (✠) ☜

Entyll Redar, haik at me nō dispyte
Thynkand ẏ I presūpteussly ꝑtend
In vulgar tōng, so hie mat to wryte
Bot quhair I mys, I pray the tyll
Tyl vnlernit, I wald ẏ cause wer kend (amēd
Off our most miserabyll trauell and torment
And quhow in erth, no place bene parmanent

Quhowbeit that diuers deuot cūnyng Clerkis
In Latyne toung hes wryttin syndrie bukis
Our vnlernit knawis lytle of thare werkis
More than thay do the rauyng at the rukis
Quhairfor to Colzearis, Cairtaris & to Cukis
To Jok and Thome, my ryme sall be deractit
With cūnyng men, quhowbeit it wylbe lactit.

Thocht euery Cōmoun may not be one Clerk.
Nor hes no Leid, except thare toung maternal
Quhy sulde of god, ẏ maruellus heuinly werk
Be hid from thaim, I thynk it nocht fraternall
The father of heuin, quhilk wes, & is eternall
To Moyses gaue, the Law on mont Senay
Exo.xx. Nocht in to Greik, nor Latyne, I heir say.

He wrait the Law, in Tablis hard of stone.
In thare awin vulgare language of Hebrew.

That all the bairnis of Iſraell euerye one
Wycht knaw the law, and ſo the ſam enſew
Had he done wyrt, in Latyne or in Grew
It had to thame bene bot ane ſaulrles Feſt
Ze may weill wytt, God wrocht all for the beſt.

Ariſtotyll, nor Plato, I heir ſane
Wrait nocht thare hie Philoſophie naturall
In Duche, nor Dence, nor toung Italiane
Bot in thare moſt ornat toung maternall
Quhoſe fame, and name dois ryng perpetuall
Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie
Nor Cicero, the flour of Oratrie.

Wrat nocht in Caldye languadge nor in Grew.
Nor zit in to the language Sarazene
Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew
Bot in the Romane toung as may be ſene
Quhilk wes thare proper languag, as I wene
Quhen Romanis rang Dominatorſ in deid
The Ornat Latyne wes thare propper leid

In the mein tyme, quhē yͤ thir bald Romance.
Ouer all the warld had the Dominioun
Maid Latyne ſculis, thare glore for tyl auance
That thare lāguage mycht be ouer al cōmoun
To that intent, be my Opinioun
Traiſtyng that thare Impyre ſuld ay Indure
Bot of fortune, alway thay wer nocht ſure,

Off Languagis, the firſt Diuerſitie
Wes maid be Goddis Maledictioun, Gene. xi.

Quhen Babilone wes beildit in Caldie
Those beildaris, gat none vther afflictioun
Affore the tyme of that punyssioun
Wes bot one tōng, quhilk Adam spak him self
Quhair now of toungis, thair bene thre score
(and twelf.
Nochtwithstandyng, I thynk it gret plesour
Quhare cunnyng men, hes languagis anew
That in thare zouth, be deligent laubour
Hes lernit Latyne, Grek, and auld Hebrew
That I am nocht of that sorte, sore I rew
Quharfore I wald all bukis necessare
For our faith, wer in tyll our toung vulgare

Actis. ii. Christe efter his glorious Assentioun
Tyll his Disciplis send the holy Spreit
In toungis of fyre, to that intentioun
Thay beand of all languagis repleit
Throuch all the warld with wordis fair & sweit
Tyll euery man the faith, thai suld furth schaw
In thare awin leid, delyuerand thaim the law.

Tharefor I thynk one gret dirisioun
To heir thir Nunnis, & Systers, nycht & daye
Syngand and saynd plames and orisoun
Nocht vnderstandyng quhat thay sing nor say
Bot lyke one stirlyng, or ane Papingay
Quhilk lernit ar, to speik be lang vsage
Thame I compair, to byrdis in ane cage

Rycht so Chyldring, and Ladyis of honouris

Pzapis in Latyne, to thame ane vncuth leid
Mumland pair matynis, euinsang & pair hou-(ris
Thare Pater noster, Aue, and thare Creid.
It wer als plesand to thare spzeit in deid
God haue mercy on me, for to say thus
As to say, *Miserere mei deus.*

Sanct Jerome in his pzopir toung Romane,
The law of God, he trewly did translait
Out of Hebzeu, and Greik, in Latyne plane
Quhilk hes bene hid frō ws lāg tyme god wait
Onto this tyme, bot efter myne constait
Had Sanct Jerome bene bozne in tyll Argyle
In to Yzische tōng, his bukz had done compyle

Pzudent sanct Paull doith mak narratioun
Twytheing the diuers leid of euery land
Sayand thair bene moze edificatioun
In fyue wozdis that folk doith vnderstand
Noz to pzonunce of wozdis ten thousand
In straing lāgage sine wait not quhat it menis
I thynk sic pattryng is not wozth twa pzenis.

Vnlernit peple, on the holy day.
Solemnitlye thay heir the Euangell soung
Not knawing quhat þ pzeist dois sing noz say
Bot as ane Bell, quhē that thay heir it roung
Zit wald the pzestis in to thare mother toung
Pas to the Pulpit, and that dōctryne delate
Tyll lawid peple, it wer moze necessare

Eccl. xliii

I wald Prelatis, and Doctouris of the Law
With ws lauid peple, wer nocht discontent
Thocht we in to our vulgare toung did knaw
Off Christ Jesu, the lyfe and Testament
And quhow that we suld keip commandiment
Bot in our language, lat ws pray and reid
Our Pater noster, Aue, and our Creid

¶ I wald sum Prince, of gret Discretioun
In vulgare language, planely gart translait
The neidfull lawis, of this Regioun
Than wald thare nocht, be half so gret debait
Amang ws peple of the law estait
Geue euery man, the veritie did knaw
We nedit nocht, to trait thir men of law.

Tyll do our nychtbour wrang, we wald be war
Geue we did feir, the lawis punysment
Thare wald nocht be, sic brawlyng at the bar
Nor men of law, lope to sic royall rent
To keip the law, geue all mē war content
Andilk man do, as he wald be done to,
The Jugis wald get lytle thyng ado.

The Propheit Dauid kyng of Israell
Compyld ẏ plesand Psalmes of the Psaltair
In his awin propir toung as I heir tell
And Salomone, quhilk wes his sone and air
Did mak his buke, in tyl his toung vulgare
Quhy suld not thair sayng, be tyll ws schawin
In our lāguage, I wald the cause wer knawin

Lat Doctors wyt thare curious questionis
And argumentis, fawin full of Sophistrye
Thare Logick, and thare heych Opinonis
Thare dirk Jugementis, of Astronomye
Thare Medecyne, and thare Philosophye
Lat Poetis schaw, thare glorious ingyne
As euer thay pleis, in Greik or in Latyne.

Bot lat vs haue the bukis necessare
To commoun weill and our Saluatioun
Justlye translatit, in our toung Vulgare
And als I mak the Supplicatioun
O gentle Redar, haue none Indignatioun
Thynkand I mell me with so hie matair
Now to my purpose, forthwart wyll I fair.

FINIS.

Heir followis the

Creatioun of Adam, and Eue.

QVhen God had maid þ heuinnis bryght
The Sone, & Mone, for to geue lycht
The sterry heuin, and Chrystellyne
And de his Sapience Diuyne
The planetis in thare circles round
Quhirlyng about with myrrie sound
Off quhome Phebus, was principall
Iuste in his Lyne Ecliptticall
And gaue be Diuyne Sapience

Genes. i.

Tyll euery Ster thare Influence
With mottoun continuall
Quhilk dotth indure perpetuall
And farreſt frome the heuin Impyre
The erth, the walter, air, and fyre
He cled the erth, with herbis and treis
All kynd of fyſchis in the ſeis
All kynd of beſt, he did prepair
With foulis fleyng in the air
Thus be his wourd. all thyng was wroch
Without materiall maid of nocht
So be his wyſedome Infinyte
All wes maid pleſand and perfyte
Quhen heuin, and erth, & thare contentis
Wer endit with thare Ornamentis
Than laſt of all, the Lorde began
Of moſte vyle erth, to mak the man
Nocht of the Lillie, nor the Roſe
Nor Syper tree, as I ſuppoſe
Nother of gold, nor prætious ſtonis
Off erth he maid fleſche, blude and bonis
To that intent, God maid hym thus
That man ſuld nocht be glorious
Nor in hym ſelf, no thyng ſuld ſe
Bot mater of humplitie
Quhen man wes maid, as I haue tauld
Gene. ii. God in his face, did hym behauld
Breathand in hym, ane lyfitie ſpreit
Quhen all thir werkis wer compleit
He maid man, to his ſimplitude

Excelland in to pulchritude
Dotit with gyftis of Nature
Aboue all erdlye Creature
Syne plesandlye did hym conuoye
To ane Regioun, repleit with Joye
Off all plesour, quhilk bair the pryce
And callit erthlye Paradyce
And brocht be Diuyne prouidence
All beistis, and bydis, tyll his presence
Adam did craftelye Impone
Ane speciall name, tyll euery one
And to all thyngis materiall
Ye namit thame in speciall
Quhow he thame namit, zit bene kend
And salbe to the warldis end
In to that gardyng of plesance
Two treis grew, most tyll auance
Aboue all vther, quhilk bair the pryce
In myddis of that Paradyce
The one wes callit the tre of lyfe
The vther tree, began our stryfe
The tree to knaw bouth gude and euyll
Quhilk be perswasioun of the Deuyll
Began our misarie and wo
Bot lat vs to our purpose go.

¶ Quhow God gaue Adam straitt cõmande
That tre to thyche, nocht with his hande.

All vther fructis of Paradyce
Ye bad hym eate att his deuyce
Sayand, gyf thow eate of this tre

With dowbyll deith, than ſall thow dee
Tharefoꝛe I the command be war
And frome this tree, thow ſtand a fas
Zitt Father Adam wes allone
But cumpanye of ony one
Than thocht the Loꝛde it neceſſare
Tyll hym to creat ane helpare
God patt in Adam ſic Sapour
That foꝛ to ſleip, he tuke pleſour
And laid hym doun apone the grounde
And quhen Adam wes ſlepand ſound
He tuke ane Rib, furth of his ſyde
Syne fyld it vpe, with fleſche and hyde
And maid ane Woman of that bone
Faireſt of foꝛme, wes neuer none
Than tyll Adam Incontinent
That fair Lady, he did preſent
Quhilk ſchoꝛtlye ſaid, foꝛ to conclude
Thow art my fleſche, my bonis, and bluds
And Virago, he callit hir than
Quhilk is Interpꝛeit, maid of man
Quhilk Eua, efterwart wes namit
Quhen foꝛ hir falt, ſche wes diffamit
Than did the Loꝛde thame Sanctifie
Sayng Incres, and Multiplie
Be this, men ſulde leif all thair kyn
And with thare wyffis mak dwellyn
And foꝛ thare ſaik, leif Father and Mother
And luke thame beſt, aboue all vther

For God hes ordanit thame trewlye
To be two saulis, in one bodye
¶ My wytt is waik, for tyll Indyte
Thare heuinlye plesouris Infinyte
Wes neuer none erthlye Creature
Sen syne had sic perfyte plesour
Thay had puyssand Imperiall
Aboue all thyng materiall
Als cunnyng Clerkis, dois conclude
Adam preceld in pulchritude
Moste Naturall, and the farest man
That euir wes sen the warld began
Except Christ Jesu, Goddis Sonne
To quhom wes no comparisone
And Eua, the fairest Creature
That euer wes formit be nature
Thoeht thay war naikit, as thay wer maid
No schame ather, of vther haid
Quhat plesour mycht ane man haue more
Nor haue his Lady hym before
So lustye, plesand, and perfyte
Reddy to serue his appetyte
Thay had none vther cure I wys
Bot past thare tyme, with Joye and blys
Wyld Beistis, did to thaim repair
So did the Fowlis of the air
With noyis most Angelycall
Makand thame myrthis Musicall
The fyschis soumand in the strandis

Wer helpe at thare commandis
All Creaturis with ane accorde
Obeyit hym, as thare souerane Lorde
Thay sufferit nother heit nor cald
With euery plesour that thay wald
Als to the deith, thay wer nocht thrall
And rychtso suld we haue bene all
For he and all his Succellouris
Suld haue polledit thole plelouris
Syne frome that Ioy materiall
Gone to the glore Imperiall
Thay had geue I can ryght discryue
Gret Ioye in all thare wyttis fyue
In heiryng, seyng, gustyng, smellyng
Indurying thare delytesum dwellyng
Heiryng the byrdis armoneis
Taistyng the fruttis, of diuers treis
Smellyng the balmye dulce odouris
Quhilk did proceid, frome fragrant flouris
Seyng so mony heuynlie hewis
Off blomes brekyng on the bewis
Off twycheing als, thay had delyte
Off dyuerss boddeis, soft and quhyte
But dout, Indurying that plesour
Thay luffit dyuer Paramours
No maruell bene thocht swa sulde be
Consydering thare gret bewte
Als God gaue thame command erpres
To multyplie, and fyll incres

That thare seid, and successioun
Mycht pleneis euery Natioun
¶ I lyst nocht tarye tyll declare
All properteis of that place preclare
Quhow herbis, and treis, grew aye grene
Nor of the temperate air serene
Quhow fructis Indeficient
Aye alyke rype and redolent
Nor of the Fontane, nor the fludis
Nor of the flouris pulchritudis
That mater Clerkis dois declare
Quharefor, I speik of thame na mare
The scripture makis no mentioun
Quhow lang thay rang in that Regioun
Bot I beleue, the tyme wes schorte
As diuers Doctouris dois reporte

FINIS.

Of the Miserabyll

Transgressioun of Adam.

FATHER: how happinit ẏ mischãce
Quod I, schaw me ẏ circumstrance Cuor.
Declaryng me that cairfull cace
How Adam lost that plesand place
Frome hym, and his Successioun
Quhow did proceid that transgressioun
Quod he, efter my rude Ingyne Expe.
I sall rehers the that rewyne

Quhen God the Plasmatour of all
In to the heuin Impertall
Did Creat all the Angellis bycht
He maid one Angell, most of mycht
To quhome he gaue prehemmence
Aboue thame all in saptence
Because all vther he did prefer
Namit he wes bycht Lucefer
He wes so pleland and so fair
He thocht hym self, without compair
And grew so gay and glorious
He gan to be presumpteous
And thocht that he wald sett his sait
In to the north, and mak debait
Agane the Maieste Diuyne
Quhilk wes the cause of his reuyne
For he incurrit Goddis Yre
And banyst frome the heuin Empyre
With Angellis monyone Legioun
Quhilkis wer of his opinioun
Innumerabyll with hym thare fell
Sum lychtit in the lawest hell
Sum in the sey did mak repair
Sum in the erth, sum in the air
That moste vnhappy cumpanye
Ir Father Adam had Inuye
Persauyng Adam, and his seid
In to thare places to succeid
The Serpent wes the subtellest
Aboue all beistis and craftyest

Than Sathan, with ane fals intent
Did enter in to that Serpent
Imagenyng ſum craftye wyle
Quhow he mycht Adam beſt begyle
And gar hym brek commandiment
Bot to the woman, firſt he went
Traiſtyng the better to preuaill
Full ſubtellie did hir aſſaill
With facund wordis, fals and fair
He grew with hir familiar
That he his purpoſe mycht auance
Beleuand in hir, Inconſtance
¶ Quhat is the cauſe, Madame (ſaid he)
¶ That ze forbeir, zone pleſand tre
Quhilk beue but peir moſt precious
Quhoſe fruct bene moſte delycious
I Nyll (quod ſche) thair to accord
We ar forbiddin be the Lorde
The quhilk hes genin vs lybertie
Tyll eat of euery fruct and tre
Quhilk growis in to Paradyſe
Brek we command, we at nocht wyſe
He gaue tyll vs ane ſtrait commande
That tre to twyche, nocht with out hand
Eat we of it, without remede
He ſaid but dout, we ſulde be dede
Beleue nocht that (ſaid the Serpent)
Cate ze of it Incontinent
Repleit ze ſall be with Science

And haue perfyte Intelligence
Lyke God hym ſelf, of euyll and gude
Than haiſtellye foꝛ to conclude
Heiryng of this pꝛerogatyue
Scho pullit doun the fruct delyue
Thꝛow counſale of the fals Serpent
And eate of it, to that intent
And pat hir Huſband in beleue
That pleſand frute, gyf he walde pꝛeue
That he ſulde be als Sapient
As the gret God, Omnipotent
Thynk ze nocht that ane pleſand thyng
That we lyke God, ſulde euer tyng
Ze herand this Narratioun
And be hir ſolliſtationn
Mouit be pꝛydefull ambitioun
Ze eate on that conditioun
The pꝛincipall poyntis, of this offence.
War pꝛyde, and Inobedience
Deſyring foꝛ to be Equall
To God, the Creature of all
Allace Adam, quhy did thow ſo
Quhy cauſit thow this moꝛtall wo
Had thow bene conſtant ferme and ſtabyll
Thy gloꝛe had bene Incomparabyll
Quhare wes thy conſyderatioun
Quhilk had the dominatioun
Off euery leuand Creature
That God had foꝛmit be Nature

Tyll vse thame at thy awin deuyse
Wes thow nocht prince of Paradyse
Wes neuer man, sen syne on lyue
That God gaue sic Prerogatyue
He gaue the strenth, aboue Sampsone
And sapience moze than Salomone
Young Absolone, in his tyme moste fair
To thy bewtie, wes no compair
Aristotyll, thow did precell
In to Philosophie naturall
Virgill in tyll his Poetrye
Noz Cicero, in tyll Oratrye
War neuer half so Eloquent
Quhy vsaik thow Goddis commandiment
Quhare wes thy wytt, that wald nocht flee
Far frome the presens of that tre
Gaue nocht thy Maker the fre wyll
To tak the gude, and leif the euyll
Quhow mycht thy forfalt be excusit
That Godis commandiment refusit
Throuch thy wykkis persuatioun
Quhilk hes bene the occasioun
Sen syne, that mony nobyll men
Be the euyll counsale of wemen
Alluterlye distroyit bene
As in the storeis may be sene
Quhilk now we neid nocht tyll declare
Bot forduart tyll our purpose fair

Quhen thay had eatin of the frute
Off Joye, than war thay destitute
Than gan thay boith, for to thynk schame
And to be naikit, thocht dekane
And maid thame Bzekis, of lewis grene
That thair secretis, suld nocht be sene
Bot in the statt of Innocence
Thay had none sic experience
Bot quhen thay war to Syn subiectit
To schame and dzeid, thay war coactit
And in ane busk, thay hid thame clore
Aschamit of the Lozdis voce
Quhilk callit Adam be his name
(Quod he) my Lozde, I thynk gret schame
Naikit to cum to thy pzesence
Thow had none sic experience
Quod God, quhen thow wes Innocent
Quhy brake thow my commandiment
Allace (quod Adam) to the Lozde
The veritie, I sall recozde
This woman that thow gaue to me
Gart me eate, of zone pleasand tre
Rychtso the woman hir excusit
And said, the Serpent me abusit
Than to the Serpent, God said thus
Othow Dissauer venimous
Because the woman, thow begylit
Fromc thyne furth, sall thow be exilit
Curst and waryit sall thow be

So sall thy seid, be efter the
Cauld erth, salbe thy fude also
And creipand on thy breist sall go
Als I sall put Inamitie
Betuix the woman euer and the
Betuix thy seid, and womanis seid
Salbe continuall mortall feid
Quhowbeit thow hes wrocht thir myscheuis
It sall nocht be as thow beleuis
Sic seid salbe in woman sawin
That thy power, salbe doun thrawin
Treddyng thy hed, that thow may feill
And thow salll tred hym on the heill
This was his promeis, and menyng
That the Immaculat Virgyng
Sulde beir the Prince Omnipotent
Quhilk sulde tred doun, that fals Serpent
Sathan, and all his companye
And thame confound alluterlye.

Quod I, geue Sathan prince of hell
Spak in the Serpent as ze tell
And beistis can no way syn at all
Quhy wes the Serpent maid so thrall
I heir men say affore that hour
The Serpent had ane fair figour
And zeid straucht vpe vpone his feit
And had his membris all compleit
As vtheris beistis vpone the bent

Cour.

Expe, (Quhod he) for he wes Instrument
To Sathan, in this Wiserie
Puneist he wes, as ze may se
As be experience thow may knaw
Erpres in to the commoun Law
Ane man conuictit for Bewgre
The beist is brynt, als weill as he
Quhobeit the beist be Innocent
And so befell of the Serpent
It was the Feynd full of dispyte
Off Adamis fall, quhilk had the wyte
As he hes had of mony mo
Bot till our purpose lat vs go
Than to the woman, for hir offence
God did pronunce, this sore sentence
All plesour, that thow had affrorow
Sall cheangit be in lestyng sorrow
Quhare that thow suld, with wyrth and Joye
Haue borne thy byrth, but paine or noye
Now all thy bairnis sall thow bair
With dolour and continuall cair
And thow salbe, for ought thow can
Euer subiectit to the man
Be this sentence, God did conclude
Wemen frome lybertie denude
Quhilk be experience ze may se
Quhow Queins, of moste hie degre
Ar vnder moste subiectioun
And sufferis moste correctioun

For thay lyke bryddis in tyll ane cage
Ar keipit ay vnder thrillage
So all wemen in thare degre
Suld to thare men, subiectit be
Quhowbeit sum sit wyll stryue for statt
And for the maistrie mak debatt
Quhilk gyf thay want, both euin and morrow
Thare men wyll suffer meikle sorrow
Off Eue, thay tak that qualitie
To desyre Soueranitie
And than tyll Adam, said the Lorde
Becausse that thow hes done accorde
Thy wyll, and harknit to thy wyfe
Now sall thow lose this plesand lyfe
Thow wes tyll hir obedient
Bot thow brak my commandiment
Curste and baren, the erth salbe
Quhare euer thow gois, tyll that thow de
But labour, it sall beir no corne
Bot Thrisyll, Nettyll, Brere, and Thorne
For fude thow gettis non vther beild
Bot eate the herbis, apone the feild
Sore laubouryng, tyll thy brows sweit
Frome thyne furth, sall thow wyn thy meit
I maid the of the erth certane
And thow in erth, sall turne agane
Than maid he thame Auisement
Off skynnis ane raggit rayment

Thame to preſerue frome hett and cauld
Than grew thare dolour mony fauld
Now Adam ar ze lyke tyll vs
With zour gay garment glorious
To thame thir wordis, ſaid the Lorde
Than cryit thay both Miſericorde
Quhen frome that garth, with hartis ſore
Vaneſt thay wer, for euer more
On to this wratcheit vaill of ſorrow
With daylie laubour ewin and morrow
Efter quhoſe dolorous departyng
The Lorde gaue Paradyſe in keppyng
Tyll ane Angell of Jerubim
That none ſuld haue entres thare in
Att the quhilk entres, he did ſtand
With flammand fyrie ſworde in hand
To keip that Adam, and his wyfe
Suld nocht taiſt of the tre of lyfe
For geue thay of that tre had preuit
Perpetuallye, thay mycht haue leuit
So Adam, and his Succeſſioun
Off Paradyſe, tynt poſſeſſioun
And be this syn Originall
Wair men to Miſerie maid thrall
My Sonne now may thow cleirly ſe
This warld began with miſere
With miſere, it daith proceid
Cour. Quhoſe kyne ſaid dolour be and dreid
Father (quod I) quhat kynde of lyfe

Led Adam with his lustye wyfe
Efter thair bailfull banesyng ?
Quod he, contineuall womentyng Expe.
My hart hes zit compassioun
Quhow thay went wandryng vp and doun
Weipyng with mony lowde allace
That thay had lost, that plesand place
In wyldernes to be exilde
Quhare thay fand nocht, bot beistis wylde
Manessyng thame, for tyll deuore
Quhilkis all obedient war affore.
Father (quod I) in quhat countre Cuor.
Did leif Adam, efter that he
Was banesit frome that delyte
Clerkis (quod he) hes put in wryte Expe.
Quhow Adam dwelt with mekle baill
In Manber, in that lusty vaill
Quhilk efter was, the Iowis land
Quhare zit his Sepulture dois stand Gene. iiii
I lyste nocht tary, tyll discryue
The wo of Adam nor his wyue
Nor tell, quhen thay had Sonnis two
Cayn, and Abell, and no mo
Nor quhow curste Cayn, for Inuy
Did slay his brother creuelly
Nor of thair murnyng, nor thare mone
Quhen thay but Sonnis, wer left allone
Abell lay slane vpone the ground
Curst Cayn flemit, and Vacabound

Nor quhow God of his speciall grace
Send thame the thrid Sonne fair of face
Most lyke Adam, of flesche and blude
Seth was his name, gracious and gude
Nor quhow blynd Lameth, rathlesslye
Did slay Cayn, vnhappelye
Adam as Clerkis dois discryue
Begat with Eue his wofull wyue
Ofsmen Childryng thretty and two
And of Dochteris alyke also
Be this thow may weill vnderstand
That Adam saw, mony ane thousand
That of his body did discend
Or he out of the warld did wend
Gene.v. Adam leuit in erth, but weir
Compleit, wyne houndreth and thretty yeir
And all his dayis war bot sorrow
Remembryng baith euin and morrow
Off Paradyse, the prosperitie
Wyne of his gret Wilfulnes
His hart mycht neuer be reioisit
Remembryng quhow the heuin wes cloisit
Frome hym, and his succession
And that be his transgression
Efter his deith, as I heir tell
His Saule discendit to the hell
And thare remanit presoneir
In that Dungeoun, thre thousand yeir
And mor, so did baith euyll and gude

Tyll Chryst for thame had sched his blude
Than be that moste precious Ransoun
Thay wer delyuerit of prefoun
I haue declarit nowas I can
The misarte of the first man.

FINIS.

Heir follouis quhow

God Distroyit all Leuand Creaturis in erth, for Syn. And Drownit thame be ane Terrible Flude, in the tyme of Noye. &c.

(*)

PRVDENT Father Experience.
Declare to me, or ze go hence — Cour.
Quhat was the cause God did distroy
All Creature in the tyme of Noye
Quod he, I trimmyll for to tell
That Infortune, quhow it befell
The cause bene so abhominabyll — Expe.
And the mater so miserabyll
Bot for to schaw the Circumstance
Manefestlye of that myschance
First I mon gar the vnderstand
Quhow Adam gaif expresse command — Cour.

That those quhilkis come of Sethis blude
Because thay wer gratious and gude
Sulde nocht contract with Cainnis kyn
Quhilkis wer Inclynit all to Syn
Tyll obserue that commandiment
Cain past in the Orient
With his wyfe, callit Calmana
Quhilk was his awin Syster aliwa
Quhare his offspryng, did lang remane
Besyde the Montane of Tarbane
And Seth did lang tyme lede his lyfe
With Delbora, his prudent wyfe
Quhilk wes his Syster gude and fair
In Damassene, maid thare repair
In that countre of Sethis clan
Discendit mony holy man
So lang as Adam wes leuand
The peple did obserue command
Quhen he wes dede, and laid in ground
And peple gretly did abound
And Cayn slane, as I haue schawin
And Sethis dayis, all ouer blawin
The Sonnis than of Sethis blude
Seand the plesand pulchritude
Off the Ladyis of Caynnis kyn
Quhowbeit thay knew weill, it wes Syn
Opprest with sensuall lustis rage
Did tak thame in to Mariage
And so corruptit wes that blude
The gude with euyll, and euyll with gude

Than as the peple did incres
Thay did abound in wickitnes
As holy Scripture dois reherß
Quhilk I abhor, to put in vers
Or tell with toung, I am nocht abyll
The suthe bene so abhominabyll
Quhow men, and wemen, schamefullye
Abusit thame selfis, vnnaturallye
Quhose foull abhomtnatioun
And vncouthe fornicatioun
I thynk gret schame, to put in wryte
All that Paull Orose, doith indyte
Quhilk geue I wald at lenth declare
It wer pneuch, to fyle the air
Gret Clerkis of Antiquiteis
Yes wyttin mony trew storeis
Quhilkis ar worthy to be commendit
Quhowbeit thay be nocht comprehendit
At lenth in the Diuyne Scripture
Bot I sall do my besye cure
To tak the best (as I suppose)
That maist pertenis my purpose
And with suppost of Chryst our kyng
I purpose to confirme no thyng
Off the auld Hystorycience
Contrarious tyll his excellence
Quhowbeit sum mennis Traditionis
Contrar Chrystis Institutionis
Off thame thocht sum thyng I declare

Now lat ws proceid forther mair
And with ane Language lamentabyll
Cuor. Declare this mater miserabyll.
¶ Father the causis wald I knaw
Quhy thay of nature, braik the law
Expe. I traist (quod he) that wyckitnes
Generith throw sleuthfull Idelnes
The Deuyll with all the craft he can
Quhen he persauis ane Idell man
Or woman geuin tyll Idelnes
He gettis eaisalye entres
And so be this occatioun
And be the Feindis perswasioun
The hole warld vniuersalye
Corruptit was alluterlye.
Cour. Quhat wes the cause, thay Idyll wair
That cace (quod I) to me declare
Expe, Quod he, be my Imaginatioun
For laik of vertuous Occupatioun
For of Craftis, thay had small vsage
Off Marchandyce, nor lauborage
The erth than wes so plentuous
Off fruct, and Spyce, delycious
The herbis war so comfortabyll
Delytesum and Medicinabyll
The Fontanis fresche and redolent
To laubouryng thay tuke lytle tent
All maner of beistis at thair plesour
Did multyplie, without laubour

The tyme betuix Adam and Noye
To se the erth, it wes gret Joye
Plantit with precious treis of pryce
Four famous Fludis of Paradyce
Ran throuch the erth, in syndrie partis
Spreddyng thare branchis, in all airtis
The walter was so strang and fyne
Thay wald nocht laubour to mak wyne
The fruct, and herbis, wer so gude
Thay maid no cair, for vther fude
And so the peple tuke no cure
Bot past thare tyme, at thare plesour
Aye syndand new Inuentionis
To fulfyll thare Intentionis
So that the Lorde Omnipotent
That he maid man, did hym repent
And schew on tyll his seruand Noye
That he wald all the warld distroye
Except hym self, and his Meinze
Allace (quod Noye) quhen sall that be?
Than said the Lorde, sen thow so speris
I sall prolong, sax score of zeris
Tarying vpone thare repentance
Or I fulfyll my Juste Sentence
In the meane tyme, fall thow to warke
Incontinent, and beild ane Arke
Quhilk Noye began, Obedientlye
And wrocht on it Continueallye
And to the peple daylie precheit

To cry for grace, he to thame techeit
And to thame planelye did declare
That God his wand no more walde spair
Bot on thame he wald wyrk vengeance
To Noye zit gaue thay no credence
And so thay wer Incounsolabyll
Vsyng thare luste abhominabyll
And tuke his precheing in dispyte
Aye follouyng thare foull delyte
More and more, tyll that dulefull day
Quhilk all the warld, pat in affray

Cuor, ¶ Father, ze gart me vnderstand
Quhen Adam braik the Lordis cōmand
Tyll agment his afflictioun
God gaue his Maledictioun
On to the erth, quhilk wes so fair
That it salde barren be and bair
And without laubour beir no conre
Nor fruct, bot thrisyll, breir, and thorne
Now say ze in the tyme of Noye
To se the erth, it wes gret Joye
Plantit with fructis gude and fair
The suthe of this, to me declair
Thir sayngis two, gar me consydder
Quhowze mak thame agre to gydder
God maid that promeis sickerlye
Quhowbeit it come nocht instantlye

Expe, Quod he, as Clerkis dois conclude
Bot efter quhen the furious Flude

Distroyit the erth, alluterlye
Than come that promeis sickerlye
Euin siclyke as God gaue command
Adam to twyche nocht with his hand
Nor eate of the, forbiddin tre
Geue he did so, that he suld de
Quhowbeit he deit nocht but weir
Efter that day nyne hundreth zeir
Rychtso the Propheit Esayas
Speikand of Christ, the gret Messias
Saynd the Baurne, is tyll ws borne Esay. ix
To saif mankynd, quhilk is forlorne
As he had bene borne Instantlye
Zit wes he nocht borne veralye
Efter that sayng mony one zeir
As in the Scripture, thow may heir
Ane thousand zeir, quho reknyth rycht
Is bot one hour, in Goddis sycht ii. Pe. iii.
Exemplis mony, I mycht tell
Wer it nocht tedious for to dwell
Tyll our pitpose, lat ws proceid
Schawand the hycht, and lynth and breid
And qualitie, of Noyts Arke
Quhilk wes ane rycht excellent warke
Off Pyne tree, maid bound welll about
Laid ouer with pik, within and out
Junit full close, with nalis strong
And wes thre houndreth Cubitts long
Fyftie in breid, threity in heycht

Thre Chalmeris Iunit weill and wycht
And euerilk loft, aboue ane vther,
Withouttin anker, air, or ruther
Ane rycht Cubeit, as I heir tell
Off milsour now, mycht be ane ell
In the myd syde, ane dur thare wes
For Beistis ane easy entres
This Ark quhilk was baith lang and large
Maid in the bodum, lyke ane Barge
Couerit with birdis weill abuke
Moste lyke ane hous, with lett vit ruke
Quhose rigging wes, ane Cubeit braid
Quharein thare wes, ane wyndo maid
Sum sayis, weill closit with Chrystall clere
Quharethrow the day lycht, mycht weill appeir
This worke the more wes to be prysit
Because be God, it wes deuysit
Gen. vi. The making of this Arke but weir
Indurit weill ane hundreth zeir.

¶ Quhē Noye had done compleit this work
God did hym close, within the Ark
With hym his wyfe, and Sonnis thre
With thare thre wyfis, but mo menze
And of all foulis of the air
Off euerilk kynd, enterit ane pair
Rychtso two Beistis, of euerilk kynde
For quhy, it wes the Lordis myndе
That Generatioun suld nocht fail
Quharefore of Fameill, and of Maill

Off euerilk kynd wer keipit two
Bot to rehers, myne hart is wo
The dolent Lamentatioun
That tyme of euerilk Natioun
Sayand allace ane thousand syis
Quhen wynd, and rane, began to ryis
The Roikz with rerd, began to ryue
Quhen vglie clouddis, did ouerdryue
And dirkynnit so, the Heuinnis brycht
That Sone, nor Mone, mycht schaw no lycht
The terrabyll trimlyng of erth quaik
Gart Biggyngis bow, and Citeis schaik
The thounder raif the cloudis sabyll
With horrabyll sound, appouentabyll
The fyreflauchtis flew, ouerthorte the fellis
Than wes thare nocht, bot zowtis and zellis
Quhen thay persauit, without remede.
All Creature, to suffer dede
All Fontanis frome the erth vpsprang
And frome the Heuin, the rane doun dang
Fourty dayis, and fourty nychtis
Than ran the Peple to the heychtis
Sum clam in cragis, sum in treis
And sum to the heychast montanis fleis
With more terrour, nor I can tell
Bot all for nocht, the fludis fell
And wynd did route, with sic ane reird
That euerilk wycht waryit his weird
Cryand allace, that thay wer borne

Into that flude, to be forlorne
Men mycht no help, mak to thare wyffis
Nor zit support thare bairnis lyfis
The fludis rose, with so gret mychtis
That thay ouer couerit all the hychtis
Thay mycht no more, thare lyuis lenth
Bot swame so lang, as thay had strenth
And so with cryis Lamentabyll
Endit thare lyuis Miserabyll
Aboue montanis, that war moste hie
Fyftie Cubitis, rose the see
Men may Imagyne in thare mynde
All Creature, in to thare kynde
Boith Beistis, and Foulis in the cair
In thare maneir, maid mekle cait
The Fyschis thocht thame euyll begylde
Quhen thay swame throuch the woddis wylde,
Quhalis tumbland amang the treis
Wylde beistis, swomand in the seis
Byrdis with mony pietuous pew
Afferitlye in the air thay flew
So lang as thay had strenth to flee
Syne swatterit doun in to the see
No thyng in erth, wes left on lyue
Beistis, nor Foulis, Man, nor wyue
God holelye did thame distroye
Except thame in the Arke with Noye
The quhilk lay fletand on the flude
Welterand amang the stremes wode

With mony terrabyll affrayis
Remanit ane hundreth and fyftie dayis
In gret langour, and heupnes
Or wynd, or rane, began to ceis
Sumtyme effectuouslye prayand
Sumtyme the Beistis beiland
For be the Lordis commandiment
Ye maid prouisioun suffecient
For Noye dwelt in that Ark but dout
Ane zeir compleit, or he come out
Quhow at more lenth, in holy wyte
This dulefull storye, bene Indyte
And quhow that Noye, gan to reiose
Quhen Conductis of the heuin did close
So that the Rane, no more discendit
Nor the flude, no more ascendit
Quhen he persautt the heuinnis cleir
He send furth Corbie Messingeir
In to the air, for to espy
Gene he saw ony montanis dry
Sum sayis the Rauin, did furth ramane
And come nocht to the Ark agane
Furth flew the Dow, at Noyis command
And quhen scho did persaue dry land
Off ane Olyue, scho brait ane branche
That Noye mycht knaw the walter stanche
And thare no more, scho did sudiome
Bot with the branche, scho did returne
That Noye mycht cleirly understand

Gen. viii

That kelloun Flude, was decretlaid
And so it did, tyll at the laste
The Ark vpone the ground stak fast
On the tope of ane Montane hye
Into the land of Armanye
And quhen that Noye, had done espye
Quhow that the erth, began to drye
Than dang he doun, the durris all
And louslt thame, the quhilk wes thrall
The foulis flew, furth in the air
And all the beistis pair and pair
Past furth to seik, thare pastorages
Thare wes than, bot aucht Personages
Noye, his thre Sonnis, and thare wyuis
On erth, that left was with thare lyuis
Quhome God did blys, and Sanctyfie
Sayand incres, and multyplie
God watt ge ue Noye, wes blythe and glaid
Quhen of that prelone, he wes fraid
Quhen Noy had maid, his Sacrifyce
Thankand God, of his Benefyce
He standyng on mont Armanye
Quhare he the countre mycht espye
Ze may beleue, his hart was sore
Seyng the erth, quhilk wes afore
The Flude, so plesand and perfyte
Quhilk to behald, wes gret delyte
That now was barren maid and bair
Afore, quhilk fructuous was and fair

The pleſand treis, beryng fructis
Wer lyand rewin vp, be the rutis
The holſum herbis, and fragrant flouris
Had tynt boith bewtie, and culouris
The feildis grene, and fluryſt medis
Wer ſpulzeit of thare pleſand wedis
The erth quhilk firſt, wes ſo fair formit
Wes be that furious flude deformit
Quhare vmquhyle wer, the pleſand plants
Wer holkit Glennis, and hie montanis
Frome clattryng cragis, gret and gray
The erth was weſchin, quyte away.

Bot Noye, had gretaſt diſpleſouris
Behauldand, the dede Creaturis
Quhilk wes ane ſycht, rycht Lamentabyll
Men, wemen, Beiſtis, Innumerabyll
Seyng thame ly, vpone the landis
And ſum wer fleityng on the ſtrandis
Quhalis, and Monſtouris, of the ſeis
Stickit on ſtobbis, amang the treis
And quhen the flude was decreſſand
Thay wer left welteryng on the land
Affore the flude, duryng that ſpace
The ſey wes all, in to ane place
Rycht ſo the erth, as bene deſpdit
In ſyndrie partis, wes nocht deuydit
As bene Europe, and Aſia
Deuydit ar, frome Africa
Ze ſe now diuers famous Ilis

Expe, Stand frome the main land mony mylis
All thir gret Ilis, I vnderstand
War than equall, with the ferme land
Thare wes none sey Mediterrane
Bot onely, the gret Occiane
Quhilk did nocht spred, sic bulryng strandis
As it dois now, outthort the landis
Than be the ragyng of that flude
The erth of bertew, wes denude
The quhilk afore wes to be pyrlit
Quhose bewte than, wes dissogylit
Than wes the Maledictioun knawin
Quhilk wes be God, tyll Adam schawin
I reid quhow Clerkis dois conclude
Indurying that moste furious flude
With quhilk the erth, wes so suppressit
The wynd blew furth, of the southwest
As may be sene, be experience
Quhow throw the watteris violence
The heych montanis, in euery art
Ar bair forgane, the southwest part
As the Montanis, of Parraneis
The Alpis, and Rochis, in the seis
Rycht so the Rochis, gret and gray
Quhilk standis into Norroway
The heychast hyllis, in euery art
And in Scotland, for the moste part
Throuch weltryng of that furious flude
The Cragis of erth, war maid denude

Trauellyng men, may consydder best
The Montanis bair nyxt the southwest
¶ Declare quod I, or ze conclude
Quhow lang leuit Noye, efter the flude
Quod he, in Genesis, thow may heir
Quhow that Noye, wes fax hundreth zeis
The tyme of this gret punysment
And aye to God obedient
And wes the best of Sethis blude
And als he leuit efter the Flude
Thre hundreth and fyftye zeris
As the sam scripture wytnes beris
And wes or he Randerit the spreit
Nyne hundreth and fyftyzeris compleit
To schaw this storie Miserabyll
At lenth my wyttis ar nocht abyll
And als my Sonne, as I suppose
It langis nocht tyll our purpose
To schaw quhow Noyis Sonnis thre
Gan to incres and multyplie
Nor quhow that Noye, plantit the wyne
And drank tyll he wes dronkin syne
And slepit with his membris bair
And quhow Cham, maid for hym no cair
Bot leuch, to se his Father so
Quhowbeit his Brether wer rycht wo
Nor quhow Noye, but restrictioun
Gaue Cham his Maledictioun
And put hym vnder Seruytude

Cour.

Expe.

Gene. ix.

To Sem and Japhet, that war gude
Noy quhow God maid ane conuenent
With Noye, to mak no punyſment
Noy be no flude, the peple doun
In ſigne of that conditioun
His Kane Bow ſett, in to the air
Off diuers Heuinlye colouris fair
Foy to be ane perpetuall ſing
Be Flude, to mak no punyſling
This Stoyy, geue thow lyſte to knaw
Att lenth the Bibill fall the ſchaw.

FINIS.

Heir endis the firſt

Part. And Followis the Secunde Part

In the firſt the Buildyng of Babilone be Nemrod. And quhow kyng Ninus began the firſt Monarche. And of thare Ydolatrye. And quhow Semeramis Gouernit ye Impyre, Efter hir Huſbande kyng Ninus. As Followis.

FATHER I pray zow to me tell.
The First Infortune that befell Cour.
Immediatlye efter the flude
And quho did firste schede saikles
And quho Ydolatrye began (blude
(Quod he) I sall do as I can Expe.
Efter the Flude, I fynde no Storye
Worthy to put in Memorye
Tyll Nemrod, began to Ryng Gen. 5.
Aboue the Peple as ane kyng
Quhilk wes the principall man of one
That beildar wes of Babilone
¶ That Story Maister wald I knaw
(Quod I) geue ze the suthe wald schaw
Quhy, and for quhat occasioun
Thay beildit sic one strang Doungeoun
Than said to me Experience
I sall declare with Delygence
Those Questionis, at thy command
Bot first Sonne, thow mon vnderstand
Off Nemrod, the Genoligie
His strenth curage, and Quantitie
Quhowbeit Moyses, in his first Buke
That Story, lychtlie did ouer Luke
Off hym no more, he doith declare
Except he was ane strang Huntare
Bot vtheris Clerkis curious
As Oroce doith, and Josephus
Discryuis Nemrod, at more lenth
Boith of his stature, and his strenth
This Nemrod was the fourt persoun

Frome Noye belyne, diſcendyng doun
Noye generit Cham, Cham generit Chus
And Chus Nemrod, the ſuthe bene thus
This Nemrod grew aue man of mycht
That tyme in erth, wes none ſo wycht
He wes ane Gyane, ſtout and ſtrang
Perfoyce wyld beiſtis, he doun thrang
The peple of that hole Regioun
Come vnder his Dominioun
No man thare wes in all that land
His ſtalwartnes that durſt ganeſtand
No maruell wes, thocht he wes wycht
Ten Cubitis large, he wes of hycht
Proporcionat, in lenth and breid
Affeirand to his hycht we reid
He grew ſo gret and glorious
So prydfull, and preſumptuous
That he come Inobedient
To the gret God Omnipotent
This Nemrod was, the principall man
That firſt Ydolatrie began
Than gart he all the peple call
To his preſens, boith gret and ſmall
Gene.xi. And in that gret conuentioun
Did propone his Intentioun
My freindis (ſaid he) I mak it knawin
The gret vengeance that God hes ſchawin
In tyme of our foye Father Noye
Quhen he did all the warld diſtroye

And dꝛound thame in ane furious flude
Quhairfoꝛe, I thynk we sulde conclude
Quhob we maye make one strang defence
Aganis sick walteris violence
Foꝛ to resyste his furious Yꝛe
Contrare boith to flude and fyꝛe
Lat vs go spye sum plesande feilde
Quhare one strang biggyng we maye beilde
One Cietie with ane strang Dungeoun
That none Ingyne may ding it doun
So heych, so thike, so large and lang
That God tyll vs sall do na wꝛang
It sall surmonte the planetis seuin
That we frome Gode, may wyn the heuin
Those peple with one ferme intent
All tyll his counsell did consent
And did espye ane plesande place
Harde on the flude of Euphꝛatace
The peple thare did thame pꝛepair
In to the plaine feilde of Synnare
Quhilk now of Caldie heris the name
Quhilk did lang tyme flureis in faime.
¶ Thare gret Foꝛtres, than did thay found
And kaiste tyll thay gate souer grounde
All fell to warke, baith man and chylde
Sum holkit claye, sum bꝛynt the tylde
Nemrode, that curious Campicun
Deuysar wes, of that Dungeoun
Na thyng thay sparit thare laubouris

Lyke besy beis vpone the flouris
Or Eomottis trauellyng in to June
Sum vnder wrocht, and sum abone
With strang Ingenious Masonrye
Vpwarte thair worke, did fortyfie
With brynt tylde stonis, large and wycht
That Toure, thay rasit to sic hycht
Abufe the airis Regioun
And Junit of so strong fassioun
With Syment maid of pick and tar
Thay vsit none vther mortar
Thocht fyre or walter, it assalit
Contrar that Dungeoun nocht aualit
The lande about wes fair and plaine
And it rais lyke ane heych montaine
Those fulische peple did intende
That to the Heuin it sulde ascende
So gret one strenth wos neuer seine
In to the warld with mannis eine
¶ The wallis of that worke thay maid
Two and fyftie faldome braid
One faldome than, as sum men sayis
Mycht bene twa faldome in our dayis
One man wes than of more stature
Nor twa be now, thareof be sure.
¶ Josephus haldis opinioun
Sayand the heycht of this Dungeoun
Off large pasis of mesure bene

Fyue thouſand, aucht ſcoꝛe, and fourtene
Be this rakonyng, it is full rycht
Fyue mylis, and ane half in hycht
Ane thouſande pais, take foꝛ ane myle
And thow ſall fynd it neir that ſtyle
This toure in compaſſe round aboute
Xxx mylis ten, withouttin doute
Aboute the Cetie of ſtagis
Foure houndꝛeth, and four ſcoꝛe Jewys
And be this noun mer in compas
Aboute, thꝛe ſcoꝛe of mylis it was
And as Oꝛotius repoꝛtis
Thare wes fyue ſcoꝛe of bꝛaſin poꝛtis

¶ The tranſlatour of Oꝛotius
In tyll his Cronicle wꝛyttis thus

That quhen the Sonne, is at the hycht
At nonne, quhen it dois ſchyne maiſt bꝛycht
The ſchaddow of that hyddouus ſtrenth
Sal myle and moꝛe, it is of lenth
Thus mayeꝛe Juge in to ꝛour thocht
Geue Babilone, be heych oꝛ nocht.

FINIS.

Hovv god maid the

Dyuerſitie of Languagis. And maid Impediment

to the Vuildaris of Babilone.

THAN the gret God omnipotent
To quhō al thingis bene p̄sent
That wes, and is, & euer sal be
Ar p̄esent tyll his Maiestie,
The hid secretis of mānis hart
Fr̄oe his p̄sens may not depart
Ye seand the Ambutioun
And the p̄ydefull P̄esumptioun
Quhou thir p̄oude peple did p̄etende
Upe throuch the heuinnis tyll ascende
Quhilk wes gret kolye tyll deuyse
Sick one p̄esumptuous interp̄yse
For quhen thay wer moste delygent
Gode maid thame sick impediment
Thay wer constranit with hartis sore
Frome thyne depart and beilde no more
Sick Languagis on thame he laid
That none wyste quhat ane vther said
Quhair wos bot ane Language afore
Gode sende thame Languagis three score.

¶ At that tyme all spak Hebrew.
Than sum began for to speik Grew
Sum Duche, sum language Sarazyne:
And sum began to speik Latyne
The Maister men, gan to go wylde
Cryande for treis, thay brocht thame tylde:
Sum said bryng mortar heir atonis
Than brocht thay to thame stokis, and stonis.

¶ And Nemrode thare gret Campioun

Ran rageand lyke ane wylde Lyoun
Manassyng thame with wordis rude
Bot neuer one worde thay vnderstude
Affore thay fande hym gude and kynde
Bot than thay thocht hym by his mynde
Quhen he so furiouslie did flyte
Than turnit his pryde in to dispyte
So dirk Eclipsit wes his glore
Quhen thay wald wyrke for hym no more

¶ Behalde quhow God wes so gratious.
To thame quhilk wer so outeragious
He nother braik thare leggis nor armes
Nor zit did thame none vther harmes
Except of toungis diuysioun
And for fynall conclusioun
Constranit thay wer for tyll departe
Ilke cumpanye in one syndrie arte
Sum paste in to the Orient
And sum in to the Occident
Sum south, sum north, as thay thocht best
And so thare poleysie left waist
Bot quhow that Ciete was reparit
Heir efter it salbe declarit

FINIS.

Off the first inuentiõ

of Ydolatrie. Quhow Nemrode, compellit the Peple tyll adorne the Fyre in Caldia.

Cour. NOVV Schir (said I) schaw me the man
Quhilk first Idolatrye began
That sall I do, with all my hart
Expe. My Sonne (said he) or we depart
Quhen Nemrod saw his purpose failit
And his gret laubour, nocht auailit
In maner of contemptioun
Departit furth of that regioun
And as Orotius, doith reherss
He past in to the land of Pers
And mony one zeir, did thare remane
And syne to Babilone come agane
And fand huge peple of Caldie
Remanand in that gret Citie
That wer glaid of his returnyng
And did obey hym as thare kyng
Nemrod his name for tyll auance
Amang thame maid new ordinance
Sayand I thynk ze ar nocht wyce
That to none God, makis Sacrifyce
Than to fulfyll his fals deyze
He gart be maid ane flammand fyre
And maid it of sic breid and hycht
He gart it byrn both day and nycht
Than all the peple of that laude
Apoynt the fyre, at his commande
Prosternit on thare kneis and facis
Beleiband thare new god of gracis;
To geue thame moze occasioun.

He maid thame gret perſwaſioun
This God (ſaid he) is maiſt of mycht
Schawand his bemys on the mycht
Quhen Sonne, and Mone, ar baith obſcure
His heuinly bȝchtnes dois indure
Quhen mennis memberis ſufferis calde
Fyȝe warmis thame euin as thay walde.
¶ Than cryit the Peple at his deſyȝe
Thare is no God, except the fyȝe
Oȝ thare was ony Imagerie
Began this firſt Idolatrye
Att that tyme, thare wes none vſage
To carue, noȝ foȝto paynt Image
Than maid he pȝoclamatioun
Quho maid nocht adoȝatioun
To that new God, without remede
In to that fyȝe ſulde ſuffer dede
I fynde no man in to that lande
His tyȝrannie that durſte ganeſtande
Bot Habȝaham, and Aram, his bȝother
That diſobeyit, I fynd none vther
Quhilk dwelland war, in that countre
With thare Father callit Tharie
Thir bȝether Nemrod, did repȝeue
Sayand tyll hym, Lȝde with ȝour leue
This fyȝe, is bot ane Element
Pȝaye ȝe to God Omnipotent
Quhilk maid the Heuinnis, be his mycht
Sonne, Mone, and ſtarris, to geue lycht

He maid the fyschis in the seis
The erth, with beistis, herbis, and treis,
And laste of all, for to conclude
He maid man to his similitude
To that gret God geue pryse and glore
Quhose Ring induris euemore:
¶ Than Nemrod in his furious yre
Thir brether boith keste in the fyre
Habraham be God, he wes preseruit
Bot Aram in the fyre he staruit
Quhen Thara, harde his sonne wes dede
He did departe out of that stede
With Habraham, Nachor, and thare wyuis
As the Scripture at lenth discryuis
And left the lande of Caldia:
And paste to Mesopotamia
And dwelt in Tharan all his dayis:
And deit thare, as the story sayis
The lyfe of Habraham, I suppose
No thyng langis, tyll our purpose
In to the Bibyll thow may reid
His verteous lyfe, in worde and deid
Now to the I haue schawin the man
That first Idolatrye began.

FINIS,

Of ye gret misere and

sparthis, that cumis of weris. And quhow kyng Nyn' began the first weris, and straik the first Battell.

FATHER I pray zow with my harte
Declare to me or we departe
Quho first began thir mortall weris
Quhilk euerilke faithfull hart efferis
And euery polecye doun thrawis
Erpreſſe agane the Lordis lawis
Sen Chriſt our kyng omnipotent
Left Peace, in tyll his Teſtament
Quhow dois proceid this creueltie
Iganis Juſtice, and Equytie
In lande quhare ony weris bene
Gret Miſerie, thare may be ſene
All thyng on erth, that God hes wrocht
Weir, dois diſtroye, and puttis at nocht
Citeis, with mony ſtrang Doungeoun
Ar brynte, and to the erth doung doun
Virginis, and Matronis, ar deflorit
Templis, that rychelie bene decorit
Ar brynt and all thare Preiſtis ſpulzeit
Pure Orphelenis, vnder feit ar fulzeit
Mony auld men, maid childerles
And mony childer fatherles
Off famous Sculis, the Doctryne
Waith naturall ſcience and Deuyne
And euerilk vertew trampit doun
No reuerence done to religioun
Strenthis diſtroyit alluterlie
Fair Ladyis forzit ſchamefullie
Zoung wedowis ſpulzeit of thare ſpouſis

Pure Laubozars, houndit frome thare houſis
Thare dar no Merchand tak on hand
To trauell nother be ſey noz land
Foz Bouccheours, quhilk dois thame confound
Sum murdzeiſt bene, and ſum ar dzound
Craftſmen of curious Ingyne
Alluterlie putt to rewyne
The Beiſtiall reft, the commonnis ſlane
The land but laubouryng dois remane
Off Pollecye, the perfyte warkis
Beildyngis, Gargyngis, and pleſand parkis,
Alluterlye diſtroyit bene
Gret graingis bzynt, thare may be ſene
Ryches bene turnit to pouertie
Plente in tyll penuritie
Deth, Hounger, Darth, it is weill kende
Off Weir, this is the fatell ende
Juſtice turnit in tyzannie
All pleſour in aduerſitie
The Weir, alluterlye doun thzawis
Baith the Ciuill, and Cannoun lawis
Weir, generis Wurthour, and myſcheif
Soze lamentyng without releif
Weir douth diſtroye Realmes and kyngis
Gret Pzincis, weir to pzeſoun bzyngis
Conl. Weir, ſcheddis mekle ſaikles blude
Sen I can ſaye of weir na gude.
Declare to me, Schir geueze can
Quho firſt this Miſerrie began.

FINIS.

Heir follouis ane

Schort Discriptioun of the four Monarcheis. And quhow Kyng Nynus, began the first Monarche.

OF Weris (said he) the gret outraige.
Began in to the secunde aige
Be creuell, pryde full couatns kyngis Expe,
Reuarris but rycht of vtheris ryngis
Quhowbeit Cayan, afore the flude
Wes first schedder of saikles blude
Nynus wes first and principall man
Quhilk wrangous conquessing began
And was the man withouttin feaill
In erth, that straik the first battesill
And first Inuentit Imagrye.
Quhare throuch came gret Idolatrye
We mone knaw, or we forthair wend
Off quhome kyng Nynus did discend:
Nynus geue I can rycht defyne.
He was frome Noye, the fyft belyne
Noye, generit Cham, Cham, generit Chus,
And Chus, Nemrod, Nemrod Belus,
And Belus, Nynus, but lesyng
Off Assiria, the secunde kyng
And beildar of that gret Citie
The quhilk was callit Nyniue:

And wes the first and principall man
Quhilk the first Monarche began
Conf. ¶ Father (said I) declare to me
Quhat signifyis ane Monarchie
Expe. The suith (said he) sonne geue thow kneu
Monarchie, bene ane terme of Greu
As quhen ane Prouince principall
Had hole power Imperiall
Duryng thare Dominationis
Abuse all kyngis and Nationis
One Monarchie, that men dois call
Off qnhome I fynd four principall
Quhilk hes roung sen the warld began
Cour. Than (said I) Father geue ze can e
Quhilk foure bene thay, schaw me I pray zow
Expe. My sonne (said he) that sall I say zow
¶ First rang the kyngis of Assetianis
Secundlie rang the Persianis
The Grekis thridlye, with sword and fyre
Perfors optenit the thride Impyre
The fourt Monarchie, as I heir
The Romanis brukit mony ane zeir
Nat ws first speik of Ninus kyng
Quhow he began his Conquessyng.
¶ The auld Greik Historiciane
Diodorus, he wryttis plaine
Att rycht gret lenth, of Ninus kyng
Off his Impyre, and conquessyng
And of Semeramis his wyfe

That tyme the lustyest on lyfe
It wer to lang to put in wryte
Quhilk Diodore hes done indyte
Bot I sall schaw as I suppose
Quhilk maist belangis thy purpose.
¶ Quhen Nemrode, Prince of Babilone.
Oute of this wratcheit warld wes gone
And his Sonne Belus deid alswa
The first Kyng of Asseria
This Nynus, quhilk wes secunde kyng
Tryumphātlie began to ryng
And wes nocht satifyit, nor content
Off his awin Regioun, nor his rent
Thynkand his glore for tyll aduance
By his gret peple and puissance
Throuth Pryde, Couatyce, and vaine glore
Did hym prepare to conques more
And gadtherit furth ane gret Armie
Contrare Babilone, and Caldie
Quhareof he had ardent desyre
Tyll June that land tyll his Impyre
Quhowbeit he had thareto no rycht
Bot by his tyrranie and mycht
Withouttin feir of God or man
His Conquessing thus he began.
¶ His peple beand in arraye
To Caldia tuke the reddy waye
Quhen that the Babilonianis
To gidther with the Caldianis

Harde tell kyng Nynus wes cumand
Maid proclamationis throuch the land
That tike man efter thare degre
Sulde cum and saik thare awin countre
Quhowbeit thay hade no vse of weir
Thay past forduart withoutin feir
And put thame selfis in gude order
To meit kyng Nynus on the border
In that tyme ze sall vnderstande
Thare wes no harnes in the lande
For tyll defende, nor tyll Inuaid
Quharethrow moze slauchter thair wes maid
Thay faucht throw strenth of thare bodeis
With gaddis of Irne, with stonis and treis
¶ With sounde of horne, & hydduous crye
Thay ruschett to gidther rycht rudlye
With hardy hart, and strenth of handis
Tyll thousandis dede, laye on the landis
Quhare men in battell nakit bene
Gret slauchter sone thare may be sene
Thay faucht so lang and creuellie
And with vncertane victorie
No man mycht Juge, that stude on far
Quho gat the better, nor the war
Bot quhen it did approche the nycht
The Caldianis, thay tuke the flycht
Than the kyng and his cumpanye
Wer rycht glaid of that victorye
Because he wan the first battell

That ſtrykkin wes in erth, but fail
And peceably of that Regioun
Did take the hole Dominioun
Than wes he kyng of Caldia
Alſweill as of Aſſeria
Is for the king of Arrabie
In his conqueſt maid hym ſupplie.
¶ Off this zit wes he nocht content
Bot to the Realme of Mede he went
Quhare Farnus king of that cuntre
Did meit hym with ane gret Armie
Bot kyng Nynus, the battell wan
Quhare ſlane wer mony nobyll man
And to that king walde geue no grace
Bot planelie in one publict place
With his ſewin Sonnis, and his Ladie
Creuellie did thaime Crucifie
Off that trymphe, he did retoſe
Syne forduart to the feilde he goiſe
Than conqueſt he Armenia
Perce, Egypt, and Panphelia
Capadoce, Leid, and Maritane
Caſpia, Phrigia, and Hyrcane
All Aſſiria, and Aſia
Except gret Ynde, and Bactria
Quhilk he did conques efterwarte
Is ze ſall heir or we departe
Now wald I or we forther wende
That his Ydolatrye wer kende.

Syne efter that, without sudiorne
Tyll our purpose, we sall returne.

FINIS.

Quhov king Nyn⁹

Inuentit the first Ydolatrye of Ymagis.

NYNVS one Ymage he gart maik.
For kyng Belus, his Fatheris saik
Maist lyke his father of figoure
Off quantie and portratoure
Off fyne Gold, wes that figour meade
Ane craftye Creun apon his heade
With precious stonis in toknyng
His father Belus wes ane kyng
In Babilone, he ane tempyll maid
Off crafty worke, baith heych and braid
Quharein that Ymage gloriouslie
Wes thronit vpe tryumphandlie.
¶ Than Nynus gaif ane strait commande
Tyll all the peple of that lande
Alsweill in tyll Asseria
As in Synnare, and Caldia
Under his Dominatioun
Thay sulde make Adoratioun
Apon thare kneis to that figour
Under the paine of forfaltour
Thare wes na Lorde, in all that lande
His soummonding, that durste ganestand
Than zoung and auld, baith gret and small

Tyll that Ymage thay prayit all
And chrangit his name as I heir tell
Frome Belus, to thair gret God Bell
In that tempyll he did deuyse
Preistis for tyll make Sacrefyse
Be consuetude, than come ane law
None vther God that thay walde knaw
And als he gaif to that Ymage
Off Sanctuary, the Priuilage
For quhat sum euer transgressour
Ane Homicede, or Oppressour
Seand that Ymage in the face
Off thare gylt, gat the kyngis grace.

¶ Declare to me, sweit schir (said I) Cuor.
Wes thare no more Ydolatry
Efter that this fals Idole Bell
Wes thronit vp as ze me tell

☞ My Sonne (said he) incontinent Expe.
The nouellis throuch the warld thay went
Quhow kyng Nynus, as I haif said
Ane curious Image he hade maid
To the quhilk all his Natioun
Maid deuote adoratioun
Than euery countre tuke consait
Thay walde kyng Nynus conterfait
Quhen ony famus man wes dede
Sett vp one Image in his stede
Quhilk thay did honour frome the splene
As it Immortall God had bene

Imagis sum maid for the nonis
Off fyne golde, sum of stokis and stonis
Off syluer sum, and Euare bone
With diuers names tyll eueryone
For sum thay callit Saturnus
Sum Inpiter, sum Neptunus
And sum thay callit Cupido
Thare god of lufe, and sum Pluto
Thay callit sum Mercurius
And sum the wyndie Eolus
Sum Mars, maid lyke ane man of weir
Inarmit weill with sworde and speir
Sum Baccus, and sum Apollo
Off names thay hade ane houndreth mo.
¶ Quhen one Lady of gret fame
wes dede, for tyll exalt hir name
Ane Image of hir portratour
Walde sett vp in ane Oratour
The quhilk thay callit thare goddes
As Venus, Juno, and Palles
Sum Eleo, sum Proserpina
Sum Ceres, Vesta, and Diana
And sum the gret goddes Mynarue
With curious colouris thay walde carue
Amang the the Poetis, thow may see
Off fals goddes, the genologee.
¶ So thir abhominationis
Did spred ouerthrot all nationis
Except gude Habraham, as we reid

Quhilk honourit God, in worde and deid
For Habraham had his beginnyng
In to the tyme of Nynus kyng
Nynus begane with tyrranrie
And Habraham with humylitie
Nynus began the first Impyre
Habraham, of weir, had no desyre
Nynus began Idolatrye
Habraham in spreit and veritye
He prayit to the Lorde alone
Fals Imagerie, he wald haue none
Off hym discendit, I heir tell
The twelf Trybis of Israell
Those peple maid adoratioun
With humyll supplicatioun
Tyll hym quhilk wes of kyngis kyng
That heuin and erth, maid of na thyng
Dede Ymagis, thay helde at nocht
That wer with mennis handis wrocht
Bot the almychtie God of lyfe
My Sone now haue I done discryfe
Thir questionis at thy commande
The quhilkis thow did at me demande.

Cour.

¶ Quhat wes the cause (schir mak me sure)
Idolatrye did so lang indure
Outthrouch the warlde so generallie
And with the Gentilis speciallie
(Quod he) sum causis principall
I fynde in my memoriall
First wes throuch Prencis commandiment
Quhilk did Idolotrye inuent

Syne singulare proffeit of the preist is
Payntours, Goldsmythis, Masonis, wrychtis
Those men of crafte, full curiouslie
Maid Imagis so plefandlie
And sauld thame for ane sumptuous pryce
So be thare crafty Merchandyce
Thay wer maid ryche, abone mesure
As for the Preistis, I the assure
Large proffeit gat ouerthorte all landis
Throuch sacrefyce, and offerandis
And be thare fayned sanctitude
Abusit mony on man of gude
Daniell. iii. As in the tyme of Daniell
The preistis of this Ydoll Bell
Quhen Nabuchodonosor kyng
In Babilone, royallie did ryng
Those preistis the kyng gart vnderstande
That Ymage maid be mennis hande
He wes ane glorious God of lyfe
And had sic ane prerogatyfe
That by his gret power deuyne
Wald eait Beif, Mutoun, Breid, and wyne
And so the kyng gart euery daye
Affore Bell, on his aulter laye
Fourty fresche Wodderis fat and fyne
And sax gret Rowbouris of wycht wyne
Twelf gret Louis, of bowtit floure
Quhilk wes all eaitin in one houre
Nocht be that Image deif and dum

Bot be the prelatis all and sum
As in the Bibill, thow may ken
Quhose nowmmer wer thre scoir and ten
Thayr, and thare wykis euerilk daye
Eait all that on the Aulter laye
Than Daniell in conclusioun
Schew the kyng thare abusioun
And of thare subtelty, maid hym sure
Quhow vnderneth the temppll flure
Throuch ane passage, thay come be nycht
And eait that meit with candell lycht
¶ The kyng quhen he the mater knew
Those prelatis, with all thare wykis he slew
Thus subtellie the kyng was split
And all the peple wer begylit
My sonne (said he) now may thow ken
Quhow by the Prelatis, and craftismen
And be thare craftines and cure
Idolatrye, did so lang indure.
¶ Behauld quhow Jhone Boccatius.
Hes wrytin worthis wounderous
Off Gentilis superstioun
And of thare gret abusioun
As in his gret Buke thow may see
Off fals Goddis, the Geneologie
Off Demogorgone, in speciall
Fore Grandschir, tyll the Goddis all
Honourit amang Archadience
And of the fals Philistience

With thare gret deuylliſche god Dagone
With vtheris Idolis mony one
Bot I abhoȝe the treuth to tell
Off the Wzencis of Iſraell
Chonſin be God ommipotent
Quhow thay brak his commandiment
iii. Reg. xi. Kyng Salomone, as the ſcripture ſayis
He dotit in his latter dayis
His wantoun wyffis, to compleis
He curit nocht God tyll diſpleis
And did commit Idolatrye
Wyrſchoppyng caruit Ymagerye
As Moloch, god of Ammonitis
And Chamos, god of Moabitis
Aſteroth, god of Sydoniens
So foꝛ his inobediens
And fowle abhominatioun
Wer puneiſt his ſucceſſioun
His ſonne Roboam, I heir tell
Tynt the ten Trybis of Iſraell
Foꝛ his fatheris Ydolatrye
As in the Scripture thow may ſee.

FINIS.

Off Imagis vſit Amang criſtin men.

FATHER zit ane thyng I walde speir e Cour.
Behaulde in euery kirk and Queir
Throuch Christindome in Burgh and lande
Imagis maid, with mannis hande
To quhome bene geuin, diuers names
Sanct Peter, and Paule, sum Jhone, & James
Sanct Peter caruit with his keyis
Sanct Mychaell with his wyngis and weyis
Sanct Katherine, with hir sworde and quheill
Ane Hynde sett vp besyde sanct Geill
It war to lang for tyll discryue
Sanct Frances with his woundis fyue
Sanct Tredwall, als thare may be sene
Quhilk on ane preik hes baith hir eine
Sanct Paule, weill payntit with ane sworde
As he wald feycht, at the first worde
Sanct Apolline, on altare standis
With all hir teith, in tyll hir handis
Sanct Rochoe weill scasit men may see
Ane byill new brokin on his thee
Sanct Cloy, he dois stairly stande
Ane new hors schoo in tyll his hande
Sanct Ringgan of ane rottin stoke
Sanct Douthoc baird out of ane bloke
Sanct Androw, with his Croce in hande
Sanct George vpone ane hors rydande
Sanct Anthonie sett vpe with ane soow
Sanct Bryde, weill caruit with ane koow

With cotſtlye colouris fyne and fair
Ane thouſande mo, I mycht declare
As ſanct Coſma and Damiane
The Sowtars ſanct Criſpiniane
All thir on altare ſtaitly ſtandis
Preiſtis cryand for thare offrandis
To quhome we Communnis on our kneis
Dois wyrſchope all thir Imagereis
In kirk, in Queir, and in the cloſter
Prayand to thame, our Pater noſter
In pylgramage frome town to town
With offerand, and with oriſioun
To thame aye bablaud on our beidis
That thay may help vs in our neidis
Quhat differis this, declare to me
Frome the Gentilis Idolatrye.

Expe. Gyff that be trew that thow reportis
Itt gois rycht neir thir ſamyn ſortis
Bot we be counſall of Clargye
Hes lycence to mak Imagerye
Quhilk of vnleirnit bene the buikis
For quhen lauid folk vpon thame lukis
It bryngis to rememberance
Off Sanctis lyues the circumſtance
Quhow the faith for to fortyfie
Thay ſufferit paine rycht patientlie
Seand the Image of the Rude
Men ſulde remember on the Blude
Quhilk Chriſt in tyll his Paſſioun

Did schede for our Saluatioun
Or quhen thow seis ane portrature
Off blyssit Marie Virgine pure
One bony Babe vpon hir knee
Than in thy mynde remember thee
The wordis quhilks the Prophett said
Quhow scho sulde be baith Mother and maid.
¶ Bot quho that sittis doun on thair kneis
Prayand tyll ony Imagereis
With Oyllone or offerande
Kneland with cap in to thare hande
No differences bene, I say to the
Frome the Gentiles Idolatrye.
¶ Rycht so of diuers Nationis
I reid the abhominationis
Quhow Grekis maid thair deuotioun heale
To Mars, to saif thame in battale
Tyll Iupiter, sum tuke there vayaige
To saue thame frome the stromis raige
Sum prayit to Venus, frome the splene
That thay thare luffis mycht obtene
And sum to Iuno, for ryches
Thare pylgramage thay wald addres
¶ So dois our coummoun populare
Quhilk war to lang for tyll declare
Thare superstitious pylgramageis
To mony diuers Imageis
Sum to sanct Rochee, with delygence
To saif thame frome the pestilence

For thare teith to ſanct Apollene
To ſanct Tredwell, to mend thare eine
Sum makis offerand to ſanct Eloye
That he thare hors, may weill conuoye
Thay ryn, quhen thay haue Iowellis tynte
To ſeik ſanct Syith, or euer thay ſtynte
And to ſanct Germane, to get remaid
For maladeis in to thare heid
Thay bring mad men, on kute and hors
And byndis thame to ſanct Mongoſe croſs
To ſanct Barbara, thay cry full faſte
To ſaif thame frome the thonder blaſte
For gude nouellis, as I heir tell
Sum takis thare gait to Gabriell
Sum wyſſis ſanct Margret hors erhorte
In to thare byrth, thame to ſupporte
To ſanct Anthony, to ſaif the ſoow
To ſanct Bryde, to keip Calfe and Kow
To ſanct Baſtien, thay ryn and ryde
That frome the ſthote he ſaif thare ſyde.
Math. ii. And ſum in hope to get thare haill
Rynnis to the auld Rude of Kerrail
Quhowbeit thir ſimple peple rude
Thynk thare intentioun be bot gude
Wo be to Preiſtis, I ſay for me
Quhilk ſuld ſchaw thame the verratie
Perfect quhilk hes of thame the cure
Sall mak anſweir, thairof be ſure
On the gret day of Iugement
Quhen no tyme beis for to repent

Quhare manyfeſt Idolatrye
Sall puneiſt be perpetuallye.

Heir follouis one

Exclamatioun againis Idolatrye.

IMPRVDENT Peple, Ignorant and blynd
By quhat reaſone, laiw, or auctoritie
Or quhat attentyck ſcripture can ze fynd
Leueſum for tyll commit Idolatrie
Quhilk bene to bow zour body or zour kne
With deuote humyll adoratioun
Tyll ony Idoll maid of ſtone or tre
Geuand to thame offerand or ablatioun.

Expe.

Quhy do ze geue the honour laude and gloze,
Pertenyng God, quhilk maid al thing of nocht
Quhilk wes, and is, and ſalbe euer moze
Tyll Imagis by mennis handis wrocht
O fulyſche folk, quhy haue ze ſuccour ſocht
Off thame quhilk can nocht help zow in diſtres
Zit reaſonably reuolfe in to zour thocht
In ſtoke, nor ſtone, can be non holynes

In the deſert, the peple of Iſraell
Moyſes remanyng in the mont Synaye
Thay maid ane motin Calf, of fyne mettell
Quhilk thay did honour as thair God verraye
Bot quhen Moyſes diſcendit I heir ſaye
And did conſydder thare Idolatrye

Exodi. xxxii.

Off that peple, thre thousand gart he slaye
As the Scripture at lenth dois testifye.

Daniell. xiiii. ¶ Because the holy Propheit Daniell.
In Babilone Idolatrye repreuit
And wald nocht wyrschop thare fals idoll Bell
The hole peple at hym wer so aggreuit
To that effect, that he sulde be myscheuit
Delyuerit hym to rampand Lyonis seuin
Bot of that daingerous den, he wes releuit
Throuch myrakle of the gret God of heuin

¶ Behauld quhow Nabuchodonosor kyng.
In to the vaill of Duran, did prepare
Dani. iii. One Image of fyne gold, one m̄uallous thyng
Thre score of cubytis heych, and sar in square
As more cleirlye, the scripture dois declare
To quhome all peple by proclamatioun
With bodeis bowit, and on thare kneis bare
Rycht humilye thay maid adoratioun.

¶ Ane gret wounder, that day wes sene also.
Quhow Nabuchodonosor, in his yre
Tuke Sydrach, Misach, and Abednago
Quhilkis wald not bow thare kne at his desyre
Tyll that Idoll, gart caste thame in the fyre
For to be brynt, or he sterit of that stede
Quhen he beleuit, thay wer brynt bone and lyre
Wes not consumit ane smal hair of thair hede.

¶ The Angell of the Lord wes w̄ thame sene.

In that hate furneis passing vp and doun
In till ane rosye Garth, as thay hade bene
None spott of fyre, distenyng cote nor goun
Off victorie, thay did obtene the croun
And wer to thame, that maid adoratioun
To that Idoll, or bowit thare body doun
One wytnessing of thair dampnatioun

Quhat wes the cause, at me? thow may demād
That Salamone, visit none Ymagere
In his tryumphand Temple for till stand
Off Abraham, Ysac, Jacobe, nor Jesse
Nor of Moyses, thare sauegarde throuch the se
Nor Josue, thare bailzeand Campioun
Because God did command the contrarie
That thay sulde not vse, sic superstitioun. Exodi. xx. Deut. v.

CBehald quhow the gret God omnipotent.
To preserue Israell, frome Idolatrye
Derectit thame ane strait commandiment
Thay sulde nocht mak, none caruit Imagere
Nother of gold, or syluer, stone, nor tree
Nor geue worschipe till ony similytude
Beand in heuin, in erth, nor in the see
Bot onelye till his souerane celsitude.

The Prophett Dauid, planely did repreue, Baru. vi
Ydolatrye to thare confusioun
In grauit stoke, or stone, that did beleue
Declaryng thaim thare gret abusioun

Spek and in maner of dirysioun
Quhow dede Idolis, be mennis handis wrocht
Quham thay honourit, with humyll ozisoun
Wer in the merkat daylie sauld and bocht

¶ The Deuyllis seand the euyll conditioun.
Off the Gentylis, and thare vnfaithfulnes
Foz tyll agment, thare superstioun
In those Idolis, thay maid thare entres
And in thame spak, as storpis dois erpres
Than men beleuit of thame to get releif
Askand thame help, in all thare besynes
Bot fynallye that turnit to thair myscheif

¶ Traist weill in thame, is none Diuinitie.
Quhen feik & rawsk, thair fair colour dois fade
Thocht thay haue feit, ane fute thay can not fle
Quhowbeit the temppll byrn abone thare hede
In thame is nother freindschip noz remede
In sic ligouris, quhat fauour can ze fynde
With mouth & eris, & eine thocht thay be maid
All men see, thay ar dum, deif, and blynde

Quhoubeit pat fald doun flatlyngis on þ flure.
Thay haue no strenth thare self to rais agane
Thocht rattonis ouir yame rin pat tak no cure
Quhowbeit pai brek patt nek thai feil no pane
Quhy suld men Psalmes to thaim sing oz sane
Sen growand treis, that zeirly beris frute
Ar moze to pryse, I make it to the plane
Noz cuttit stockis, wantyng baith crop & frute.

Off Edinburgh, the gret Idolatrye,
And manifest habomination
On thare feist day, all creature maye see
Thay beir ane ald stok Imagis throw ye toun
With talbrone, trumpet, schalme, & Clarioun
Quhilk hes bene vsit, mony one ze it bigone
With preistis, and freris, in to processioun
Siclyke as Bell wes borne throuch Babilone.

Aschame ze nocht, ze seculare prelatis and freris
Till so gret superstitioun to consent
Idolateris, ze haue bene mony zeris
Expresse agane the Lordis commandiment,
Quharefor brether, I counsale zow repent
Geue no honour, to caruit stock, nor stone
Geue laude and gloze, to God Omnipotent
Allanerlye, as wyselie wyttis Jhone.

Fy on zow Freris, that vsis for to preche,
And dois assiste to sick Idolatrye
Quhy do ze nocht, the Ignorant peple teche
Quhow ane dede Image, caruit of one tree
As it wer holy, suld nocht honourit bee
Nor borne on burges backis vp and doun
Bot ze schaw planely zour Ypocrasie
Quhen ze passe formest in Processioun.

Fy on zow fostraris of Idolatrye.
That till ane dede stock, dois sick reuerence

In presens of the peple, publykelie
Feir ze nocht God, to commit sic offence
I counsale zow, do zit zour delygence
To gar suppresse, sic gret abusioun
Do ze nocht so, I dreid zour recumpence
Salbe nocht ellis, bot clene confusioun

Had sanct frances, bene borne out throw ẏ toun
Or sanct Domnick, thocht ze had not refusit
With thame tyll haue past in processioun
In tyll that case, sum wald haue zow excusit
Now men may see, quhow that ze haue abusit
That nobyll toun, throuch zour Ypocrasye
Those peple trowis, ẏ thay may rycht weil vsit
Quhen ze pas with thame in to cumpanye

¶ Sum of zow, hes bene quyet counsallouris,
Prouokand Prencis, to sched saikles blude
Quhilk neuer did zour prudent predicessouris
Bot ze lyke furious Phariseis denude
Off charitie, quhilk rent Christ on the rude
For Christis floke, without malyce or yre
Conuertit fragell faltouris I conclude
Be Goddis worde, withouttin sweird or fyre

Mathew xviii. Reid ze not quhow, ẏ Christ hes geuin cōmand.
Geue thy brother doith oucht the tyll offend
Than secreitlye correct hym hand for hand
In freindly maner, or thow forther wend
Geue he wyll nocht heir the, than mak it kend

Tyll one or two, be trew narratioun
Gyf he for thame, wyll nocht his mys amend
Declare hym to the Congregatioun.

And geue he zit remanis obstinate
And to the holy kirk Incounsalabyll
Than lyk ane Turke, hald him excommunicat
And with all faithfull folk abhominabyll
Banysing hym, that he be no more abyll
To dwell amang the faithfull cumpanye
Quhen he repentis, be nocht vnmerciabyll
Bot hym ressaue agane rycht tenderlye.

Bot our dum Doctours, of Diuinite
And ze of the laste fonde Religioun
Off pure Transgressours, ze haue no pietie
Bot cryis to put thame to confusioun
As cryit the Jowis, for the effusioun
Off Christis blude in to thare byrnand yre
Crucifige, so ze with one vnioun
Cryis, fy, gar caste that faltour in the fyre.

Vnmercifull memberis, of the Antechrist.
Extolland zour humane traditioun Roman. .xvi.
Contrar the Institutioun of Christ Ephe. v.
Effeir ze nocht, Diuine punysioun
Thocht sum of zow be gude of condisioun
Reddy for to resaue new recent wyne
I speik to zow auld bosis, of perditioun
Retunre in tyme, or ze ryn to rewyue.

iii. Reg. xviii.

¶ As ran the peruerst Prophetis of Baell.
Quhilkis did consent, to the Idolatrye
Off wyckit Achab, kyng of Israell
Quhose noumer wer, four houndreth & fyftie.
Quhilkis honourit that Idoll oppinlye
Bot quhen Elias, did preue thare abusioun
He gart the peple slay thame creuellye
So at one houre, came thare confusioun.

I pray zow prent in zour remembrance.
Quhow the reide Freris, for thare Idolatrye
In Scotlād, Inglād, Spane, Italy, & France
Upon one day, wer punessit pietuouslye
Behauld quhow zour awin brether now laitlye
In Duchelād, Inglād, Dēmark, & Norowaye
Ar trampit doun, with thare Ypocrasye
And as the snaw, ar meltit clene awaye

I maruell ẏ our Byschopis thynkꝫ no schame
To geue zow freris sick preheminence
Tyll vse thare office, to thare gret diffame
Prechyng for thame, in oppin audience
Bot mycht a byschope eik tyll his awin expens
For ilk Sermone ten Ducatis in his hand
He wald or he did want that recompens
Go preche hym self, baith in to burgh & land.

¶ I traist to se gude reformatioun.
Frome tyme we get ane faithfull prudent kyng

Quhilk knawis the treuth, and his vocatioun
All Publicanis, I tra ist he wylrdoun thryng
And wyll nocht suffer in his realme to ryng
Corruppit Scrybis, nor fals Phariſience
Agane the treuth, quhilk planely dois malyng
Tyll that kyng cum, we mon tak patience.

Now fairweil freindis, becauſe I can not flyte
Quhowbeit I culde, ze man hald me excuſit
Thocht I agaue Ydolatrye Indyte
Or thame diſpyte that wyll nocht zit refuſit
I pray to God, that it be no moze vſit
Inang the rewlaris of this Regioun
That commoun peple, be no moze abuſit
Bot gyf him gloze, that bair the creuell croun.

Quhilk techeit vs, be his deuine Scripture
Tyll rycht prayer, the perfyte reddy waye
As wyttis Mathew, in his ſext Chepture
In quhat maner, and to quhome we ſuld praye
Ane ſchort compendious oriſone euerilk daye
Moſt profitabyll, for baith body and ſaule
The quhilk is nocht derectit I heir ſaye
To Jhone, nor James, to Peter, nor to Paule

¶ Nor to none vther of the Apoſtlis twelf.
Nor to no Sanct, nor Angell in the Heuin
Bot only tyll our Father God hym ſelf
Quhilk oriſone, it doith contene full euin
Moſt profitabyll, for vs petetionis ſeuin

Quhilk we lawid folk, the *Pater Noster* call
Thocht we say Psalmes, nyne ten or aleuin
Off all prayer, this bene the principall

Be reasoun of the maikar, quhilk it maid
Quhilk wes the Sone of God, our Saluiour
Be reasoun als, to quhome it sulde be said
Till the Father of heuin, our Creatour
Quhilk dwellis nocht, in tempyll nor in tour
Bot cleirlye seis our thocht, wyll, and intent
Quhat nedis vs, at vtheris seik succour
Quhen in all place, his power bene present.

Ze princis of the preistis, that sulde preche
Quhy sufferze so gret abusioun
Quhy do ze nocht the sempyll peple teche
Quhow, and to quhome, to dres thair Oblision
Quhy thole ze thame, to ryn from toun to toun
In Pylgramage, till ony Ymagreis
Hopand to get thare sum Saluatioun
Prayand to thame, deuotlye on thare kneis.

This wes the prettyke of sum pylgramage.
Quhen Fillokis in to Fyfe, began to fon
With Joke, & Thom, thā tuk pat thair vayage
In Anguse, to the feild Chapell of Dron
Than kyttoke thare, als cadye as ane Con
Without regarde, other to Syn or schame
Gaue Lowze leif, at layser to loupe on
Fat better had bene, till haue biddin at hame.

¶ I haue sene pas, one meruallous multytude
Zoung men and wemen, flyngand on thair feit
Under the forme, of fenzeit sanctytude
For tyll adorne, ane Image in Lozeit
Wony come, with thare marrowis for to meit
Committand thare foule fornicatioun
Sum kyste the claggit taill of the Armeit
Quhy tholeze this abhominatioun.

¶ Off Fornicatioun and Idolatrye
Apperandlye ze take bot lytle cure
Seand the maruellous Infelycitie
Quhilk hes so lang done in this land indure
In zour defalt, quhilk hes the charge and cure
This bene of treuth, my Lordis with zour leue
Sic pylgramage hes maid mony ane hure
Quhilk gyf I plesit, planelye I mycht preue.

¶ Quhy mak ze nocht, the scripture manifest.
To pure peple, twichyng Idolatrye
In zour precheyng, quhy haue ze nocht erpest
Quhow mony kyngis of Israell creuellie
Wer puneisit be God, so rigorouslie
As Jeroboam, and mony mo but doute
For wyrschoppyng, of caruit Imagerie
War krome thare realmes rudlye rutit out. .iii. Reg. xiii.

¶ Quhy tholeze vnder zour Dominioun,
Ane craftye preiste, or fenzeit fals Armeit
Abuse the peple of this Regioun.

Onlye for thair perticulare profeit
And specially that Armeit of Laureit
He pat the comoun peple in beleue
That blynd gat sycht, and crukit gat thair feit
The quhilk that Balzard no way can appreue.

Ze maryit men, that hes trym wantoun wyffis.
And lusty douchteris, of zoung and tender aige
Quhose honestie, ze sulde luke as zour lyfis
Permittit thame nocht, to pas in pylgremage
To seik suppozte, at ony stoke Image
For I haue wyttin, gude wemen pas fra hame
Quhilk hes bene trappit, with sic lustis raige
Hes done returne, baith wt gret syn & schame

Get vpe, thow slepis all to lang, O Lozde.
And mak ane haistie reformatioun
On tham quhilk dois tramp doun thy gratius (wozde
And hes ane dedlye Indignatioun
Att thame quhilk makis trew narratioun
Of thy Gospell, schawyng the verytie
O Lozde I mak the supplycatioun
Suppozte our faith, our hope, and Charytie.

FINIS.

Heir follouis quhow

Kyng Nynus beildit the gret Citie of Nyniue,
And quhow he vincuste Zozoastes. the
Kyng of Bactria.

THIS Nynus of Asseria kyng
Quhen he hade maid his con- quesing
To beilde a Cetie he him drest
Chosig ẏ place quhare he tho- cht best
Quhair he had first dominiõn
In Asseria his awin regioun
Thocht Assure as the scriptur sayis
Quhilk come affore kyng Nynus dayis Gene.x.
And fonndit that famous Cietie
The quhilk was callit Nyniuie
Bot as reheirsis Diodore
Nynus that Ciete did decore
So maruellous tryumphantlye
As ze sall heir Inmdeatlye
Upon the flude of Euphrates
Quhilk to behauld, gret wounder wes
Ane houndreth and fyftye stagys
That Ciete wes of lenth I wys
The wallis ane hundreth fute of heycht
No wounder was, thocht thay wer wycht
Sick breid abufe the wallis thare was
Thre cartis mycht sydlingis on thame pas
Four hundreth stagis, and four score
Incircuit but myn or more
Off touris aboute those wallis I wene
Ane thousand, and fyue houndreth bene
Off heycht, two houndreth fute and more
As wryttis famous Diodore

¶ The Scripture makis mentioun

Quhen God send Jonas to that toun
Jona.iii. To schaw thame of his puneisment
Outthrouch the Ciete quhen he went
Three dayis Journay, tyll hym it wes
The Bibyll sayis, it wes no les.
Expe, ¶ My Sonne, now haue I schawin to the
Off the buildyng of Nyniue
For the agmentyng of his faime
Nynus gart call it efter his name
¶ Quhen he that gret Ciete hade endit
To conques more, zit he intendit
And did depart frome Nyniue
And ralit bye ane gret arme
Off the maist stalwatte men and stoute
Off all his Regionis rounde aboute
In gret ordour tuke thare Jorna
Towarte the realme of Bactria
Off wycht kute men, I vnderstande
Ye had sewintene hundreth thousande
Without horsmen, and weirlyke cairtis
Quhome he ordourit in sindry partis
Quhilk tyll discrywe I am nocht abyll
Quhose noummer bene so vntrowabyll
¶ Zoroastes, that nobyll kyng.
Quhilk Bactria, hade in gouernyng
That prudent Prence, as I heir tell
Did in Astronomie precell
And kande the Art of Magica
With naturall science, mony ma

Seand kyng Nynus on the feilde
Forȝdwarte he come, with ſpeir and ſcheilde
Four houndȝeth thouſand men he wes
In his Armie, thare wes no les
And met kyng Nynus on the boȝdour
Rycht vailȝeantlie, and in gude oȝdour
On the Vangarde of his Armie
On thame he ruſcheit rycht rudelie
And of thame ſlew as I heir ſaye
Ane houndȝeth thouſand men that daye
The reſt that chapit war vnſlane
To Nynus gret oiſte, fled agane.

Of that kyng Nynus wes ſo noyit
He reſtit neuer tyll he diſtroyit
All hole that Regioun vpe and doun
And krome the kyng, did raue the croun
And maid the Realme of Bactria
Subiectit tyll Aſſiria
And in that ſampn land I wys
He tuke to wyfe Semeramys
Quha (as myne) Auctour dois diſcryne
Was than the luſtieſt on lyue
That beand done without ſudgeoȝne
Tyll Nyniue he did returne
With gret tryumphe of victoȝie
As myne Auctour dois ſpecifie
Boith Occident, and Oȝient
War all tyll hym obedient
It wald abhoȝe the tyll heir red

The saikles blude that he did sched
Quhen he hade roung, as thow may heir
The space of thre and fourty zeir
Beand in his excelland gloze
The dolent deith, did hym deuoze
In quhate sozte, I am nocht certane
Sum Auctoz sayis that he wes slane
And left tyll bzuke his Heretage
One lytle Babe of tender aige
Young Nynus, wes the chyldis name
Quhilk efter slurysit in gret fame
Sum sayis that be his wykkis treasoun
Kyng Nynus deit in prisoun
As I sall schaw, oz I hyne fair
Quhow Diadoze hes done declair.

FINIS.

CHeir follouis sum

of the wounderfull dedis of the lusty Queue Semeramis.

NYNVS luckit so ardentlye,
Semeramis, his fair Ladye
Thare wes no thyng scho wald commande
Bot all obeyit wes fra hande
Scho seand hym so Amozous
Scho grew prioude and prisumptuous
And att the kyng, scho did defyze
Fyue dayis to gouerne his Impyze.

And he of his beneuolence
Did grant hir that preheminence
With Sceptour, Crown, and Robe royall
And hole power Imperiall
Tyll fyue dayis wer cum and gone
That scho as kyng suld reyng allone
Than all the Prencis of the land
Duryng that tyme maid hir ane band
With bankate Royall myrrellie
Scho treatit thame tryumphantlie
So the first daye the peple all
Came tyll hir seruyce bound and thrall
Bot or the secunde day wes gone
Scho tuke sic gloire to reyng allone
Be one decreit maid thaim amang
The kyng scho pat in presone strang
I reid weill of his presonyng
Bot nocht of his deliueryng
Quhow euer it wes in tyll his flouris
He did of deth, suffer the schouris
And mycht nocht lenth his lyfe one houre
Thocht he wes the first Conqueroure
Quhose Conquesting, for to conclude
Wes nocht bot gret scheddyng of blude
Now haue ze harde of Nynus kyng
Quhow he began, and his endyng
Quhowbeit myne Auctor Diodore
Off hym haith wryttin mekle more
Prencis for wrangous conquesting
Doith make oft tymes ane euyll endyng

Thocht he had lang prosperitie
He endit with miseritie.

FINIS.

Off kyng Nynus.

Sepulture.

THE Quene ane Sepulture scho maid.
Quhare scho kyng Nynus body laid
Off curious crafty warke and wycht
The quhilk hade stagis nyne of hycht
And ten stagis of breid it wes
Diodore sayis it wes no les
For aucht stagis one myle thow tak.
And thair efter thy noummer mak.
So be this compt, it wes full rycht
One myle, and als ane stage of hycht.
Except the tour of Babilone
So heych one wark, I reid of none

¶ Semeramis, this lusty Quene
Considdryng quhat dainger bene
To haue on kyng of tender aige
Quhilk mycht nocht vse no vassalaige:
Scho tuke one curagious consait
Thynkand that scho wald make debait:
Geue ony maid rebellioun:
Contrar hir Sonne, or his Regioun:
Quhome scho did foster tenderlye

And keplt hym full quietlye
Scho laid apart hir awin clething
And tuke the Rayment of ane kyng
Quhen scho wes in tyll Armour dycht
Mycht no man knaw hir be one knycht
Scho battleantlye went to the weir
And to geue battell tuk no feir
Wantyng all Realmes rounde aboute
That all the warld of hir had doute
Moze foztunat in hir conquessyng
Noz wes hir Husband Nynus kyng
¶ Babilone scho did foztyfie.
Templis and towzis tryumphandlie
So plesandlye did thame pzepare
Quhilk in the erth, had no compare
Quhowbeid Nemrod, of quhome I spake
The hyddeous dungeoun he gart make
And of the Citie, the foundiment
To quhome God maid Impediment
Quhare Nemrod left, thare scho began
And pat to warke mony one man
Off all the Realmes round aboute
Off most Ingyne, scho socht thame oute
Scho had wyzkand, with tre and stonis
Twell houndzeth thousand men at onis
Go reid the buke of Diodoze
And thow sall fynde the noumer moze
On euerilk syde of Euphzates
That nobyll Citie beildit wes
And so that tyuet of renown

Ran thruch the mydpart of the toun
Ouerthort that flude, scho bryggis maid
Off maruellous strenth, boith lang and braid
Thay wer fyue stagis large of lenth
On euerilk bryng, scho maid one strenth
The circuit as I said affore
Foure hundreth stagis, and foure score
The wallis hycht quha walde discryue
Thre hundreth fute, thre score and fyue
Sax Cartis mycht pas rycht easalie
Abufe the wallis of that Citie
Sydlingis withoute Impediment
Consydder be zour Iugement
Geue those wallis wer heych or nocht
And also curiouslye wer wrocht
As Diodore hes done defyne
Quhilk doith transcend my rude Ingyne
Off Babilone the magnificens
To quhome ze walde geue no credens
Geue I at lenth, walde put in wryte
Quhilk Diodore, hes done indyte
Compare of Citeis, fynde I none
Tyll Nyniue, and Babilone
Frome Nyniue, in Asseria
Tyll Balilone in Caldia
By Bryggis plesandlye ze may pas
Upon the flude of Euphratas
Amang the fludis of Paradyce
This Euphrates, may beir the pryce

All warkis quhilkis the Quene began
Transcendit the ingyne of man
The proude Quene Pantasilia
The Pzinces of Amasona
With hir Ladyis tryumphandlye
Att Troye, quhilk kaucht so bailzeandlye
Nozzit the fair Madin of France
Banter of Inglis Ozdinance
To Semeramis in hir dayis
Wer no compare as bukis sayis
Except tryumphand Julyus
Strong Hanniball, oz Pompeyus
Oz Alleyander the Conquerour
I fynde no greter wertour
Wald I rehers as wyttis Clerkis
Hir wounderfull and bailzeand werkis
It wer to me one gret laubour
And tiddious to the Auditour
Quhat scho did in Ethopia
And in the land of Wedia
Beildand Citeis Castellis, and Towzis
Parkis, and Gardingis of plesouris
Foz the exaltyng of hir name
And Immoztall to mak hir fame
Off Jarcieus, the heych Montanis
Scho gart tyue down, and mak thame plainis
Gret Ozontes, that Montane wycht
Twenty and fyue fadis of hycht
Tyll hir Palyce, to dzaw ane louch

By force of men, ſcho raue it throche
Had ſcho kepit hir Chaſtitte
Scho mycht haue bene one A. per ſe
Quhen ſcho had ordourit hir Impyre
Off Venus warke, ſcho tuke deſyre
One ſecreit Manſioun ſcho gart mak
Quhare ſcho maiſt pleſandlye mycht tak
Young gentyll men, for hir pleſour
The quhilk ſcho vſit abuke meſour
One man allone, mycht nocht be abyll
To ſtanche hir luſte inſaciabyll
Quhen ſcho wes ſatyfeit of one
Scho gart ane vther cum anone
The Luſtieſt of all the lande
Come quietlye at hir commande
Quhen thay at lenth had lyin hir bye
Scho ſlew thaim all rycht creuellye
Quhen hir Sone come tyll aige perfyte
Off hym ſcho tuke ſo gret delyte
Scho cauſit hym with hir to lye
Amang the reſt rycht quietlye
Sum ſayis throuch ſenſuall luſtis rage
Scho band hym in to Mariage
And held hym vnder tutorye
To vphald hir auctoritye.

FINIS.

Quhow the quene

Semeramis, with ane gret Armie, past to Ynde. And Faucht with the kyng Staurobates. And of hir Miserabyll end.

VHEN scho had lang tyme le- nit i rest
To conques more scho hir ad- drest
Becanse of diuers scho hard tel
How ẏ in the Ynde Orientell Expe,
Preceld in gret commoditeis
As bestial cornis & frutful treis
All kynde of Spyce delcious
Golde, Syluer, stonis precious
And quhow that plenteous land did beir
Corne, Frute, and Wyne, twyse in the zeir
With Oliphatis Innumerabyll
In Battell wounder terrabyll
Scho herand this, and mekle more
Beleuand tyll agment hir glore
Gart mak strait Proclamationis
In all, and syndrie Nationis
Schawand quhow it wes hir desyre
All Prencis vnder hir Impyre
In Egypt, and Arrabia
In Pers, in Mede, and Caldia
In Grece, in Caspia, and Hyrcane
In Capidoce, Leid, and Maritane
In Armanie, and Phrigia
In Pamphilie, and Asseria
That ilk Land efter thair degre

Sulde bryng tyll his aue gret Armie
In all the gudelye haist thay may
And meit hir in tyll Bactriay
Declaryng thame that hir intent
Was tyll pas to the Orient
And make Weir on the kyng of Ynde
Frome tyme thay knew quhat wes hir mynde
Than be thare selfis, ilke Regioun
Come forduart with thare Garnisoun
Tryumphandlye, in gude array
Tyll Bactria, tuke the reddy way
And maid thare Mostouris to the Quene
Bot sic one sycht was neuer sene
In Battell ray so mony one man
Att onis, sen God the warld began
Bot Spanze, France, Scotland, Ingland,
Ducheland, Denmarke, norzit Yrelande
Wer nocht Inhabit in those dayis
Norlang efter, myne Authorr sayis
Ethelias, he dois specifie
The noumber of this gret Armie
Sayand thare come at hir command
Fute men, thretye houndreth thousand
Off horss men montit galzeardlye
Fyue hundreth thousand veralye
One hundreth thousand Camelis wycht
One euerilke Cameill, raid ane knycht
Prepatit tyll pas in to all partis
Thare wes ane hundreth thousand Cairtis

Twoo thousand boittis, with hir scho careis
On Hors, Camelis, and Dromodareis
Bryggis for to mak, scho did conclude
Ouerthort Yndus, that furious flude
Quhilk bene of Ynde, the vtmoist bordoure
On the quhilk flude, with rycht gude ordoure
Off hir Baitgis, scho bryggis maid
Quhairon hir gret Oist, saifly raid
Father I wald men vnderstude Cour.
Quhow sic ane maruellous multytude
Mycht be atonis, brocht to the feild
Reddy to fecht, with speir and scheild
Sum men wyll Juge, this bene ane fabyll
The mater bene so vntrouabyll
It may weill be my Sonne (said he) Expe.
As ge exempyll we may se
Quhow Dauid kyng of Israell
His peple gart noumer and tell
Be Joab, his cheif Capitane
As holy Scripture schawis plane
Off feychtand men, in to that lande
Ye kande threttene hundreth thousande
Sen Dauid, in that small countre
Mycht haue rasit sic one Armie
To this Lady, it wes no wounder
The quhilk had greter Realmes ane hounder
Nor Dauidis lytle Regioun
Thocht scho had mony A Legioun
Off men mo nor I tauld afore

Tharefor my Sonne, maruell no more.
¶ Staurobates, the kyng of Ynde
Greilie perturbit in his mynde
Heryng of sick ane multytude
To make defens, he did conclude
And send noe Message to the Quene
Prayand hir Maiestie serene
That scho wald of hir speciall grace
Geue hym Licence to leue in peace
Fasland of that, thocht he suld dee
That he sulde gar hir fecht or flee
And tyll his God, ane vow he maid
Geue no peace mycht of hir be haid
And geue he wan the victorie
That he the Quene sulde Crucifye
At this bostyng the Quene maid bourdis
Sayand it sall nocht be no wourdis
Sall gar me passe, fra my purpose
Bot mychtie strakis as I suppose
The Messingeir, schew to the kyng
Off hir presumptuous answeryng
Than Staurobates, wyse and wycht
Come fordwart lyke ane nobyll knycht
With mony one thousand speir and scheild
Arrayit Royallie on the feild
Thynkand he wald his lande defend
Or in the Battell mak ane end.
¶ The Quene vpone the vther syde
Full of presumptioun and of pryde

Hir Banaris plesandly displayit
With hardy harte, and vnefrayit
Ipon Indus, that famous flude
Thay mett, quharesched wes mekle blude
In Bote, in Balingar, and Bargis
The twa Armeis on vtheris chargis
Semeramis the battell wan
Quhare drownit and slane wer mony one man
So that the walter of the flude
Ran reide myrit, with mannis blude
The kyng of Ynde, with all his mycht
Frome Ynous flude, he tuke the flycht
Tyll his cheif Ciete, he reterit
Quhare in his presens, thare apperit
In battell raye ane new armye
Off tycht Inuincible Cheualrye
With Elephantis, ane hyddous noumer
Quhilk efterwart, maid mekle cummer.

¶ Semeramis and hir cumpanye
In the meane tyme full creuellye
distroyit the bordouris of that lande
Tuke presonaris, ma than ten thouſande
Scho tuke ane curagious consait
Gret Elephantis, to contrafait
Scho hade ten thouſand Orin hydis
Weill sewit to gydder bak and sydis
With mouth and nose, teith, earis and eine
Quyke Elephantis as thay hade bene
Tycht weill stuffit, full of stray and haye

Quhare of the Indianis tuke affraye
Apon Camelis, and Dromodareis
Thole fals figouris, with hir scho careis
Sere Indianis, quhen thay saw that sycht
Afferitlye thay tuke the flycht
For sic one sycht wes neuer sene
Geue naturall beistis thay hade bene
The kyng hym self, wes rycht afferit
Tyll he the veritie had sperit
And knew be his exploratouris
Thay war bot fenzeit fals figouris.
Than mankullye lyke men of weir
Fordwart thay came withouttin feir
Rycht so Semeramis the Quene
Quhilk for one man, wes aye fyftene
Thir two Armeis, full creuellye
Thay ruschett to gydder so rudelye
With hyddous cry, and trumpettis soundc
Tyll thousandis dede, lay on the grounde
Semeramis hade sic one nummer
Tyll ordour thame it wes gret cummer
Than the gret Elephantis of vnde
Rycht strang and hardy of thare kynde
Fordwart thay came, and wald nocht ceis
Tyll throuch the myddis of the preis
Off the gret oiste, thay rudelye ruscheit
That men and horse, tyll erd trabuscheit
Thole fenzeit beistis withouttin spreit
Wer fruscheit and fuilzeit vnder feit

The kyng of Ynde with curage kene
Mett with Semeramis the Quene
He rydand on ane Elephande
Bot scho with hym raucht hand for hande
And gaue the kyng so gret assaye
That he wes neuer in sic affraye
To stryke at hym, scho tuke no feir
So weill scho vsit wes in weir
His strakis scho hade bot lytle comptit
Wer nocht the kyng wes so weill montit
Ather at vther straik so faste
Tyll thay wer tyrit at the laste.
¶ The kyng he thocht hym self eschamit,
With one woman to be diffamit
And wes determit nocht to flee
Thocht in that Battell he sulde dee
As man the quhilk disparit bene
He rudely ran vpon the Quene
And throuch the armne gaif hir ane wounde
Quhilk tyll hir hart gaue sic one stounde
That scho constranit wes to flee
Than all the rest of hir Armie
Quhen thay persauit that scho wes gone
Tyll Yndus flude, thay flede ilke one
The Quene ouerthort the flude scho raid
On brynggis quhilks wer of botts maid
With hir ane sober cumpanye
Quhilk with hir fled affrayitlie
The Indianis followit on the chais

Than on the Bryggis come sic one prais
Off fleand folkis, quhilk wes gret wounder
So that the Bargis brake in schonder
Sum sanke, sum doun the ryuer ran
Than drownit thare, mony ane nobyll man
Quhilk wer gret piete tyll deplore
As wyttis famous Diodore.

¶ And fynallie for to conclude
Wes neuer sched so mekle blude
At one tyme, sen the warld began
Nor slane so mony one saikles man
And all throuch the occasioun
And the pryde full perswasioun
Off this ambitious wyckit Quene
Sick one wes neuer harde nor sene

¶ Starobates the kyng of Ynde,
Gretlye reiosit in his mynde
Off this tryumphe and victorye
Semeramis, with hart full sorye
Seand sa mony tane and slane
Tyll hir countre, returnit agane
Lamentand fortunis variance
Quhilk brocht hir to so gret myschance
Affore quhilk wes so fortunate
And than of confort desolat

¶ Hir Sonne one man of perfectioun
Consyderand his subiectioun,
His lybertie he did desyre
That he mycht gouerne his Impyre

Scand his Mother vitious
And with that so ambitious
Is myne Auctor doith specifye
He slew his Mother cruellye
Quhat vther cause, or Intentioun
I fynde no spectall mentioun
Sum sayis, to be at Lybertie
Sum sayis, for hir Adultrie
None vther cause I can declyne
Except punitioun deuyne

Off this fair Lady corragious
Behaulde the endyng dolorous
Quhilk wes bot twenty zeirs of aige
Quhen scho began hir vassalaige
And rang tryumphandlye but weir
The space of two and fourtye zeir
Quhen scho wes slane, scho wes thrie scoir
With zeris two, scho wes no moir
As Diodore, wrytis in his buke
His Cronicle, quho lyste to luke

Off this Lady, I mak ane end
Thynkand no way, I can commend
Wemen for tyll be to manlye
Nor men for tyll be womenlye
For quhy, it bene the Lordis myndis
All Creature tyll vse thare kyndis
Men for tyll haue preheminens
And wemen vnder obediens
Thocht all wemen inclynit be

Tyll haue the Soueranitie
As this Lady, quhilk wald nocht rest
Tyll scho hir Husband hade subprest
Tyll that intent that scho mycht ryng
Allone to haue the gouernyng
¶ Ladyis no way I can commend
Presumpteouslye quhilk dois pretend
Tyll vse the office of ane kyng
Or Realmes tak in gouernyng
Quhowbeit thay vailzeant be and wycht
Goyng in Battell lyke ane knycht
As did proude Pantasilia
The Princes of Amasona
In mennis habite aganis reassoun
Siclyke I thynk dirisioun
One Prince to be effaminate
Off knychtlie corage desolate
Neglectand his auctoritie
Throuch beistlye sensualitie
Accompanyit baith day and nychtis
With wemen more, than vailzeant knychtis
Sic kyngis, I discomend at all
Exempyll of Sardanapall.

Cour. ¶ Father (said I) schaw me quhow lang
The successioun of Nynus rang

Expe. That sall I do with deligens
My Sonne (said he) or I go hens
Sen I haue schawin at thy desyre

Quhat man began the first Impyre
Now wald I it wer to the kende
Off that Impyre the fatell ende.

FINIS.

Hovvking Sarda-

napalus, for his vitious lyfe, maid ane miserabyll end.

BETVIX this Conquerour Aynus,
And sensuall Sardanapalus
I can nocht fynde no speciall storie
Worthy to put in memorie
Except quhilk I haue done discryfe.
Off Semerame, kyng Aynus wyfe
Bot I can fynde no gude at all
To wryt of kyng Sardanapall
Quhilk wes the sart and threttye kyng
Be lyne-frome Aynus discendyng
It lenth his lyfe for to declare
I thynk it is nocht necessare
Because that mony cunnyng clerkis
Hes hym discryuit in thare werkis
Quhow he wes last of Assirianis
Quhilk hade the hole preemynans
That tyme of the first Monarche
In Cronicles, as thow may se
The last, and the moste vitious kyng
Quhilk in that Monarche did ryng
That Pryince wes so effaminate

K. ii.

With sensuall lustis intoxicate
He did abhor the cumpanye
Off his maist nobyll Chewalrye
That he mycht haue the more delyte
Tyll vse his beistlye appetyte
Conuersit with wemen nycht and daye
And clothit hym in thare arraye
So that na man, that hym hade sene
Coulde Juge ane man, that he hade bene
So in Huredome and harlatrye
Did keip hym self so quietlye
The Pzencis of Asserience
Off hym thay coulde gett no pzesence
Thus leuit he contynuallye
Agane nature, Inordinatlye.

¶ Quhen to the Peirlis and the Medis
Repoztit wer his vitious dedis,
With the Rewlaris of Babilone
Thay did conclude all in tyll one
Thay walde nocht sucker foz tyll tyng,
Abuke thame sic ane vitious kyng
Bot Arbates, ane Duke of Meide
He darklye tuke on hande that deide.

¶ Bot first he come to Nynive,
To see the kyngis Maiestie
And tyll one of the kyngis gaird
He gaif ane secreit tythe rewaird
Tyll put hym in ane quyet place
Quhare he mycht see the kyngis grace
And be on sene with ony wycht.

Bot he saw nother kyng nor knycht
In tyll his maisteris cumpanye
Except wemen allanerlye
And as ane woman he wes cled
With wemen counsalit and led
And schamefullye he wes syttand
With Spindle, and with Rock, spinnand
Quhen Arbates, that sycht had sene
His curage rasit frome the splene
And thocht it small diffycultie
For tyll depryue his Maiestie.
¶ Than rasit he the Persianis
With Medis and Babilonianis
Inarmit weill with speir and scheildis
Tryumphandlye thay tuke the feildis
¶ The kyng rasit Asserianis
To gydther with the Caldianis
And thame resystit as he mycht
Bot fynallye he tuke the flycht
To sait hym self in Nyniue
Than segit thay that gret Citie
Contyneuallye two zeir and more
As wryttis famous Diodore
Tyll that the flude of Euphrates
Arrose with sic one furiousnes
Quhare throuch ane gret part of the toun
By violence wes doungin doun
Than quhen the kyng saw no remede
Bot to be takin or to be dede
As man disparit full of yre

By fylthie stynkand Lychorie
And moste abhominabyll Sodomie
As holy scripture hoith discryue
In that countre wer Citeis fyue
Quhilk wer Sodome, and Gomora
Seboin, Segore, and Adama
Amang thaim all, funde wes thare none
Undefylit, bot Lott allone.

¶ Holy Abraham dwelt neir hand by
Quhilk prayit for Lott, effectuously
For God maid hym aduertysment
That he wald mak sic punyschement
To Lott two Angellis God did sende
Hym frome that furye tyll defende
Quhen the peple of that regioun
Saw the Angellis cum to the toun
Transformit in to fair zoung men
Thay purposit thame for to ken
And abuse thame vnnaturallie
With thare foule stynkand Sodomie
Off that gude Lott, wes wounder woo
And offerit thame his Douctheris twoo
Thame at thare plesour for tyll vse
Bot thay his Douctheris did refuse
And than the Angellis, be thare mycht
Those men depryuit of thare sycht
And so perfors leit thame allone
To Lottis lugyng, quhen thay wer gone
Thay hym commandit haistellie

For tyll depart of that Citie
That foule vnnaturall Lychorie
Ane vengeance to the heuin did crye
The quhilk did moke God tyll stir yre
That frome the heuin Byntstone and fyre
With aukull thoundryng ranit doun
And did consume that hole regioun
Off all that land chapit no mo
Except Lott, and his Doucheris two
His wyfe wes turnit in ane stone
So wykles wes he left allone
For scho wes Inobedient
And kepit no commandiment
Quhen the Angell gaif thame command
Soune tyll depart oute of that land
He monyste thame vnder gret pane
Neuer to luke, bakwart agane
Quhen Lottis wyfe, hard the thoundryng
Off flammand fyre, and lychtnyng
The vgly cryis lamentabyll
Off peple moste appouentabyll
For none of thame had forss to flee
Scho zarnit that sorrowfull sycht to see
And as scho turnit hir anone
Scho wes transformit in ane stone
Quhare scho remanis styll this daye
Off hir I haue no more to saye.
To schaw at lenth, I am nocht abyll
That pietuous proces lamentabyll

Quhow Citeis, Castellis, Townis and touris
Villagis, Bastailzeis, and Bowris
Thay wer all in to paulder dreuin
Forrestis, be the ruttis vpreuin
Thare kyng, thare Quene, and peple all
Zoung and auld, brynt in poulder small
No Creature wes left on lyfe
Foulis, Beistis, Man, nor Wyfe
The erth, the Corne, herb, frute and tree
The Babbis, vpon the Norysе knee
Rycht suddantlye in one Instent
Unwarly come thare Jugement
As it come in the tyme of Noye
Quhen God did all the warld distroyé
For that self Syn of Sodomye
And moste abhominabyll Bewgrye
That vyce at lenth for to declare
I thynk it is nocht necessare.
Quhen al wes brynt, flesche, blude & bonis
Hyllis, valais, stockis, and stonis
The Cuntre sank, for to conclude
Quhare now standis ane vglye flude
The quhilk is callit the dede see
Nyxt to the cuntre of Indee
Quhose stynkand strandis blak as tar
The fleuour of it, men felith on far
In tyll Orocius, thow may reid
Off that cuntre, the lenth and breid
Off lenth fyfye mylis and two

And fourtene myle in breid also.
Lott of his wyfe was so agaste
That he tyll A wylde montane paste
Off cumpanye he hade no mo
Except his lustye Douchteris two
And be thare prouocatioun
As Moyses maketh narratioun
Allone in to that montane wylde
His Douchteris boith, he gat with chylde
For thay beleuit in thare thocht
That all the warld wes gone to nocht
As it become of that Natioun
Thynkand that Generatioun
Wald faill, without thay craftellye
Gar thare Father with thame to lye
And so thay fande ane crafty wyle
Quhow thay thair Father mycht begyle
And cauſit hym to drynk wycht wyne
Quhilk men to Lychorie dois Inclyne
Quhen he wes full, and fallin on ſleip
His Douchteris quyetlie did creip
In tyll his bed, full ſecreitlye
Prouokand hym, with thame to lye
And knew nocht quhow he wes begyld
Tyll boith his Douchteris wer with chylde
And bure two Sonnis in certane
Thay beand in that wyld Montane
Off quhome two Nationis did proceid

As in the ſcripture thow may reid
In the quhilk ſcripture thow may ſe
Att lenth this wofull miſarie.
This miſarie become but weir
Frome Noyis flude, thre houndreth zeir
To gydther with four ſcoze and alewin
As comptit Carione full ewin
And efter Noyis deith I ges
Ane and fourtye zeir thare wes
Quhen Abraham was of aige I wene
Four ſcoze of zeris, and nyntene
Quhen this foule Syn of Sodompe
Was puneilit ſo regorouſlye
Gret God preſerue ws in our tyme
That we commit nocht ſic ane cryme.
Tiddious it wer foz me to tell
This Monarche, durying quhat befell,
And wounderis that in erth wer wzocht
Quhilk to thy purpoſe langis nocht
As quhow the peple of Iſraell
Exodi. i. Did lang tyme in to Egypt dwell
And of thare gret puneiſtoun
Thzouch Pharois perſecutioun
And quhow Moyſes, did thame conuoye
Exodi. xiiii. Thzouch the reid ſey, with mekle Ioye
Quhare kyng Pharo, rycht miſerablye
Wes dzownit with all his huge armye
And quhow that peple wandzand wes
Exod. xx. Fourtye zeris, in wyldernes
Moyſes that tyme as I heir ſaye

Resauit the law, on Mont Synay
That tyme Josue throuch Jordan
Led those peple to Canaan
Quhare Saule, Dauit, and Salamone
With Hebrew kyngis mony one
Did rychelye ryng, in that countre
Indurying this first Monarche.
¶ The Sege of thebes, miserabyll
Quhare blude wes schede Incomparabyll
Off nobyll men, in to those dayis
With vtheris terribyll affrayis
As quhow the Grekis wrocht vengeance
Apone the nobyll Troyiance
Because that Pareis, did conuoye
Perforis fair Helena to Troye
Quhilk wes kyng Menelaus wyfe
Quhare mony one thousand loste thare lyfe.
¶ That tyme the vailzeant Hercules
Throuch the warld did hym addres
Quhare he did mony ane douchtye deid
As in his storye thow may reid
And quhow throuch Dyonere his wyfe
That Campione did lose his lyfe
In flammande fyre, full furiouslye
The deith he sufferit creuellye.
¶ That tyme Remus, and Romulus
Did founde that Cite maist famous
Off Rome standyng in Italie
As in thare storye thow may se:

Josue. iii.

Wald thow reid Titus Leuius
Thow sulde fynde warkis wounderous
Quhose douchtye deidis ar weill kende
And salbe to the wardlis ende
Thocht thay began with creueltie
And endit with misaritie
As bene the maner to conclude
Off all scheddaris of saikles blude

¶ In Grece the ornat Poetry
Medecyne, Museike, Astronomy
Duryng this first Monarche began
Be Homerus, that famous man
To gydder with Hesiodus
As diuers Auctours, schawis ws
It wer to lang to put in ryme
The bukz quhilk thay wret in thare tyme
Thir war the actis principell
Gen. xvii That Monarche, duryng quhilk befell
As for gude Abraham, and his seid
In to the Bibill thow may reid
Quhow in this tyme, as I heir tell
Began the kyngdome Spirituell
As I haue schawin to the affore
Quharefor I speik of thame no more.

FINIS.

Ane schorte Discrip-

tioun of the secunde, thrid, and ferd Monarche.

FATHER (said I) quhilk wes ẏ mā Cour.
That the nyxt Monarche began
¶ Cyrus (said he) the kyng of Pers, Expe,
As Cronicles, hes done rehers
Prudent and full of Polycie
Began the secunde Monarchie
For he wes the moste godly kyng
That euer in Pers or Mede did ryng .i. Para.
For he of his benyngnitie xxxvi.
Delyuerit frome Captyuitie
The hole peple of Israell
In to the tyme of Daniell
The quhilkis hade bene presoneris
In Babilone sewin score of zeris
Tharefor God of his grace benyng
Gaif hym ane diuyne knawlegyng
Duryng his tyme as I heir tell
He vsit counsale of Daniell
Carione at lenth doith specifie
Off his maruellous Natyuitie
And of his vertuus vpbringyng
And quhow he vincuste Cresus kyng
With mony vther vailzand deid
As in to Carione, thow may reid
Quhose Successioun did indure
Tyll the tent kyng, thareof be sure.
¶ Bot efter his gret conquessyng
Rycht miserabyll wes his endyng
As Herodotus, doith discryne

In Scythia he loste his lyfe
Quhare the vndantit Scythianis
Vincuste those nobyll Persianis
And efter that Cerus wes dede
Quene Tomyre hakkit of his hede
Quhilk wes the quene of Sythianis
In the dispyte of Persianis
Scho kest his hed, for to conclude
In tyll ane vessell full of blude
And said, thir wordis creuellye
Drynk now thy fyll, gyf thow be drye
For thow did aye blude schedding thryste
Now drynk at layser, gyf thow lyste
Efter that Cyrus successioun
Off all the warlde hade possessioun
¶ Tyll Alexander with sworde and fyre
Obtenit perfors the thrid Impyre
Quhilk wes the kyng of Macedone
With vailzeant Grekis mony one
In battell fell and furious
Vincuste the mychtye Darious
Quhilk wes the tent, and the laste kyng
Quhilk did efter kyng Cyrus ryng
As for this potent Empriour
Alexander the Conquereour
Geue thow at lenth, wald reid his ryng
And of his creuell conquessyng
In Inglis toung, in his gret buke
At lenth his lyfe, thare thow may luke

Quhow Allexander that potent kyng
Wes twelf zeris in his Conquessyng
And quhow for all his gret conquest
He leuit bot ane zeir in rest
Quhen be his Seruiand secreitlye
He poysonit wes full pietcouslie.

¶ Lucane doith Allexander compair
Tyll thounder, or fyreflaucht, in the air
Ane creuell Planeit, ane mortall weird
Doun thryngand peple, with his sweird
Ganges that maist famous flude
He myrit with the Indianis blude
And Euphrates, with the blude of Pers
Quhose creueltie for to rehers
And saikles blude, quhilk he did sched
War rycht Abhominabyll to be red
Efter his schorte prosperitie
He deit with gret miserytie.

¶ It wer to lang for to dessydit
Quhow all his realmes wer deuydit
Aye quhill that Celar Julious
Quhen he hade vincust Pompeyus
Wes chosin Emperiour and kyng
Ibuse the Romanis for tyll ryng
That potent Prince, wes the first man
Quhilk the ferd Monarchie began
And hade the hole Dominioun
Off euerilk lande and Regioun
Quhose successouris, did ryng but weir

Quer the warld, mony ane houndreth zeir
Bot gentyll Julius allace
Rang Empriour, bot lytle space
Quhilk I thynk plete tyll deplore
In fyue Moneth, and lytill more
By fals erhorbitant treasoun
That prudent Prince, wes trampit doun
And murdreſt in his counſale hous
By creuell Brutus, and Caſcious.
¶ Eftir that Julius wes ſlane
Did reyng the gret Octauiane
Off Empriouris one of the beſt
Duryng his tyme, wes peace, and reſt
Quer all the warld, in ilke Regioun
As storyis makkis mentioun
And als I makit to the plane
Duryng the tyme of Octauiane
The Sonne of God, our Lorde Ieſew
Tuke mankynde of the Virgine trew
And wes that tyme in Bathelem borne
To ſaik mankynde, quhilk wes forlorne
Is Scripture makis narratioun
Off his blyſſe Incarnatioun
¶ Now haue I taild the as I can
Quhow the four Monarcheis begam
Bot in thy mynde thow may conſydder
Quhow wardly power bene bot flydder
For all thir gret Impyris ar gone
Thow ſeis thare is no Prince allone;

Quhilk hes the hole Dominioun
This tyme of euery Regioun
¶ Father quhat reasoun, had those kyngis Cour.
Reuaris to be of vtheris tyngis
But ony tyrht, or Iuste querrell
Quhairthrouch that thay myght mak battell
And commoun peple to downthrying
To this (said I) mak answeryng:
My Sonne (said he) that sall be done
As I best can, and that tyght soune
¶ Thir Monarcheis, I vnderstande Expe.
Preordinat wer, by the command
Off God, the Plasmatour of all
For to doun thring, and to mak thrall Dani. vii
Vndantit peple vittous
And als for to be gratious
To thame quhilk vertuous wer and gude
As Daniell hes done conclude
At lenth in tyll his Prophesteis
Quhow thare sulde be four Monarcheis
His secunde Chepture, thow maye see
Quhow efter the first Monarchee
Quhen Nabuchodonosor kyng
Ane Ymage saw, in his sleepyng
With austeir luke, both heych and brede
And of fyne pure Gold, wes his hede
His breist and armes, of syluer brycht

His wamb of Copper, harde and wycht
His loynis, and lymmis, of Irne, rycht strang
His feit of clay, Irne myrit amang
Frome ane montane, thare come alone
But hand of man, ane mekle stone
Quhilk on that Figours feit did fall
And dang all doun in poulder small.

¶ Off quhose Interpretatioun
Doctouris doith mak Narratioun
The hede of gold, did signifye
First of Assirianis Monarchye
The syluer breist, thay did apply
To Persianis, quhilk rang secundly
The wambe of copper, or of brasse
Thridly to Grekis, comparit wasse
His loynis, and lymmis, of Irne and steill
Clerkis hes thame comparit weill
To Romanis, throuch thare deligence
To haue the feird Preemynence
Abufe all vther Natioun
Be this Interpretatioun
The myrit feit, with Irne and claye
Did signifye this letter daye
Quhen that the warld, fulde be deuydit
As efterwart salbe declarit
To Christe is signifyit the stone
Quhose Monarche sall neuer begone
For vnder his Dominioun
All Pyrencis sall be strampit doun

Quhen that gret kyng Omnipotent
Cumis to his generall Jugement
His Monarche than salbe knawin
As efter salbe to the schawin.
And als the Scripture, sall the tell
Quhow in the aucht of Daniell
He saw in to his visioun
Be ane plane expositioun
Quhow that the Grekis, suld wyrk vengeance
Upone the Medis, and Persience
Comparand Grekis, tyll ane Gote
With ane horne, fers, furious, and hote
Quhilk slew the Ram, with hornis two
Comparit tyll Pers, and Mede, also
And so be Daniell Propheseis
All thir gret mychtie Monarchets
The quhilkis all vther realmes supprysit
Be the gret God, thay wer deuysit
As he of Tytus the Romane
Sonne and air, to Vespasiane
Maid hym ane furious Instrument
To put the Jowis to gret torment
Quhilk I purpose or I hyne fair
Schortlye that proces tyll declair.
FINIS.

Of ye most miserabil

And most terrabyll Distructioun of Jerusalem.

Cour. FATHER (said I) declare to me
Induryng this ferd Monarche
The maist Infortune that befell
Expe. My Sonne (said he) that sall I tell
The moste and manifest misarie
Became vpon the gret Citie
Jerusalem, quhen it wes supprest
As storyis makis manifest
Bot as the Scripture doith deuyse
Baru.vi. Jerusalem wes distroyit twyse
First for the gret Idolatrye
Quhilk thay committit in Jowrye
The honour aucht to God allone
Thay gaif Figuris, of stock and stone
Affore Christis Incarnatioun
Come this first desolatioun
Fyue hundreth zeris, four score and ten
In Cronicles, as thow may ken
Quhow Nabuchodonosor kyng
That famous Citie, did doun thryng
Thare kyng, with peple mony one
Brocht thame all bound to Babilone
Quhare thay remanit presoneris
The space of thre score and ten zeris
And that first desolatioun
Wes callit the Transmigratioun
Wes no man left in all thare landis
Bot Purellis laborand with thare handis
Tyll mychtie Cyrus, kyng of Pers

As Daniell hes done reherß
Wes mouit be God, for tyll reſtore
The Jowis, quhare that thay wer afore
¶ Geue I neglect, I wer to blame
The laſt Sege of Jeruſalem
Quhoſe rewyne wes moſt miſerabyll
And for to tell, rycht terrabyll
Wes neuer in erth, Citie nor toun
Gatt ſic extreme diſtructioun
The townis of Tyre, Thebes, nor Troye
Thay ſufferit neuer half ſic noye
The Empriour Veſpaſiane
He did deuyſe that Sege certane
¶ Thare wes the Prophetie compleit
Quhilk Chriſt ſpake on mont Olyuett
Quhen he Jeruſalem beheld
The teris frome his eine diſteld
Seand be deuyne preſcience
The gret diſtructioun and vengence
Quhilk wes to cum, on that Citie
His hart wes peirſit with pitie
Sayand Jeruſalem, and thow knew
Thy gret rewyne, ſore wald thow rew
For no thyng I can to the ſchaw
The veritie, thow wyll nocht knaw
Nor hes in conſyddoratioun
Thy holy viſitatioun
Thy peple wyll no way conſydder
Quham gadtherit I wald haue to gidder

Luc. xix. & xxi. Marc. xiii.

Mathe. xxiiii.

As errand scheip, bene with thare hirdis:
Or as the Hen, gadderis hir byrdis
Under hir wyngis tenderlye
Quhilk thay refusit dispitfullye
Quharefor sall cum that dulefull daye
That no remeidy mak thow maye
Thy Doungiounis sall be doung in schonder:
So that the warld sall on the wounder.
Thy tempyll now most tryumpande
Mathew .xxiiii. Sall be tred doun amang the sande:
And as he said, so it befell
As heir efter, I sall the tell:
Cour. ¶ Schaw me (said I) with circumstance.
The speciall cause of that myschance
(Quhod he) as scripture doith conclude
Expe. For scheddyng of the saikles blude
Off Prophetis quhilks God to thame send
And als because, that thay myskend
Jesu the Sonne of God Souerane:
Quhen he amang thame did remane:
For all the Myraklis, that he schew
Maliciouslye thay hym myskew
Thocht be his gret power deuyne
The walter cleir, he turnit in wyne:
Jhon.ii. And be that self power and mycht
To the blynd borne, he gaue the sycht:
And gaue the crukit men thare feit:
Jhon.xi. And maid the lyper heale compleit:
He healit all, and rasit the dede:

Zit held thay hym at mortall fede
Because he schew the veritie
Thay did conclude that he sulde de Math. xi
¶ The Byschoppis, princis of the preistis Mathew
Thay grew so boildin in thair breistis .xxvii.
The Scrybis, and Doctours of the law
Off God nor man, quhilk stude none aw
On Christ Jesu, to wyrke vengeance
Rycht so the fals Phareseance
Ane Sect of fenzeit Religioun
Deuysit his confusioun
And send thare seruandis at the last
And w strang cords, thay band hym fast
Syne scurgit hym, baith back and syde Jho. xix.
That none for blude, mycht se his hyde
Thare wes nocht left ane penny breid
Unwoundit frome his feit tyll heid
In maner of Dirisioun
Thay plett for hym, ane creuell Croun
Off prunzeand thornis scharpe and lang
Quhilk on his heuinlye hede thay thrang
Syne gart hym for the greter lack
Beir his awin Gallous on his back
Tyll the vyle place of Calluarie
Quhare mony ane thousand man mycht see
¶ That Innocent, thay tuke perforce
And platt hym backwart to the Croce
Throuch feit and handis, gret nalis yai thryst
Tyll blude aboundantlye out bryst

Without grunschyng, clamor or crye
That pane he sufferit pacientlye
And for agmentyng of his greuis
Thay hangit hym betuir two theuis
Quhare men mycht se the bludy strandis
Quhilkis sprang furth of his feit and handis
Frome thornis thryslit on his hede
Ran doun the bulryng stremis rede
In the presens of mony one man
That blude royall on roches ran
Schortlye to say, that heuinlye Kyng
In extreme dolour, thare did hyng
Tyll he said, *Consumatum est*,
With ane loude crye, he gaif the gaist
Quhen he wes dede, thay tuke one dart
And peirst that Prince, outthrouch the hart
Fra quhame thare ran, watter and blude
The erth than trymlit to conclude
Phebus did hyde his beymes brycht
That throuch the warld thare wes no lycht
The gret vaill of the tempyll raue
The dede men rais out of thare graue
And in the Citie did appeir
As in the Scripture thow may heir
Than Joseph, of Abaramathie
Did bury hym, rycht honestlye
Jho. xx. Bot zit he rose, full gloriouslye
On the thride day tryumphandlye
With his Disciplis in certane

Fourty dayis, he did remane
Efter that to the heuin aſcendit
Thir Iowis no thyng thare lyfe amendit
Noꝛ gaif no credence, tyll his lawis
As at moꝛe lenth, the ſtoꝛye ſchawis
Bot creuelye thay did oppꝛes
All men, that Chꝛiſtis name did pꝛofes
And perſecutit mony one
Thay pꝛeſonit baith Peter and Jhone
And Stewin, thay ſtonit to the dede
Frome Jaines the les, thay ſtraik the hede
This wes the cauſe, in concluſioun
Off thair creuell confuſioun

¶ The pꝛudent Iow, Joſephus ſayis
That he wos pꝛeſent in thoſe dayis
And in his buke, maketh mentioun
Quhow efter Chꝛiſtis aſcentioun
The ſpace of twa and fourty zeris
Began thoſe creuell moꝛtall weris
The ſecunde zeir of Veſpaſiane
Quhare mony takin wer and ſlane
Joſephus planelye doith conclude
Wes neuer ſene ſic one multytude
Affoꝛe that tyme, in to the toun
Quhilk come foꝛthare confuſioun
Thare gret Infoꝛtune ſo befell
That all the Pꝛencis of Iſraell
Conuenit agane the tyme of Peace
Bot tyll returne, thay had no grace

Actis.i.
Actis.v.
Actis.vii

The bauld Romunis with thare Chiftane
Tytus the Sonne of Vespasiane
Thare Army ouer Judea spzede
Than all men to the Citie flede
Beleuand thare to get releif
Bot all that turuit to thare mischeif

¶ The Romanis lappit thame aboute
That be no way, thay mycht wyn oute
Sar Woneth, did that Sege indure
Quhare losse wer mony one creature
Quhilz thare in misarie did remane
Tyll thay wer takin all and slane
Durying the tyme of this assailze
Thare meit, and dzynk, and all did failze
Foz thare wes sic ane multytude
That thousandis deit foz falt of fude
Necessitie gart thame eate perfoz
Dog, Catt, and Rattone, Asse, and Hoz
Ryche men, behuffit to eate thare gold
Syne deit of hunger mony fold
Sic hounger wes without remede
The quick behuffit to eate the ded
The fylth of Closetz, mony eit
To lenth thare lyfe, thay thocht it sweit

¶ The famous Ladyis of the toun
Foz falt of fude, thay fell in swoun
Quhen thay mycht get non vther meit
Thay slew thare pzoper Bairnis to eit
Bot all foz nocht, dispytfullye

Thair awin ſowldiouris full gredelye
Reft thame that fleſche, moſte miſerabyll
And thay with murnyng lamentabyll
For extreme hounger zald the ſpreit
Thair wos the Prophelie compleit
As Chriſt affore maid narratioun
The day of his grym Paſſioun
Quhen that the Ladyis for hym murnit
Full pieteouſlye he to thame turnit
And ſaid, Douchteris murne nocht for me
Murne on zour awin Poſteritie
Within ſchort tyme ſall cum the day
That men of this Ciete ſall ſay
Quhen thay ar trappit in the ſnare
Blyſt be the wambe, that neuer bare
The baren paupis, than thay ſall blys
Th at dulefull day, ze ſall nocht mys
This Prophelie, it come to pas
That day, with mony lowde allas
Sic ſorrowfull lamentatioun
Wes neuer harde in that natioun
Seand thoſe luſtye Ladyis ſweit
Deand for hounger in the ſtreit
Thare huſbandis, nor thair chyldryng
Wycht geue to thame no conforting
Nor zit releue thame of thair harmis
Bot atheris deand in vtheris armis
Efter this wofull Indigence
Amang thame roſe ſic Peſtilence

Luc. xxiii.

Quhare in thare deit mony hounder
Quhilk tyll declare, it wer gret wounder
¶ And for fynall conclusioun
Those weirlyke wallis, thay dang doun
Prince Tytus, with his Chewalrye
With sounde of troumpe, Tryumphandlye
He enterit in that gret Ciete
Bot tyll declare I thynk piete
The painefull clamour horrabyll
Off woundit folk, moste miserabyll
Thare wes nocht ellis, bot tak and slaye
For thare mycht no man wyn awaye
The strandis of blude, ran throuch the strettis
Off dede folke, trampit vnder fetis
Auld Wedowis, in the preis wer smorit
Young Virginis, schamefully deflorit
The gret Temppll of Salamone
With mony ane curious caruit stone
With perfyte pynnakles on hycht
Quhilkis wer rycht bewtyfull and wycht
Quhare in ryche Jowellis did abound
Thay ruschelt rudlye to the ground
And sett in tyll thare furious yre
Sancta, Sanctorum, in to fyre
And with extreme confusioun
All thare gret Dungeounis thay dang doun
¶ Thair burdin wer the boildin breistis
Off Byschoppis, Prencis, of the preistis
Thare takin wes, the gret vengience

On fals Scrybis, and Pharisience
All thare payntit Ypocrasie
That tyme mycht make thame no supplie
That day thay dulefullye repentit
That to the deith of Christe consentit
Thocht it was oure Saluatioun
It wes to thare Dampnatioun
The vengeance of the blude saikles
Frome Abell, tyll Zacharies Mathew xxiii.
That day vpon Jerusalem fell
Bot tiddeous it wer to tell
The gret extreme confusioun
And of blude sic effusioun
Wes neuer slane so mony ane man
Att one tyme, sen the warld began
The Jowis that day, gate thare desyre
Quhilk thay did aske, in to thare yre
As bene in Scripture specifeit
The day quhen Christe wes Crucifeit
Quhen Ponce Pylat, the Precedent
Said to thame, I am Innocent Mathew xxvii.
Off the Juste blude, of Christe Jesus
Thay cryit, his Blude lycht vpon ws
And on our Generatioun
Thay gat thare Supplicatioun
That day, with mony cairfull crye
Thare blude wes sched aboundantlye
¶ Josephus wryttis in his buke
His Cronicle, quho lyste to luke

Duryng that creuell Sege certane
Wer alewin houndreth thousande slane
Off presonaris, weill tauld and sene
Foure score of thounsandis, and sewintene
Out of the land thay did expell
All the peple of Israell
And for thare gret Ingratytude
Thay leue zit vnder Seruytude
Thair is na Iow, in no countre
Quhilk hes one fute of propertie
Nor neuer hade, withouttin weir
Sen this day fyuetene hundreth zeir
Nor neuer sall, I to the schaw
Tyll that thay turne to Christis law
¶ Sum sayis, that Iowis mony fald
Wer thretty for ane penny sald
As Iudas sald the kyng of glore
For thretty pennyis, and no more
¶ Efter that mony wer myscheuit
Quhen nouellȝ past, quhow lang thay leuit
Apon thare Golde, withouttin doute
Thay slyt thair bellyis, to sers it oute
The rest in Egypt, thay did sende
Presonaris to thare lyues ende
Tytus tuke in his cumpanye
Gret noummer, of the moste worthye
With hym to Rome, he led thame bounde
Syne cruelly did thame confound
His victorie for tyll decore

And for agmentyng of his glore
Gart put thame in to publict places
Quhare all folk, mycht behauld thare faces
Syne with wylde Lyonis creuellye
He gart deuore thame dulefullye
¶ This hie Tryumphand mychtie toun
At Pasche, wes put to confusioun
Because that in the tyme of peace
Thay Cruelfeit, the kyng of greace
Sum hes this mater done indyte
More Ornatly, than I can wryte
Quharefor I speik of it no more
Onely to God, be laude and glore

FINIS.

Of ye miserabyl end

Of Certane tyrane Prencis. And specialiye the Begynnaris of the Foure Monarcheis.

NOVV haue I done declare at thy desyris,
As thow demandit in to termis schore
And quhow began, the principall Impyris
As Cronicle and Scripture dois reporte
Quharefor my Sonne I hartly the exhorte
Perfytlie prent in thy remembrance
Off this Inconstant warld the variance

¶ The Prencis of thir four gret Monarcheis
In thare most heast pompe Imperialis
Traistyng to be moste sure sett in thare seis
The fraudful warld, gaif to yam mortal fallis
For thare rewarde, bot dirk memoriallis
Thocht ouir ẏ warld, thay hade preheminence
Off it thay gat none vther recompence.

¶ For siclyke as the snaw, dois melt in Maye,
Throuch the reffer, of Phebus bemis brycht
Thir gret Impyris, rycht so ar went awaye
Gone bene thare glore, thair power and thare
Because yai wer reuarf mouthi rycht (mycht
And blude scheddaris, full creuell to conclude
Rycht cruellie tharefor, wes sched thair blude.

Behalf quhow God, ayt sen the warld begon.
Hes maid of tyrrane Kyngis Instrumentis
To scurge peple, and to keill mony one man
Quhilk, to his law, wer Inobedientis
Quhen thay had done perfurneis his ententis
In dantyng wrangous peple schamefullye
He sufferit thame be scurgit creuellye

Euin as the scule Maister dois mak ane wand
To dant and dyng, Scollaris of rude ingyne
The quhilkis wyll nocht study at his cōmand
He scurgis thame, and onely to that fyne
That thay suld to his trew counsale inclyne
Quhen thay obey, and mesit bene his yre

He takis the wand, and castis in to the fyre.

¶ God of kyng Pharo, maid one Instrumēt
Quhilk wes the gret kyng of Egyptience
His awin peculier peple to torment
That beand done, he wrocht on hym vengence
And leit hym fall, throuch Inobedience Exo.vii.
And fynallie, he with his gret armye
In the reid sey, thame drownit dulefullye. Exo.xiiii

¶ Rycht so, of Nabuchodonosor kyng.
God maid of hym, ane furiour Instrument
Jerusalem and the Iowis, to doun thryng
Quhen thay to God, wer Inobedient Dan.iiii.
Syne reft hym frome his ryches and his rent
And hym transformit in ane beist brutell
Sewin zeris and more, as wryttis Daniell

Allexander throuch prydefull tyrrannye
In zeris twelf, did mak his gret conquest
Aye scheddand saikles blude full creuellye
Tyll he wes kyng of kyngis, he tuke no rest
In all the warld, quhen he wes full possest
In Babilone, thronit tryumphandlye
Throuch poysoun strang, deceasit dulfullye

Ducke Hanniball, the strange Cartagiane
The danter of the Romanis pompe and glorie

Be his power wer mony one thousand slane
As may be red at lenth in tyll his storye
At Cannas, quhare he wan the victorye
On Romanis handis ẏ dede lay on the gronde
Thre hepit Buschellis, wer of ryngis founde.

¶ Into that mortall battell, I heir sane
Off the Romanis moste worthy weriouris
By presonaris, wer fourty thousand slane
Of quhom thare wes thretty wyse Senatouris
And xx. Lordis, ye quhilk had bene Pretouris
That deit to in defence, of thare cimtre
And for tyll hald thare lande at lybertie.

Quhat rewarde, gat this creuell Campioun
Quhen he had slane, so gret one multytude
And quhen the glasse, of his glorie wes roun
Ane schameful deith, and schortlye to conclude
This bene reward, of all scheddaris of blude
For he gat sic extreme confusioun
He slew hym self, in drynking strang poysoun.

¶ Behald the two most famous Campiounis
(That is to say) Julyus, and Pompey
Quhilks did conques, all erdlye Regionis
Alsweill maine land, as Ylis in the sey
And to the toun of Rome, gart thame obey
For Pompeyus, subdewit the Orient
And Julyus Cesar, all the Occident

Bot fynallye thir two did ſtryue for ſtait
Quhare throw thre hundreth. M. mē wer ſlane
Bot Pompeyus, efter that gret debait
He murdreiſt wes, the ſtorye tellis plane
Than Julyus wes prince, and Souerane
Abufe the hole warld, Emprour and kyng
Bot in to reſt, ſchorte tyme indurit his ryng

For within fyue moneth, and lytle more
Amyd his Lordis in the counſale hous
He murdreiſt wes, quhat nedis proces more
As I haue ſaid, de Brute, and Caſeius
Geue thow walde knaw, thare dethis dolorus
Thow moſt at lenth, go reid ꝑ Romane ſtorye
Quhilk hes this mater put in memorye

Gone is the Goldin warld, of Aſſerians.
Off quhom kyng Nynus, wes firſt & principal
Gone is the ſyluer warld of Perſians
The Copper warld of Grekis, now is thrall
The warld of Irne, quhilk wes the laſt of all
Compartit to the Romans, in thare glore
Ar gone rychtfo, I heir of thame no more.

Now is the warld of Irne, myrit with clay.
As Daniell at lenth, hes done indyte
The gret Impyris, ar meltit clene away
Now is the warld, of dolour and diſpyte
I ſe nocht ellis, bot troubyll infinyte

Quharefor my Sonne, I mak it to the kend
This warld I wat, is drawand to ane end.

¶ Toknyngis of darch, hounger, & pestilence.
With creuell weris, baith be sey and land
Realme aganis realme, with mortall violence
Quhilk signifyis, pe last day ewin at hand
Quharefor my Sonne be in thy faith constand
Ralyng thy hart to God and crye for grace
And mend thy lyfe, quhill ȳ hes tyme & space.

FINIS.

Heir follouis the fyft

Spirituall, and Papall Monarchie.

Cour. FATHER Is thare no Prince ringand
Quhilk hes the warld now at cómand
As had the kyngis of Assertanis
The Persis, Grekis, or the Romanis
Quho hes nowmaist Dominioun
Exper. Off euerilk land and Regioun

¶ Thare is no Prince, my Sone (sald he)
That hes the principall Monarche
Abufe the warld vniuersall
With hole power Imperiall
As Alexander, or Darius
Or as had Cesar Julyus
For Orient and Occident
To thame wer all obedient

Nocht

Nochtwithstandyng, I fynd one kyng
Quhilk in tyll Europe doith tyng
That is the potent Pope of Rome
Impyr and ouer all Christindome.
To quhome no prince, may be compare
As Cannon lawis, can declare
All Princis of the Occident
Ar tyll his grace obedient
For he hes hole power compleit
Baith of the body and the spreit
Quhilk neuer had no prince afore
Except the mychtie kyng of glore
To Christ he is gret Lewtennand
In holy Peteris Saitt syttand
So he is of all kyngis king
Quhilks in to Europe now doith tyng

And as the Romane Emprours
Hauyng the warld vnder thare curis
Had Princis knychtis, and Campionis
Rewlaris in tyll all Regionis
Vphaldyng thare Auctoritie
Vsyng Justice and polycie.

Nycht so this potent pope of Rome
The Souerane kyng of Christindome
He hes in tyll ilke countre
His Princis of gret grauytie
In sum countreis his Cardinallis
In thare moste precious apparalis
Archibyschoppis, Byschoppis thow may se

Defendyng his auctoritie
With vther potent Patriarkis
Collegis full of cunnyng Clerkis
Abbottis, and Priours, as ze ken
Mistrewlaris of Religious men
Officialis, with thare Procuratouris
Quhose langsum law, spolzeis the puris
Archidenis, and Denis, of dignitie
Gret Doctours of Diuynitie
Thare Chantouris, and thare Sacristanis
Thare Tresoureris, and thare Subdenis
Legionis of Preistis Seculeris
Personis, Uicaris, Monkis, and Freris
Off diuers Ordouris mony one
Quhilk langsum wer, for tyll expone
In syndric habitis as ze ken
Different frome vther Christin men
Fair Ladyis of Religioun
Proffessit in euery Regioun
Fals Heremitis, fassonit lyke the freris
Proude parische Clerkis, and Pardoneris
Thare Gryntaris, and thare Chamberlanis
With thare temporall Courtissianis
Thus all the warld be land and sey
His Sanctytude, thay do obey
Nocht onely his spirituall kyngdome
Bot the gret Empriour of Rome
And kyngis of euerilk regioun
That day quhen thay resaue thare crown

Thay mak aith, of fidelytie
Tyll defende his auctoritie
Moreouer, with humyll reuerence
Thay mak tyll hym obedience
Be thare selfis, or Imbassaldouris
Or vtheris ornate Oratouris
Quho doith ganestand his Maiestie
His lawis or his Lybertie
Or haldis ony opintoun
Contrar his gret dominioun
Other be wape of deide or wourdis
Ar put ta deith, be fyre or swourdis
Sanct Peter stylit wes, *Sanctus*
Bot he is callit, *Sanctissimus*,
His style at lenth, geue thow wald knaw
Thow wolde go luke the Cannon law
Boith in the sext and Clementene
His stattly style, thare may be sene
Thare sall thow fynde, teid geue thow can
Quhow he is nother God nor man

¶ Quhat is he than, be zour Jugement
Quod J, me thynk hym different — Cour.
Far frome our Souerane Lorde Jesus
And tyll his kynde contrarious
For Christ wes God, and naturall man — Thom. 1.
Geue he be nother, quhat is he than

¶ The Cannon law, my Sonne (said he) — Expe.
That questioun wyll declare to the
It dois transcend my rude Jugene

His Sanctytude for tyll defyne
Or to ſchaw the auctoritie
Pertenyng to his Maieſtie
So gret one Prince, quhare ſall thow fynde
That Spirituallye may louſe and bynd
Nor be quhaime ſynnis ar forgeuin
Be thay with his Diſciplis ſchreuin
Quhame euer he byndis by his mycht
Thay boundin ar, in Goddis ſycht
Quhame euer he louſis in erth heir doun
Ar louſit be God in his Regioun
Als he is Prince of Purgatorie
Delyuering Saulis, frome paine to glorie
Off that dirk Dungeoun but dout
Quhame euer he pleſis, he takis thame out
Our ſecreit Synnis, euery zeir
We mon ſchaw to ſum preiſt or freir
And tak thare obſolutioun
Or ellis we get no remyſſioun
So be this way, thay cleirly ken
The ſecretis of all ſeculare men
Thare ſecretis we knaw nocht at all
Thus ar we to thame bound and thrall
Quhat euer thare Miniſteris commandis
Moſte be obeyit without demandis
Quharefor my Soune, I ſay to the
This is ane maruelous Monarche
Quhilk hes power Impertall
Both of the body and the Saull

¶ Father (quod I) declare to me — Cour.
Quhow did begyn this Monarche
(Quod he) Chryst Jesus God and man
That Impyre gratiouslie began — Expe.
Nocht be the fyre, nor be the swourde
Bot be the vertew of his wourd — Ephi. 6.
And left in tyll his Testament
Mony one deuote Document — Luc. 12.
With his Successouris to be blit
Thocht mony of thame be now abusit
For Peter and Paule, with all the rest
Off thare Brethren maid manifest
The law of God, with trew intent
Preiching the Auld and New Testament
Thay led thare lyfe in pouertie
Deuotioun and Humylitie
As did thare Maister Chryste Jesus
And war nocht half so glorious
As thare Successouris now in Rome
Impyre and ouer all Chrystindome
¶ Efter the deth of Perer and Paull
And Chrystis trew Disciplis all
Thare Successouris within few yeris
As at more lenth, thare storie beris
Full craftelye clam to the hycht
Frome Spirituall lyfe, to temporall myght — Cour.
Father or we passe forther more
Quhen did begyn thare temporall glore — Expe.
Sonne (said he) thow sall vnderstand

Ouer euer ane Pape gat ony land
Twa and thretty gude papis in Rome
Reſſauit the crown of Martyrdome
Bot nocht the Thrinkall Diadame
To weir thre crownis, thay thocht gret ſchame
Tyll Syluester the Confeſſour
Frome Conſtantene, the Emprour
Reſſauit the realme of Italie
Rychtſo of Rome, the gret Citie
That wes the rute of thare ryches
Than ſprang the will of welthynes
Quhen that the Pape wes maid ane kyng
All Prencis bowit at his biddyng
This Act wes done withouttin weir
Frome Chriſtis deith, thre hundreth zeir

Than Lady Senſualitie
Tuke Lugeing in that gret Citie
Quhare ſcho ſenſyne, hes done remane
As thare awin lady Souerane
Than kyngis in tyll all Nationis
Maid Preiſtis gret fundationis
Thay thocht gret mereit and honour
To contrafait the Emprour
As did Dauid of Scotland kyng
The quhilk did found, durynge his tyng
Fyftene Abbayis, with temporall landis
Withouttin teindis, and offerandis
Be quhoſe holy ſimplicitie
He left the Crown in pouertie

Now haue I schawin the as I can
Quhow thare tempozall Impyze began
Ascendyng vp aye gre vp gre
Vnto the Empziour, Maiestie
So quhen thay gat amang thare handis
Off Italie, all the Empziouris landis
Efter that, in like cuntre
Spzang vp thare tempozaltie
With so gret ryches, and sic rent
That thay gan to be negligent
In makyng Ministratioun
To Chzistis trew Congregatioun
And tuke no mozepaine in thare pzeching
And far les trauell, in thare techeing
Changeing thare Spiritualitie
In tempozall Sensualitie.

Cour. Cfather thynk ze that thay ar sure
That thare Impyze sall lang indure

Expe. Apperandlie, it may be kende
Quod he, thare glozie sall haue ane ende
I mene thare tempozall Mozarchie
Sall turne in tyll humplitie
Thzouch Goddis wourde, without debait
Thay sall turne, to thare first estait
As Danielis Pzophetie apperis
Thareto sall nocht be mompzeris
Quhowbeit Chzistis faith, sall neuer faill
Bot moze and moze, it sall pzeuaill
Thocht Chzistis trew Congregatioun

Suffer gret trybulutioun.

Cour. ¶ Father (said I) be quhat reasoun
Thynk ze thare Impyre may cum doun

Expe. Considderyng thare preheminence
Quod he, for Inobedience
Abusyng the commandiment

Mathow xxviii. Quhilk Christe left in his Testament
Ihon.xv, Actu.i. Usyng thare awin Traditioun
More than his Institutioun
¶ For Christ in his last conuentioun
The day of his Ascentioun
Tyll his Disciplis gaue command
That thay sulde pas, in euery land
To teche and preche, with trew intent
His law, and his commandiment
None vther office, he to thame gaue
He did nocht bid thame seik nor craue
Cors presentis, nor offerandis
Nor get Lorschippis of temporall landis
¶ Bot now it may be hard and sene
Baith with thyne earis, and thyne eine
Quhow Prelatis now, in euery land
Takis lytle cure of Christis command
Nother in to thare dedis nor sawis
Neglectyng thare awin Cannon lawis
Usyng thame selfis contrarious
For the maist part to Christ Jesus

Mat.iiii Christ thocht na schame to be ane precheour
And tyll all peple, of treuth ane techeour

Ane Pope, byschope, nor Cardinall
To teche nor preche, wyll nocht be thrall
Thay send furth freris, for to preche for thame
Quhilk garris the peple, mok yame wt schame
¶ Christ wald nocht be ane temporal king Idon. vi.
Rychely in to no realme to ryng
Bot fled temporall auctoritie
As in the Scripture thow maye se
All men may knaw, quhow popis ryngis
In Dignitie abuke all kyngis
Als weill in temporalitie
As in to Spiritualitie
Thow may se be experience
The Popis princely preheminence
In Cronicles geue thow lyste to luke
Quhow Carion wryttis in his buke
Ane Notabyll Narratioun
The zeir of our Saluatioun
Alewin houndreth, and sax and fyftie
Pope Alexander presumptuoslie
Quhilk wes the thride pope of that name
To Fedrike Empriour did diffame
In Veneis, that tryumphand town
That nobyll Empriour gart ly down
Apone his wambe, with schame and lack
Syne tred his feit, apon his back
In taiknyng of obedience
Thare he schew his preheminence

And cauſit his Clergy, for to ſyng
Thir wourdis efter followyng

¶ SVPER *Aſpidem & baſiliſcum ambulabis: Et conculcabis leonem & draconem.*

¶ Than ſaid this humyll Empryour
I do to Peter, this honour
The Pope anſwerit with wordis wroith
Thow ſall me honour, and Peter both
¶ Chriſt for to ſchaw his humyll ſpreit
Did walſche his pure Diſciplis feit
The Popis holynes I wys
Wyll ſuffer kyngis his feit to kys
Luc.ix. Birdis had thare neſtis, and Toddis thair den
Bot Chriſt Jeſus, Maiſter of men
In erth, had nocht ane penny breid
Quhare on he mycht, repoſe his heid.
¶ Quhowbeit the Popis excellence
Hes Caſtellis of Magnifycence
Abbottis, Byſchoppis, and Cardinalis,
Hes pleſand palyces royallis
Lyke Paradyſe, ar thoſe prelatis places
Wantyng no pleſoure, of fair faces
Iohne, Androw, James, Peter, nor Paule
Luc.v.iiii. Had few houſis, amang thame all
Frome tyme thay knew the veritie
Thay did contempne, all propertie
And wer rycht hartfully content

Off meit drynk, and Abilzement.
¶ To saif Mankynde that wes forlorne Ihon.xix
Christ bure ane creuell crown of thorne
The Pope thre crownis for the nonis
Off gold, poulderit with precious stonis
Off gold and syluer, I am sure
Christ Jesus tuke bot lytle cure
And left nocht quhen he zald the spreit
To by hym self, ane wynding scheit
¶ Bot his Successour gude Pope Ihone
Quhen he deceisit in Auinione
He left behynd hym one treassoure
Off gold and syluer by mesoure
Be one Juste computatioun
Weill fyue and twentye Myllioun
As doith Indyte Palmerious
Reid hym and thow sall fynd it thus
Christis Disciplis wer weill knawin
Throuch vertew, quhilk wes be yame schawin
In speciall feruent charitie
Gret pacience, and humylitie
The Popis floke, in all regionis
Ar knawin beste, be thare clyppit crounis
¶ Christ he did honour Matromony Ihone.ii.
In to the Cane of Galaly
Quhare he be his power Diuyne
Did turne the walter in to wyne
And als chesit sum Maryit men
To be his seruandis as ze ken

And Peter duryng all his lyfe
He thocht no Syn, to haue ane wyfe
Ze ſall nocht fynd in no paſſage
Quhare Chriſt forbiddith mariage
Bot leiſſum tyll ilk man to marye
Quhilk wantis the gyft of Chaiſtitye.
¶ The Pope hes maid the contrar lawis
In his kyngdome, as all men knawis.
None of his preiſtis dar marye wyffis
Under no les paine nor thare lyffis.
Thocht thay haue Concubynis fyftene
In to that cace, thay ar ouerſene
Quhat chaiſtitie, thay keip in Rome
Is weill kend ouer all chriſtindome.
Mat. xvii. ¶ Chriſt did ſchaw his obedience
Onto the Empryouris excellence.
And cauſit Peter for to paye
Trybute to Ceſar, for thame twaye
Paule biddis ws be obedient
To kyngis as the moſte excellent.
¶ The contrar did Pope Silueſtene
Quhen that his Sanctytude ſerene
Did crown Henry the Empryoure
I thynk he did hym ſmall honour
For with his feit he did hym crown
Syne with his fute, the crowun dang doun
Sayand, I haue Auctoritie
Men tyll exalt to dignitie
And to mak Empriouris and kyngis

And Syne depryue thame of thare Kyngis
Peter be my Opintoun
Did neuer vse sic Domintoun
Appeandlye be my Jugement
That Pope red neuer the new Testament
Geue he had lernit at that loze
He had refusit sic vaine gloze
As Barnabas Peter and Paull
And rycht so Chrystis Disciplis all
¶ The Capitane Cornelius Actis.x.
Quhen Sanct Peter come tyll his hous
Tyll worschipe hym, fell at his fett
Bot Sanct Peter, with humyll spreit
Did rais hym vp with diligence
And did refuse sic Reuerence
¶ Rycht so Sanct Jhone the Euangelist. Apoca.
The Angellis feit he wald haue kist xix.& xxii
Bot he refusit sic honour
Sayand Jam bot seruitour
Rychtso thy fallow, and thy brother
Geue gloze to God, and to none vther
¶ Alyke wyis Barnabas and Paull Act.xiiii
Sic honour did refuse at all
In Listra, quhare thay wrocht gret werkis
The preist of Jupiter, with his clerkis
And all the peple with thare auyce
Wald haue maid to thame Sacrifyce
Off quhilk thay wer so discontent
That thay thare clothyng raue and rent

And Paule amang thame rudely ran
Saynd I am ane mortall man
Geue glore to God, of kyngis kyng
That maid heuin, erth, and euery thyng
Sen Peter and Paule, vaine glore refuſit
With Popis quhy ſuide ſic glore be vſit
Peter, Androw, Jhone, James, and Paull
And Chriſtis trew Diſciplis all
Be Goddis wourde, thare faith defendit
To byrne, and ſkald, thay neuer pretendit
The Pope defendis his traditioun
Be flammand fyre, without remiſſioun
Quhowbeit men breik the law Diuyne
Thay ar nocht put to ſo gret pyne
For huredome, nor Ydolatrye
For Inceſt, nor Adultrye
Or quhen zoung Virginis ar defloryt
For ſic thyng, men ar nocht abhoryt
Bot quho that eatis fleſche in to lent
Ar terriblye put to torment
And geue ane preiſt happnis to marye
Thay do hym banets, curs, and warye
Thocht it be nocht aganis the law
Off God, as men may cleirly knaw
Betuix thir two, quhat difference bene
Be faithfull folke, it may be ſene
Sic Antitheſis mony mo
I mycht declare quhils I lat go
And may nocht tary to compyle

Off ilke ordour, the staitlye style
The seilye Nun, wyll thynk gret schame
Without scho callit be Madame
The pure Preist, thynkis he gettis no rycht
Be he nocht stylit lyke ane knycht
And callit schir, affore his name
As schir Thomas, and schir Wilzame
All Monkrye, ze may heir and se
Ar callit Denis, for dignitie
Quhowbeit his mother mylk the kow
He mon be callit Dene Androw
Dene Peter, dene Paull, and dene Robart
With Christ thay tak ane painfull part
With dowbyll clethyng frome the cald
Eatand and drynkand quhen thay wald
With curious Countryng in the queir
God wat gyf thay by heuin full deir
My lorde Abbot, rycht venerabyll
Ay marschellit vpmoste at the tabyll
My lorde Byschope, moste reuerent
Sett abufe Erlis in Parliament
And Cardinalis, duryng thare ryngis
Fallowis to Prencis, and to Kyngis
The Pope exaltit in honour
Abufe the potent Empryour
The proude Persone I thynk trewlye
He leidis his lyfe rycht lustelye
For quhy, he hes none vther pyne
Bot tak his teind, and spend it syne

Bot he is oblyste be reasoun
To preche on tyll his perrochioun
Thocht thay want prechyng sewintene zeir
He wyll nocht want ane boll of beir
Sum Personis hes at thare command
The wantoun Wencheis of the land
Als thay haue gret prerogatyuis
That may depart aye with thare wyuis
Without Diuors, or summondyng
Syne tak ane vther but woddyng
Sum man wald thynk ane lustye lyfe
Ay quhen he lyste, to cheange his wyfe
And tak ane vther of more bewtie
Bot Secularis wantis that lyberte
The quhilk ar bound in mariaige
Bot thay lyke Rammis in to thare raige
Unpissillit rynnis amang the zowis
So lang as Nature in thame growis
¶ And als the Vicar, as I trow
He wyll nocht faill to tak ane kow
And vmaist claith (thocht babis thame ban)
Frome ane pure selye housband man
Quhen that he lyis for tyll dee
Hauyng small bairnis two or three
And his three kye withouttin mo
The Vicar moste haue one of tho
With the gray cloke, that happis the bed
Howbeit that he be puirlye cled
And geue the wyfe de on the morne

Thocht all the babis sulde be forlorne
The vther kow he cleikis awaye
With hir pure coitt, of roploch graye
And gyf within tway dayis or three
The eldest clylde hapnis to dee
Off the thride kowe, he wyll be sure
Quhen he hes all than vnder his cure
And Father, and Mother boith at dede
Beg mon the babis, without remede
Thay hauld the Corps at the kirk style
And thare it moste remane ane quhyle
Tyll thay get sufficient souertie
For thare kirk rycht, and dewitie
Than cumis the landis Lorde perfors
And cleikis tyll hym ane hericld hors
Pure laubouraris, wald that law wer doun
Quhilk neuer was foundis be resoun
I harde thame say vnder confessioun
That law is brother tyll Oppressioun
My Sonne I haue schawin as I can
Quhow this fyft Monarchie began
Quhose gret Impyre for to reporte
At lenth, the tyme bene all to schorte

FINIS.

Heir follouis ane

Discriptioun of the Court of Rome.

Cour. FAther (said I) quhat reul keip thay i rome
Quhilk hes the Spirituall dominatioun.
And Monarchie, abufe all Christindome
Schaw me, I mak zow supplycatioun
Expe, My Sonne, wald I mak trew narratioun
(Said he) to Peter, & Paul, thocht yai succeid
I thynk thay preue nocht that in to thair deid

For Peter Androw & Ihone wer fischearꝫ fyne.
Off men and wemen, to the Christin faith
Bot that haue spred thare Net with huik & lyne
On rentis ryche, on gold, and vther graith
Sic fyscheing to neglect, thay wyll be laith
For quhy, yai haif fyscheit in ouerthort ẏ stran-
Ane gret part trewly of al temporal landis (dis

With that the tent part of all gude mouabyll.
For the vphauldyng of thare digniteis
So bene thare fyschyng, wounder proffitabyll
On the dry land, als weill as on the seis
Thare herywalter, thay spred in all countreis
And w̄ thare hois nett, daylie drawis to Rome
The moste fyne gold, that is in Christindome.

I dar weill say, within this fyftie zeir
Rome hes ressett furth of this Regioun
For Bullis & Benefyce (quhilk yai by full deir)
Quhilk mẏ full weil haif payit a kyngꝫ ransōn
Bot war I worthye for to weir ane croun
Preistis suld no more our substance so consume

Sendyng zeirlye so gret ryches to Rome.

In to thare Tramalt net, thai fangit ane fische
More nor ane quhaill worthie of memorye
Of quhom yai haif had mony | daintay dysche
Bequhom thay ar exaltit to gret glorie
That m̄nelous monstour, callit Purgatorye
Howbeit tyll ws, it is nocht amyable
It hes to thame, bene veray proffitale.

Latt thay that fructful fysche eschaip thair net
Be quhome thay haue so gret commoditeis
Ane more fatt fysche, I traist thay sall not get
Thocht thay wald sers, ouerthort ẏ occiane seis
Adew the daylie dolorous Derigeis
Selye pure preistis, may sing w̄ hart full sorie
Want thay thai painfull palyce Purgatorie.

Fairweill Monkrye, w̄ Chanoun Nun & freis
Allace thay wyl be lychtleit in all landis
Cowlis wyll no more be kend in kirk nor queis
Lat thay ẏ frutfull fysche eschaip thair handis
I counsall thame to bynd hym fast in bandis
For Peter, Androw, nor Jhone, culd neuer get
So proffitable ane Fysche, in to thare net.

Thare Merchandyce, in tyll all Nationis
As prentit lede, thare walx, and perchement
Thare pardonis and thare Dispensationis
Thay do exceid sum temporall preneis rent

In sic Trafyke, thay ar nocht neglygent
Off benefyce, thay mak gude merchandyce
Throw Symonye, quhilk thay hald lytle vyce

Jho.xxi. Christ did command Peter, to feid his scheip,
And so he did feid thame full tenderlye
Off that command, thay take bot lytle keip
Bot Christis scheip, thay spolze pietuouslye
And with the woll thay cleith thame curiouslye
Lyk gormād wolfis, yai tak of yame thair fude
Thai eit yair flesh, & drynks boith mylk & blude

W For that office thay serue bot lytle hyre.
I thynk sic Pastours, ar nocht for to pryse
Quhilk can not gyde yair scheip about ẏ myre
Thay ar so besye in thare merchandyse
Mat.xvi Thocht Peter wes porter of Paradyse
That plesand passaige, craftelye thay close
Throw yame rycht few, gettȝ entres I suppose

Mathew .xxiiii. ¶ Christ Jesus said, as Mathew did reporte
Wo be to Scribes, and to Pharisience
The quhilkis did close, of Paradyse the porte
Off thame we haue the sam experience
To enter thare, thay mak small deligence
Thay tak sic cure in temporall besynes
Rychtso frome ws, thay stop the plane entres.

Those spirituall keis quhilkis Christ to Peter
Thair colour cleir w̄ reik & roust ar fadit (gait

Unoccupyit, thay hald thame in thare nait
Off that office, thay serue to be degradit
With Goddis worde, wout that thay remeid it
Oppinyng ye port, quhilk lang tyme hes bene
That we may enter wt thame & be reiosit (closit

¶ Contrar tyll Christis Institutioun.
To thame that deis, in habit of ane Freir Ibon. x.
Rome hes thame grantit full remissioun
To pas tyll heuin, strauch way wouttin weir
Quhilk bene in Scotland vsit mony ane zeir
Be thare sic vertew in ane Freris hude
I thynk in vaine, Christ Iesu sched his blude.

Wald God the Pope quhilk hes preheminence
With aduyse of his counsale grenerall
That thay wald do thare detfull deligence
That Christis law, mycht keipit be ouer all
And trewly precheit, baith to gret and small
And geue to thame spirituall auctoritie
Quhilk could perfytlye schaw the veritie.

Quho can not preche, a preist suld not be namit
As may be preuit be the law Diuyne
And be the Canon law, thay ar defamit
That takis Preisthed, bot only to that fyne
Tyll all vertew, thair hartist hay sulde inclyne
In speciall to preche, with trew intentis
And minister, the neidfull Sacramentis.

As for thare Monkis thair chanounis & thair
And luflie Ladyis of Religioun (freris.
I knaw nocht quhat to thare office efferis
Bot men may se thare gret abusioun
Thay ar nocht lyke, in to conclusioun
Nother in to thair wourdis, nor thair warkis
To the Apostolis, Prophetis nor Patriarkis.

Geue presentlye thare Prelatis can not preche
Than lat ilke Byschop haue ane Suffragane
Or successour, quhilk can the peple teche
On thare expensis zeirlye to remane
To cause the peple frome thare vyce refrane
And quhen ane prelate, happith to decease
Than put ane perfyte prechour in his pleace.

Do thay nocht so, on thame fall lye the charge
Geuand vnable men auctoritee
As quho wald mak ane steirman tyl ane barge
Off ane blynd bozne, quhilk can no dainger see
Geue that schype drown, forsuth I say for mee
Quho gaif that steirman sic commissioun
Sulde of the schip, mak restitutioun

The humane Lawis, that ar contrarius.
And nocht conformyng to the Law diuyne
Thay sulde expell, and hald thame odious
Quhen thay persaue, thame cū to no gude tyne
Inuentit bot be sensuall mennis Ingyne

Is that law quhilk forbiddis mariage
Causyng young Clerkis byrnig in lustis rage.

¶ Difficill is Chaistitie tyll obserue. Rom. vii.
But speciall grace, laubour, and abstinence
In tyll our flesche, aye ryngith till we sterue
That first Originall syn, Concupiscence
Quhilk we throuch Adams Inobedience
Hes done Incur, and fall indure for euer
Quhill that our saull and body deith diseuer

Thairfor God maid of Mariage the band Genes. ii.
In Paradyce (as Scripture doith recorde)
In Galelie, rycht so I vnderstand Iohne. ii
Wes mariage honourit be Chryst our Lorde
Auld Law, and New, thare to thay do concorde
I thyng for me, better that thay had slepit
Nor tyll haue maid ane law, and neuer kepit

¶ Tuke nocht Chryst Jesu his Humanitie Mar. vi.
Off ane Virgene, in mariage contractit
And of hir flesche, cled his Diuynitie Luc. i.
Quhy haif thay done that blyssful band detractit
In thare kyngdome, wald God it wer correctit
That young prelatis, mycht mary lustye wyffis
And nocht in sensuall luste, to led thare lyffis

Did nocht Chryst cheis of honest marryit men.
Alsweill as thay that kepit Chaistitie
For to be his Disciplis as we ken
As in the Scripture cleirlye thay may se

Thay keipit ſtyll thare wyffis with honeſtie
Is Peter, and his ſpouſit bꝛethꝛen all
Obſeruit Chaiſtitie Matrymoniall

1.Tim.iiii Bot now apperis the pꝛopheſie of Paull
Quhow ſum ſuld ryſ, in to the latter aige
That fꝛam the trew faith ſuld depart and fall
And ſuld fꝛobid the band of Mariaige
Als thow fall fynd, in to that ſam paſſaige
Thay ſuld cõmand fꝛome meitis tyll abſtene
Quhilk God creat his peple to ſuſtene.

Bot ſen the Pope, our ſpirituale pꝛince & kyng
He dois ouerſe ſic vyces manifeſt
And in his kyngdome, ſuffeꝛith foꝛ to ryng
The men be quhome the verite bene ſuppꝛeſt
I excuſe nocht hym ſelf, moꝛe than the reſt
Allace how ſulde we membꝛis be weill vſit
Quhen ſe our ſpirituall heidis bene abuſit

¶ The famous ancient Doctoꝛ Auiceane.
Sayis quhẽ euyl rewme diſcendis fꝛom ỹ heid
In to the membꝛis, geneꝛith mekle peane
Without thare be maid haiſtelye remeid
Quhẽ that cald humour dunwart dois pꝛoceid
In Senowis, it cauſis Arthetica
Rychtſo in to the handis crampe Chiragra

¶ Oft Maladeis it generis mony mo
Bot geue men get ſum Souerane pꝛeſerue

As in the theis Statica Pallio
And in the breist, sumtyme the strang Caterue
Quhilk causis wen rycht haistellye to sterue
And Podagra, difficill for to cure
In mennis feit, quhilk lang tyme dois indure.

So to this moste tryumphand court of Rome.
This symilitude, full weill I may compair
Quhilk hes bene heirschyp of al Christindome
And to the warld ane cuyll exemplair
That vmquhyle was Rod sterre, & Lumynair
And the moste sapient Sogis, of Sanctytude
Bot now allace bair of Beatytude.

Thare kyngdome may be callit Babilone. Apo. xvii.
Quhilk vmquhyle wes ane bycht Hierusalem.
As plainelye menis the Apostill Jhone
Thare moste famous Citie, hes tynt the fame
Inhabitaris thairof, thare nobyll name
For quhy, thay haue of Sanctis Habitakle
To Symon Magus, maid ane Tabernakle.

And horribyll vaill of eucrilk kynd of vyce
Ane laithlye Loch of stynkand Lychorye
Ane cursit Coue, corrupt with Couatyce
Bordourit about with pryde and Symonye
Sum sayis ane Sesterne full of Sodomye
Quhose vyce in speciall, gyf I walde declair
It war yneuch, for tyll perturbe the air.

Off treuth the hole Chriſtin religioun
Throuch thame ar ſcandaliſat and offendit
It can nocht faill, bot thare abuſioun
Affore the Throne of God it is aſcendit
Luc.xiii. Ipo.xviii I dreid but doute, without that thay amend it
The plaigis of Jhonis Reuelatioun
Sall fall vpone thare Generatioun

O Lorde quhilk hes the hartis of euerilk kyng
In to thy hand, I mak the Supplicatioun
Conuert that court, that of thare grace benyng
Thay wald mak generall reformatioun
Amang thame ſelfis, in euerilk Natioun
That thay may be ane holy exemplare
Till ws, thy pure lawid commoun populare.

Houngrit allace, for falt of Spirituall fude
Becauſe frome ws bene hid the veritie
O Prince, quhilk ſched for ws thy pcius blude
Kendle in ws, the fyre of Charitie
And ſaif ws frome Eterne Miſaritie
Now laubouryng in to thy kirk Militant
That we may all cum to thy kirk Tryumphāt.

FINIS

J S

Heirendis ye thrid

Part. And begynnis the Fourt. Makande Mentioun of the Deith. And of the Antechrist. And Generall Jugement. And of Certane Plesouris of Glorifeit Bodyis. And quhow euery Creature desyris to see the last Day, With aue Exhortatioun, be Experience to the Courtiour, &c.

☞ (✱) ☜

PRVDENT Father Experience. Cour.
Sen ze of zour beneuolence
Hes causit me for to consydder
Quhow wardlye Pompe, & glore bene slydder
By diuers sloryis Miserabyll
Quhilkis to rehers, bene Lamentabyll
Zit or we pas, furth of this vaill
I pray zow geue me zour counsaill
Quhat I sall do in tyme cumyng
To wyn the glore Euerlastyng.
¶ My Sonne (said he) sett thy intent Expe.
To keip the Lordis Commandiment
And preis the nocht to clym ouer hie
To no wardly Auctoritie
Quho in the warld doith moste reiose
Ar farrest ay frome thare purpose
Wald thow leue wardly vaniteis
And thynk on foure extremiteis

Quhilkis ar to cum, and that schortlye
Thow wald neuer syn wylfullie
Prent thir four, in thy memorie
The Deith, the Hell, and Heuinnis glorie
And extreme Jugement generall
Quhare thow mon tander compt of all
Thow sall nocht faill, to be content
Off quiet lyfe, and sober rent
Consyddring no man can be sure
In erith one hour, for tyll indure
So all wardly prosperitie
Is myxit with gret misaritie.

¶ Wer thow Empriour of Asia
Kyng of Europe, and Affrica
Gret Dominator of the sey
And thocht the Heuinnis did the obey
All fyschis, sowmyng in the strand
All Beist, and foule, at thy command
Concludyng thow wer kyng of all
Under the heuin Imperiall
In that most heych auctoritie
Thow sulde fynd leist tranquillitie
ii. Par. ix. Exempyll of kyng Salomone
More prosperous lyfe, had neuer none
Eccle, ii. Sic ryches, with so gret plesour
Had neuer kyng nor Empriour
With most profound Intelligence
And supperexcelland Sapience
His plesand Habitationis

Precellit all vther Nationis
Gardyngis and parkis, for hartis and hyndis
Srankis with fysche, of diuers kyndis
Moste profunde maisteris of Musike
That in the warld, wes non thame lyke
Sic treasour of Gold, and precious stonis
In erth, had neuer no kyng att onis
He had sewin hundreth lustye Quenis
And thre hundreth fair Concubenis
In erth, thare wes no thyng plesand iiii Reg. xi
Contrarious tyll his command
Zit all this gret prosperitie
He thocht it vaine, and vanitie
And mycht neuer fynd repose complete
Without afflixioun of the spreit Cour.
¶ Father (quod I) it maruellis me
He hauand sic prosperitie
With so gret ryches by mesoure
Nor he had infinyte plesour
My sone the suith gyt thow wald knaw
The veritie I sall the schaw Expe.
Thare is no wardly thyng at all
May satyfie ane mannis Saull
For it is so Insaciabyll
That Heuin and erth, may nocht be abyll
One Saull allone to mak content
Tyll it se God Omnipotent

Wes neuer none, nor neuer salde
Saciate, that sycht tyll that he se
Quharefor my Sonne, sett nocht thy cure
Math. vi Luc. xii. In erth, quhare no thyng may be sure
Except the deth, allanerlye
Quhilk followis man continuallye
Tharefor my Sonne, remember the
Within schorte tyme that thow mon de
Nocht knawing quhen, quhow, in quhat place
Bot as plesith the kyng of grace.

FINIS

Off the Deith.

Of Misarie moste Miserabyll
Is Deith, and moste abhominabyll
That dreidful Dragone wt his dartis
Ay reddy for to peirs the hartis
Off euerilke Creature on lyue
Contrar quhose strenth may no man stryue
¶ Off dolent Deith, this sore sentence
Wes geuin throw Inobedience
Off our Parentis, allace tharefore
As I haue done declare affore
Quhow thay, and thare Posteritie
Wer all condampnit for to de
Quhowbeit the flesche, to deith be thrall
God hes the Saule maid Immortall

And so of his benignytie
Hes myrit his Iustice with mercie
Thareforꝫ call to remembrance
Off this fals warld the variance
Quhow we lyke Pylgramꝫ ewin & morrow
Ay trauellyng throw this vaill of sorrow
Sum tyme in vaine prosperitie
Sum tyme in gret Misaritie
Sum tyme in blys, sum tyme in vaill
Sum tyme rycht seik, and sum tyme haill
Sum tyme full ryche, and sum tyme pure
Quharefore my Sonne, tak lytle cure
Nother of gret prosperitie
Norꝫit of gret misaritie
Bot plesand lyfe, and hard myschance,
Ponder thame baith in one ballance
Consyddryng none auctoritie
Ryches, wysedome, nor dignitie
Empyre of Realmes, bewtie, nor strenth
May nocht one day, our lyuis lenth
Sen we sr sure, that we mone de
Fairweill all vaine felycitie.
Gretlye it doith perturbe my mynde
Off dolent deith, the diuers kynde
Thocht deith tyll euery man resortis
Zit strykith he, in syndrie sortis
Sum be hatte Feueris violente
Sum be contagious Pestilence

Sum be Iustice executioun
Bene put to deith, without Remissioun
Sum hangit, sum doith lose thare heddis
Sum brynt, sum soddin in to leddis
And sum for thare vnleiksum actis
Ar rent and rewin vpone the ractis
Sum ar dissoluit by poysoun
Sum on the nycht ar murdreiss doun
Sum fallis in to frynasie
Sum deis in Edropesie
And vtheris strainge Infirmeteis
Quharein mony ane thousand deis
Quhilk humane Nature dois abhor
As in the Gutt, grauell and gor
Sum in the stur, and feuer quartane
Bot aye the hour of deith vncertane
Sum ar dissoluit suddantly
Be Cattarue or be Poplesye
Sum doith distroy thame self also
As Hanniball, and wyse Cato
Be thounder deith sum dois consume
As he did the thrid kyng of Rome
Callit Tullius Hostilius
As wyttis gret Valerius
For he and his houshauld attonis
Wer brynt be thounder, flesche and bonis
Sum deis be extreme excesse
Off Joy, as Valeri doith expresse
Sum be extreme Malancolye

Wyll de but vther Maladye
In Cronicles thow may weill ken
Quhow mony houndreth thousand men
Ar slane, sen first the warld began
In battell, and quhow mony one man
Vpone the see, doith lose thare lyuis
Quhen schyppis vpone roches ryuis
Thocht sum dee Naturally throuch aige
Far ma deis rauand in one raige
Happy is he, the quhilk hes space
Att his last hour, to cry for grace
Quhowbeit deith be abhominabyll
I thynk it sulde be confortabyll
Tyll all thame of the faithfull noumer
For thay depart frome cair andcoumer
Frome troubyll trauell, sturt, and stryfe
Tyll Joy and euerlestand lyfe
Polidorus Virgilius
To that effect, he wryttis thus
In Trace, quhen ony chylde be borne
Thare kyn, and frendis, cumis thame beforne
With dolent Lamentatioun
For the gret trybulatioun
Calamitie cummer and cure
That thay in erith, ar to indure
Bot at thare deith and burying
Thay mak gret Joy and Bankettyng
That thay haue past frome misarie
To rest and gret felycitie
Sen deith bene fynall conclusioun

Quhat bailis warldly prouisioun
Quhan wyſedome may nocht contramand
Nor ſtrenth that flour may nocht ganeſtand
Ten thouſand Wylzeoun of treaſour
May nocht prolong thy lyfe one hour
Efter quhoſe dolent departyng
Thy ſpreit ſall pas but tarying
Straucht way tyll Ioye Ineſtimabyll
Or to ſtrang paine Intollerabyll
Thy byle corruppit carioun
Sall turne in Putrefactioun
And ſo remane in poulder ſmall
On to the Iugement Generall.

FINIS.

Ane ſchort diſcriptiō

Of the Antechriſte.

Cour.

VOD I) Father I heir mē ſay
That thair ſall ryſe afore ỳ day
Quhilk ze cal generall iugemēt
One wyckit mā frō ſathan ſent
And cōtrar to the law of Chriſte
Callit the creuell Antechriſte
* * * * * * *
And ſum ſayis that myſcheuous man
Diſcend ſall of the Trybe of Dan
And ſulde be borne in Babilone
The quhilk diſſaue ſall mony one

Inkydelis ſall of euery art
With that fals Pꝛopheit tak one part
And quhow that Enoch, and Elias
Sall pꝛeche contrar that fals Meſſias
Bot fynallie his fals Doctryne
And he ſall be put to rewyne
Bot nother be the fyꝛe noꝛ ſwourde
Bot be the vertew of Chꝛiſtis wourde
And gyf this be of veritie
The ſuith I pꝛay zow ſchaw to me
My Sonne (ſaid he) as wyttis Jhone
Thare ſall nocht be one man allone
Haupng that name in ſpeciall
Bot Antechꝛiſtis in generall
Hes bene, and now ar mony one
And ryght ſo in the tyme of Jhone
Wer Anterhꝛiſtis, as hym ſelf ſayis
And pꝛeſentlye now in thir dayis
Ar ryght mony withouttin dout
Wer thair fals lawis weill ſought out
Quha wes one greter Antechꝛiſte
And moꝛe contrayrious to Chꝛiſte
Noꝛ the fals Pꝛopheit Macomeit
Quhilk his curſte Lawis maid ſo ſweit
In Turkye, zit thay ar obſeruit
Quhare throuch the heill he hes deſeruit
All Turkis, Sarazenis, and Jowis
That in the Sonne of God, nocht trowis
Ar Antechꝛiſtis I the declare
Becauſe to Chꝛiſt, thay ar contrare.

Expe.

1. Jhon. 4.

1. Jhon. 2.

Daniell sayis in his Prophiseis
Dan.viii. That efter the gret Monarcheis
Sall ryse ane maruellous potent kyng
Quhilk with ane schameles face sall ryng
Mychtie and wyse in dirk speikyngis
And prosper in all plesand thyngis
Throuch his falshede and craftynes
He sall flow in to welthynes
The Godly peple he sall noye
By creuell deth, and thame distroy
The kyng of kyngis, he sall ganestand
Syne be distroyit withouttin hand
¶ Paule sayis affore the Lordis cumyng
That thare salbe one departyng
Tessa.ii. And that man of Iniquitie
Tyll all men he sall opened be
Quhilk sall sitt in the holy sait
Contrary God, to mak debait
Bot that Sonne of Perditioun
Salbe put to confusioun
Be power of the haly Spreit
Quhen he his tyme hes done compleit
¶ Beleue nocht that in tyme cumyng
One greter Antechriste to ryng
Nor thate hes bene, and presentlye
Ar now, as Clerkis can espye
Tharefor my wyll is that thow knaw
Quhat euer thay be, that makis one law
Thocht thay be callit Christin men
By naturall reassoun thow may ken

Be thay neuer of so gret valour
Pape, Cardinall, kyng, or Empriour
Extolland thare Traditionis
Abuse Christis Institutionis
Makand Lawis contrar to Christe
He is ane verray Antechriste
And quho doith fortfye or defend
Sic Law, I mak it to the kend
Be it Pape, Empriour kyng or Quene
Gret sorrow, sall be on thame Sene
At Christis extreme Iugement
Without that thay in tyme repent.

FINIS.

Heir folouis a schort

Remembrance of the moste Terrabyll Day of the extreme Iugement.

FATHER said I, w̄ your Lycence Cour.
Sen ze haith sic Experience
Zit one thyng at zow wald I speir
Quhē sall that dreidfull day appeir
Quhilk ze call Iugement Generall
Quhat thyngis affore that day sall fall
Quhare sall appeir that dreidfull Iuge
Or quhow may Faltouris get refuge.
(Quod he) as to thy first questioun Pye.
I can mak no solutioun
Quharefor perturbe nocht thyne intent

To knaw day, hour, nor moment
To God allone, the day bene knawin
Quhilk neuer wes to none Angell schawin
Howbeit be diuers coniecttouris
And principall Expositouris
Off Daniell, and his Prophecie
And be the sentence of Elie
Quhilk is hes declarit as thay can
How lang it is sen the warld began
And for to schaw, hes done thare cure
How lang thay traist it sall indure
And als quhow mony agis bene
As in thare warkis may be sene,
Bot tyll declare thir questionis
Thare bene diuers opinionis
Sum wyttaris, hes the warld deuidit
In sax ageis (as bene deuidit
In to *Fasciculus Temporum*
And *Cronica Cronicarum*,
Bot be the sentence of Elie
The warld deuydit is in thre
As cunyng Maister Carioun
Hes maid plaine exposition
Quhow Elie sayis withouttin weir
The warld sall stand sax thousand zeir
Off quhome I follow the sentence
And lattis the vther Bukis go hence
Frome the Creatioun of Adam
Two thousand zeir tyll Abraham

Frome Abrahame, be this narratioun
To Chriſtis Incarnatioun
Rychtſo hes bene two thouſand zeris
And be thir Prophiſeis apperis
Frome Chriſt, as thay mak tyll ws kend
Two thouſand tyll the wardlis end
Off quhilkis ar by gone ſickirlye
Fyue thouſand, fyue hundreth, thre ſcoir fyftie
And ſo remanis to cum but weir
Four hundreth, with ſewin and fourtye zeir
And than the Lorde Omnipotent
Suld cum tyll his gret Jugement
Chriſt ſayis the tyme ſalbe maid ſchort
As Mathew planelye doith report
That for the wardlis Iniquytie
The letter tyme, ſall ſchortnit be
For pleſour of the choſin nummer
That thay may paſſe, frome cair and cummer
So be this compt it may be kend
The warld is drawand neir ane end
For legionis, ar cum but doute
Off Antechriſtis wer thay ſoucht oute
And mony tokinis doith appeir
As efter ſchortlye how ſall heir
Quhow that ſanct Jherome doith indyte
That he hes red in Hebrew wryte
Off fyftene ſignis in ſpeciall
Affore that Jugement Generall
Off ſum of thame, I tak no cure

Mathew xxiiij.

Quhilk I fynd nocht in the ſcripture
One part of thame thocht I declare
Firſt wyll I to the Scripture fare
Mar. xiii. Mathew xxiiii. ¶ Chriſt ſayis, affore that day be done
Thare ſalbe ſignis, in Sonne and Mone
The Sonne ſall hyde his beymes bryght
So that the Mone, ſall geue no lycht
Sterris be mennis Iugement
Sall fall furth of the Firmament
¶ Of thir ſignis, or we forther gone
Sum morall ſence, we wyll expone
As cunnyng Clerkis hes declarit
And hes the Sonne and Mone comparit
The Sonne, to the ſtait ſpirituall
The Mone, to Princis temporall
Rychtſo the ſterris thay do compare
To the lawid commoun populare
The Mone and ſterris, hes no lycht
Bot be reflex of Phebus bryght
So quhen the Sonne of lycht is dryke
The Mone and ſterris, mon be myrke
Rychtſo quhen Paſtouris ſpirituallis
Popis Byſchopis, and Cardinallis
In thare begynning, ſchew gret lycht
The temporall ſtait, wes rewlit rycht
¶ Bot now allace, it is nocht ſo
Thoſe ſchynand Lampis bene ago
Thare Radious beymes, ar turnit in reik
For now in erth, no thyng thay reik

Except ryches, and Dignitie
Following thare sensualitie
Mony Prelatis, ar now ryngand
The quhlkis no more dois vnderstand
Quhat dois pertene to thare office
Nor thow can kendle fyre with yce
Wo to Popis, I say for me
Quhilk sufferis sic Enormite
That Ignorant wardly creaturis
Sulde in the kirk, haue ony curis
No maruell thocht the peple slyde
Quhen thay haue blynd men to thare gyde
For ane Prelate, that can nocht preche
Nor Goddis law, to the peple teche Esay. lvi.
Esay comparith hym in his wark
Tyll ane hum Dog, that can nocht bark
And Christ hym callis in his greif Jhone. x.
Moste lyk ane murdrer, or ane theif
The cunnyng Doctour Augustyne
Wolfis, and Deuyllis, doith thame defyne
The Canon law, doith hym defame
That of ane Prelate beris the name
And wyll nocht preche the Deuyne Lawis
As the Decreis planely schawis
Bot those that hes auctoritie
To prouyde spirituall Dignitie
Mycht geue thay plesit to tak pane
Gar thame lycht all thare Lampis agane
Bot euer allace, that is nocht done

So derknit bene boith Some and Mone
War kyngis lyuis weill declarit
The quhilkis ar to the Mone comparit
Men mycht conſydder thare eſtait
Frome Charitie degenerate
I thynk thay ſulde thynk mekle ſchame
Off Chriſt for to tak thare Surname
Syne leif nocht lyke to Chriſtianis
Bot moze lyke Turkis, and to Paganis
Turke contrar Turke, makis lytle weir
Bot Chriſtiane Prencis, takis no feir
Quhilkis ſuld aggre as brother to brother
Bot now ilk ane dyngis doun ane vther
I knaw no reſſonabyll cauſe quharefoze
Except Pryde, Couatyce, and vaine gloze
The Empzour mouis his Ordinance
Contrar the potent kyng of France
And France rychtſo, with gret regour
Contrar his freind the Empziour
And rycht ſwa France agane Ingland
Ingland alſo aganis Scotland
And als the Scottis, with all thare mycht
Doith keycht for tyll defend thare rycht
Betuix thir Realmes of Albione
Quhare Battellis hes bene mony one
Can be maid none Affinitie
Nor zit no Conſanguinitie
Nor be no waye, thay can conſydder
That thay may haue lang Peace te gydder

I dreid that weir makis none endyng
Tyll thay be baith vnder ane kyng
Thocht Christ the souerane kyng of grace
Left in his Testament lufe and peace
Our kyngis frome weir, wyll nocht refrane
Tyll thair be mony ane thousand slane
Gret heirschippis maid be see and lande
As all the warld may vnderstande.

¶ Father I thynk that temporall kyngis.
May fecht for tyll defende thare ryngis Cour.
For I haif sene the spirituall stait
Mak weir, thare rychtis tyll debait
I saw Pape Julius manfullyie
Passe to the feild tryumphantlye
With ane rycht aufull ordinance
Contrar Lues, the kyng of France
And for to do hym more dispyte
He did his Regioun interdyte.

¶ My Sonne (said he) as I suppose
That langis weill tyll our purpose Expe,
How Sonne and Mone ar boith denude
Off lycht, as Clerkis doith conclude
Comparyng thame, as ze hard tell
To spirituall stait, and temporall
And comoun peple half desparit
Quhilk to the sterris, bene comparit
Lauid peple followis aye thare heidis
And speciallye in to thare dedis
The moste part of Religioun

Bene turnit in abusioun
Quhat doith auaill religious wedis
Quhen thay ar contrar in thare dedis
Quhat holynes is thare within
Ane wolf cled in ane wodder skin
So be thir tokins dois appeir
The day of Judgement drawis neir
Now latt we leif this morall sens
Proceidyng tyll our purpose hens
And of this mater speik no more
Begyinnyng quhare we left afore

Mathew .xxiiii. Mar. xiii Luc. xxi.

¶ The Scripture sayis, efter thir signis
Salbe sene mony maruellous thyngis
Than sall ryse trybulationis
In erth, and gret mutationis
Als weill heir vnder as aboue
Quhen vertewis of the heuin fall moue
Sic creuell weir, salbe or than
Wes neuer sene sen the warld began
The quhilk fall cause gret Indigence
As darth, hounger, and pestilence
The horribyll soundis of the sey
The peple fall perturbe and fley
Jerome sayis, it sall ryse on heycht
Abone montanis to mennis sycht
Bot it sall nocht spred ouer the land
Bot lyke ane wall, ewin straycht vpstand
Syne sattell doun agane so law
That no man sall the walter knaw.

Gret Quhalis sall rummeis route and rate
Quhose sound redound, sall in the air
All fysche and Monstouris maruellous
Sall crye with soundis odious
That men sall wydder on the erd
And wepyng wary sall thare weird
With lowde allace, and wellaway
That euer thay baid to se that day
And speciallye those that dwell and be
Apon the costis of the see
Rychtso as sanct Jerome concludis
Sall be sene ferleis in the fludis
The see with mouyng maruellous
Sall byrn with flammis furious
Rychtso sall byrn fontane and flude
All herb and tree, sall sweit lyke blude
Fowlis sall fall furth of the air
Wylde beistis to the plane repair
And in thare maner mak gret moue
Gowland with mony gryslie groue
The bodeis of dede creaturis
Appeir sall on thare Sepulturis
Than sall boith men, wemen and bairnis
Cum crepand furth, of hoow Cauernis
Quhare thay for dzeid, wer hyd affore
With seyth and fob, and hartis sore
Wandryng about, as thay war wode
Affamysit for falt of fude
Non may mak ptheris confortyng

Ezechell. xxxvii.

Bot dule for dule, and Lamentyng
Quhat may thay do, bot welp and wounder
Quhen thay se roches schak in schounder
Throw trimblyng of the erth, and quakyng
Off sorrow than salbe no slakyng
Quho that bene leuand in those dayis
May tell of terrabyll affrayis
Thare ryches, rentis, nor tressour
That tyme sall do thame small plesour
Bot quhen sic wounderis dois appeir
Men may be sure, the day drawis neir
Dan. xiii. That Juste men pas sall to the glore
Iniuste to pane for euer more
Cour. ¶ Father (said I) we daylie reid
One Artikle in to our creid
Sayand that Christe Omnipotent
In to that generall Jugement
Sall Juge boith dede and quike also
Quharefore declare me or ze go
Geue thare sall ouy man or wyfe
That day be foundin vpon lyfe
(Quod he) as to that questioun
Expe. I sall mak sone solutioun
The Scripture planely doith expone
Mathew .xxiiii. Quhen all takynnis, bene cum and gone
Zit mony one hundreth thousand
That samyn day, salbe leuand
Quhobeit thare sall no Creature
Nother of day, nor hour be sure

For Christe sall cum so suddantlye
That no man sall the tyme espye
As it wes in the tyme of Noye
Quhen God did all the warld distroye
Sum on the feild salbe lauborand
Sum in the templis Mariand
Sum afore Jugis makand pley
And sum men sayland on the sey
Those that bene on the feild goyng
Sall nocht returne to thare lugyng
Quho bene apone his hous abufe
Sall haue no laser to remufe
Two salbe in the Myll grindyng
Quhilkis salbe takin but warnyng
The one tyll euerlastyng glore
The vther loste for euer more
Two salbe lying in one bed
The one to plesour salbe led
The vther salbe left allone
Gretand with mony gryssie grone
And so my Sonne, thow may weill trow
The warld salbe as it is now
The peple vsyng thare besynes
As holy Scripture doith expres
Sen no man knawis the hour ner day
The Scripture biddis ws wak and pray
And for our Syn be penitent
As Christ wald cum Incontinent
FINIS.

the maner quhov

Christe sall cum to his Jugement.

(✠)

Quhē all taiknis deue brocht tyll
Thā sal ȳ sōe of god discēd (end
As fyrestaucht haistely glāsyng
Expe, Discend sal ȳ most heuinly king
As Phebus in the Orient
Hebre xii Lychtnis in haist to Occident
So plesandlye, he sall appeir
Amang the heuinlye cludis cleir
Luc.xxi, With gret power and Maiestie
Abone the countre of Judee
As Clerkis doith concludyng heale
Direct aboue the lustye veale
Actis.i. Off Josaphat, and Mont Olyueit
All Prophesie, thare salbe compleit
Mat.xxv The Angellis of the ordouris Nyne
Inueroun sall that throne Deuyne
With heuinlye consolatioun
Makand hym Ministratioun
In his presens thare salbe borne
The signis of Cros, and Croun of thorne
Pillar, Nalis, Scurgis and Speir
With euerilk thyng that did hym deir
The tyme of his grym Passioun
And for our consolatioun
Appeir sall in his handis and feit

And in his syde, the prent compleit
Off his fyue woundis Precious
Schynand lyke Rubeis Radious
To Reprobat confusioun
And for fynall conclusioun
He sittand in his Trybunall
With gret power Imperiall
Thare sall ane Angell blawe ane blast — i Corinth
Quhilk sall mak all the warld agast — Mathew xxiiii.
With hyddous voce, and vehement
Ryse dede folk, cum to Jugement
With that, all reasonabyll Creature
That euer wes formit be Nature
Sall suddantlye start vp attonis
Cōiunt w saule, Flesche, Blude and Bonis
That terrabyll Trumpet I heir tell
Beis hard in Heuin, in erth, and hell
Those that wer drownit in the sey — Apoc.xx.
That boustious blaste thay sall obey
Quhare euer the body bureit wase
All salbe founding in that plase
Angelis sall pas, in the four airtis — Mar.xiii
Off erth, and bryng thame frome all partis
And with one instant diligence
Present thame to his excellence

¶ Sanct Jerome, thocht contineuallye
On this Jugement so ardentlye
He said, quhidder I eaite or drynk
Or walk, or sleip, forsuth me thynk

That terrabyll Trumpet lyke ane bell
So quiklye in myne eir doith knell
As Instantlye it wer present
Ryse dede folk, cum to Jugement
Geue Sanct Jerome tuke sic ane fray
Allace quhat sall we Synnaris say.
¶ All those, quhilk fundyng bene one lyfe
Salbe Immortall maid belyfe
And in the twynkling of one Ee
With fyre thay sall translatit be
And neuer for to dee agane
As Diuyne scripture schawis plane
Als reddy boith for pane and glore
As thay, quhilk deit lang tyme affore
¶ The scripture sayis, thay sall appeir
In aige the thre and threttyzeir
Quhidder thay deit zoung or auld
Quhose gret noumer may nocht be tauld
That day sall nocht be myste one man
Quhilk borne wes, sen the warld began
The Angellis sall thame seperate
As hird the Scheip doith frome the Gaite
And those quhilk bene of Balialis band
Trymling apone the erth sall stand
On the left hand, of that gret Juge
But esperance to get refuge
¶ Bot those quhilk bene Predestinate
Sall frome the erth be Eleuate
And that moste happy cumpanye

1. Pe. iiii. Cor. xv.

Mathew. xxvi.

Tess. iiii.

Sall ordourit be tryumpantlye
At the rycht hand of Chryst our kyng
Heych in the air, with loude louyng
Full Glorioustye, thare sall compeir
More bryght than Phebus in his speir
The Virgene Marie, Quene of Quenis
With mony ane thousand bryght Virgenis
The Fatheris of the auld Testament
Quhilk wer to God obedient
Father Adam, sall thame conuoye
With Abell, Seith, Enoch, and Noye
Abraham with his faithfull warkis
With all the prudent Patriarkis
Jhone the Baptiste, thare sall compeir
The Pryncipall, and last Messyngeir
Quhilk come bot halk ane zeir afore
The cumyng of that kyng of glore
Moyses, Esayas, honourabyll
With all trew Prophetis Venerabyll
Dauid, with all the faithfull kyngis
Quhilk verteoustye did rewle thare tyngis
The nobyll Cheiftane Josue
With gentyll Judas Machabe
With mony one nobyll Camptoun
Quhilk in thare tyme with gret renoun
Manfully tyll thare lyuis ende
The Law of God, thay did defende
With Eue, that day salbe present
The Ladyis of the auld Testament

Delbora, Adamis Douchter deir
With the four lusty Ladyis cleir
Quhilk kepit wer, in the Ark with Noye
Sara, and Cithara with Joye
The quhilkis to Abraham wyffis bene
With gude Rebecka, thare salbe sene
The prudent wyffis of Israell
Gude Lya, and the fair Rachell
With Judeth, Hester, and Susanna
And the rycht sapient Quene Saba.

¶ Thare sall compeir, Peter and Paule
With Christis trew Disciplis all
Lawrence and Stewin, with thare blyde band
Ofk Martyris mo, than ten thousand
Gregor, Ambrose, and Augustyne
With Confessouris, ane trumpand tryne
With Sanct Francois, and Dominic
Sanct Bernard, and sanct Benedic
With small noumer, of Monkis and Freris
Ofk Carmeletis, and Cordeleris
That for the luke of Christ onelye
Renuncit the warld vnfenzeitlye

¶ With Elezabeth and Anna
All gude wyffis sall compeir that da
The blyde and holy Magdelane
That day afore hir Souerane
Rycht plesandlye sche sall present
All Synnaris that wer penitent

Quhilk of thare gylt, heir aſkit grace
In hewin with hir, ſall haue ane place
Bot wo beis to that baillfull band
Quhilk ſall ſtand lawe, at his left hand
Wo than to kyngis and Empriouris
Quhilkis wer vnrychteous Conquerouris
For thare glore, and perticulare gude
Gart ſched ſo mekle ſaikles blude
But Ceptour, Crown, and Robe Royall
That day thay ſall mak compt of all
And for thare creuell tyrrannye
Sall punyſt be, perpetuallye
Ze Lordis, and Barronis, more and les
That zour pure Tennantis dois oppres
Be gret Girſome, and dowbyll maill
More than zour landis bene auaill
With ſore exhorbitant cariaige
With merchetis of thair mariaige
Tormentit doith in peace and weir
With birdyngis more, than thay may beir
Be thay haif payit, to zow thare maill
And to the Preiſt thare teindis heaill
And quhen the land agane is ſawin
Quhat reſtis behynd, I wald wer knawin
I traiſt thay and thare pure houſhauld
May tell of hounger, and of cauld
Without ze haif of thame pitie
I dreid ze ſall gett no Mercie
That day, quhen Chriſt Omnipotent

Cumis to generall Jugement
Wo beis to publict Oppressouris
To tyrrannis, and to transgressouris
To Murdararis, and commoun theifis
Quhilk neuer did mend, thare gret mischeifis
Fornicatouris, and Ockararis
Commoun publict Adulteraris
All pertinat wylfull Arratykis
All fals dissaitfull Sysmatykis
All salbe present in that place
With mony Lamentabyll allace.
¶ The cursit Cayn, that neuer wes gude
With all scheddaris of saikles blude
Nemrod, foundar of Babilone
With fals Ydolatris mony one
Nynus the kyng of Asseriay
With gret dule sall compeir that day
Quhilk first Inuentit Ymagery
Quharethrouch come gret Ydolatry
For makyng of the Image Bell
That day his hyre salbe in hell
¶ The gret Oppressour kyng Pharo
The tyrrane Empriour Nero
Sall with thame cursit kyng Herode bryng
With mony vther cairfull kyng
The creuell kyng Antiochus
With the moste furious Olofernus
Gret Oppressouris of Israell
That day thare hyre salbe in hell

With Judas sall compeir one clan
Off fals Tratouris to God and man
Thare sall compeir of euerilk land
With Ponce Pylat, one bailfull band
Off tempozall and of spirituall statis
Fals Jugis, with thare Aduocatis
Thare sall our Senzeouris of the cessioun
Off all thare faltis, mak cleir confessioun
Thare sall be sene, the fraudfull faitzeis
Of Schireffis, Pzouestis, and of Bailzeis
Officiallis, with thair Constrie Clerkis
Sall mak compt, of thare wzangous werkis
Thay and thare peruerst Pzocuratouris
Oppzessouris boith of ryche and puris
Thzouch Delatouris, full of dissait
Quhilk mony one gart beg thare meait
Gret dule that day to Jugis bene
That cumis nocht, with thair conscience clene
That day sall pas be Peremptouris
Without cauteill oz Dilatouris
No Duplycandum, noz Tryplicandum
Bot schortly pas to Sententiandum
Without Continuationis
Oz ony Appellationis
That sentence, sall nocht be retratit
Noz with no man of Law debatit

Eze Labouratis be see and landis
Perfyte Craftysmen, and ryche Wrechandis
Leue zour dissait, and craftye wylis

Quhilk sylly simpyll folk begylis
Wak recompance heir, as ye may
Remembryng on this dreidfull day
With Machomett, sal compeir but dout
Off Antechristis one hyddous rout
Byschope Annas, and Cayphas
with hym in companye sall pas
With Scrybis, and fals Pharisianis
Quhilk wrocht on Christ gret violensis
With mony one Turke, and Sarisene
with gret sorrow thare salbe sene
Papis for thare traditionis
Contrar Christis Institutionis
with mony one cowle, and clyppit crown
Quhilk Christis Lawis strampit crown
And wald nocht suffer for to preche
The veritie, nor the peple teche
Bot Lawit men, pat to gret torment
Quhilk vsit Christis Testament
All kyngis and Quenis, thare salbe kend
The quhilk sic Lawis did defend
In that court sall cum mony one
Off the blak byrk of Babilone
The Innocent blude, that day sall crye
One loude vengeance, full petuouslye
On those crewell bludy bouchouris
Martyris of Prophetis, and Prechouris
Sum with the fyre, sum with the sworde
Quhilk planely prechelt Goddis worde

That day thay sall rewardit be
Conforme to thare Iniqnitie
The Sodometis, and Gomoriance
On quhome God wrocht so gret vengeance
With Choro, Dathan, and Abyrone
With thare assistance mony one
The holy Scripture wyll the tell
Quhow thay sank all doun to the hell
With Symon Magus sall resorte
Off proude Preistis, ane schamefull sorte
That samyn day, thare salbe sene
Mony one creuell cairfull Quene
Quene Semeram, kyng Nynus wyfe
Ane Tyger full of sturt and stryfe
To gydder with Quene Jezabell
Quhilk wes couatous and reuell
The fals desaitfull Dalyda
The creuell Quene Clitamissra
The quhilk did murdreis on the nycht
Agamenon, boith wyse and wycht
The quhilk wes hir awin souerane Lorde
As Grekis storyis doith recorde
With creuell Quenis mony one
Quhilk langsum wer, for tyll expone
Ze wantoun Ladyis and burges wyfis
That now for sydest talis stryfis
Flappand the fylth, amang zour feit
Rasyng the duste, in to the streit
That day for all zour pomp and pryde

Zour talis ſall nocht zour hyppis hyde
Thir vaniteis, ze ſall repent
Without that ze be penitent,
¶ With Phitonilla, I heir tell
Quhilk ralit the Spreit of Samuell
That day with hir thare ſall reſorte
Off rank Wytcheis, ane ſorrowfull ſorte
Brocht frome all partes mony one myle
Frome Sauoy, Athell, and Argyle
And frome the ryndes of Galloway
With mony wofull wallaway.
¶ Ze Brether of Religioun
In tyme leif zour abuſioun
With quhilk ze haik the warld abuſit
Or ze that day ſalbe refuſit
I ſpeik to zow all generallie
Nocht tyll ane Ordour ſpeciallie
That day all Creature ſall ken
Geue ze wer Sanctis or warldy men
Or geue ze tuke the Schapellarye
That ze mycht leif more pleſandlye
And gett ane gude groſſe Portioun
Or for Godlye Deuotioun
That day zour fayrnit Sanctytudis
Sall nocht be knawin be zour hudis
Zour Superſtitious Ceremonets
Participand tyll Ydolatrets
Corde, cuttit ſchone, nor clyppit hede
That day, ſall ſtand zow in no ſtede

For cowlis blak, gray, nor begaird
Ze sall that day, get no reward
Zour polit paintit flatterye
Zour dissimulat Ypocrasye
That day, thay sall be cleirlye knawin
Quhen ze sall scheir, as ze haue sawin
Tharefore in tyme, be penitent
Or ellis that day, ze wyll be schent
¶ I pray zow hartlie as I may
Remember on that dreidfull day
Ze Abbot, Priour, and Priores
Considder quhat ze did profes
And quhow that zour promotioun
Wes no thyng for Deuotioun
Bot tyll obtene the Abbasie
Ze maid zour bow of Chaistitie
Of pouertie, and obedience
Tharefor remord zour conscience
Quhow thir thre bowis bene obseruit
And quhat reward, ze haue deserut
Quharefore repent, quhill ze haue space
Quhen God is lyberall of his grace
¶ Father (quod I) declare to me — Cour.
Quhare sall our Prelatis ordourit be
Quhilk now bene in the warld leuand
With quhome sall cum that Spirituall band
(Quod he) as sanct Barnard discryuis — Expe.
Without that thay amend thare lyuis
And leif thare wantoun vicious waibis

Zour talis ſall nocht zour hyppis hyde
Thir vanitеis, ze ſall repent
Without that ze be penitent,
¶ With Phitonilla, I heir tell
Quhilk raſit the Spreit of Samuell
That day with hir thare ſall reſorte
Mk rank Wytcheis, ane ſorrowfull ſorte
Brocht frome all partes mony one myle
Frome Sauoy, Iothell, and Argyle
And frome the ryndes of Galloway
With mony wofull wallaway.
¶ Ze Brether of Religioun
In tyme leif zour abuſioun
With quhilk ze haik the warld abuſit
Or ze that day ſalbe refuſit
I ſpeik to zow all generallie
Nocht tyll ane Ordour ſpeciallie
That day all Creature ſall ken
Geue zé wer Sanctis or warldy men
Or geue ze tuke the Skapellarye
That ze mycht leik moze pleſandlye
And gett ane gude groſſe Portioun
Or for Godlye Deuotioun
That day zour kaynit Sanctytudis
Sall nocht be knawin be zour hudis
Zour Superſtitious Ceremonеis
Participand tyll Idolatreis
Corde, cuttit ſchone, nor clyppit hede
That day, ſall ſtand zow in no ſtede.

For cowlis blak, gray, nor begaird
Ze sall that day, get no reward
Zour polit payntit flatterye
Zour dissimulat Ypocrasye
That day, thay sall be cleirlye knawin
Quhen ze sall scheir, as ze haue sawin
Tharefore in tyme, be penitent
Or ellis that day, ze wyll be schent
¶ I pray zow hartlie as I may
Remember on that dreidfull day
Ze Abbot, Pryor, and Pryores
Consydder quhat ze did profes
And quhow that zour promotioun
Wes no thyng for Deuotioun
Bot tyll obtene the Abbasie
Ze maid zour vow of Chaistitie
Off pouertie, and obedience
Tharefor remord zour conscience
Quhow thir thre vowis bene obseruit
And quhat rewarde, ze haue deseruit
Quharefore repent, quhilk ze haue space
Sen God is lyberall of his grace
¶ Father (quod I) declare to me Cour.
Quhare sall our Prelatis ordourit be
Quhilk now bene in the warld leuand
With quhome sall cum that Spirituall band?
(Quod he) as sanct Barnard discryuis Expe.
Without that thay amend thare lyuis
And leif thare wantoun vicious warkis

Nocht with Prophetis nor Pattiarkis
Nocht with Martyris, nor Confessouris
The quhilk̃ to Chryst, wer trew prechouris
Thare Predicessouris, Peter and Pauli
That day wyll thame mysken at all
So sall thay nocht, I say for me
with the Apostlis ordourit be
I traist thay sall dwell on the bordour
Off hell, quhare thare salbe non ordour
Endlang the Flude of Flagitone
Or on the brais of Acheronе
Cryand on Caron, I conclude
To ferre thame ouer, that furious flude
Tyll eternall confusioun
Without thay leik thare abusioun
I traist those Prelatis, more and les
Sall mak cleir compt of thare ryches
That dreidfull day, with hartis sore
And quhat service, thay did thare fore
The Princely pompe, nor appartell
Off Pope, Byschope, nor Cardinall
Thare Royall rentis, nor dignitie
That day sall nocht regardit be
Thare sall no talis, as I herr say
Off Byschoppis, be borne by that day
Cum thay nocht with thare conscience clene
On thame gret sorow salbe sene
Without that thay thare lyfe amend
In tyme, and so I mak ane end.

FINIS.

Heir follouis the Maner quhow Christ sall geue his Sentence.

QVHEN all thir congregationis
Beis brocht furth frō al natiōs Expe.
Quhilk wilbe wout lang ꝓces
Thocht I haif maid sū lang de
For i ẏ twinkling of a E (gres
All mankynd, sall presentit be
Affore that Kyngis Excellence
Than schortlye sall he geue sentence Mat.xxv
First sayand to that blystfull band
Quhilk beis ordourit, at his rycht hand
Cum with my Fatheris Benesoun
And resaue zour possessioun
Quhilk bene for zow preordinat
Affore the warld wes first creat
Quhen I wes hungre ze me fed
Quhen I wes naikit, ze me cled
Oftymes ze gaue me herberye
And gaue me drynk, quhen I wes drye
And veseit me, with myndis meik
Quhen I wes presonare and seik
In all sic trybulatioun
Ze gaue me consolatioun,
¶ Than sall thay say, O Potent kyng
Quhen saw we the desyre sic thyng

We neuer ſaw thyne excellence
Subdewit to ſic Indigence
Zis (ſall he ſay) I zow aſſure
Quhen euer ze did reſſaue the pure
And for my ſaik, maid thame ſupple
That gyft but dout, ze gaif to me
Tharefor ſall now begyn zour gloze
Quhilk ſall indure for euer moze.

¶ Than ſall he luke on his left hand
And ſay onto that baillfull band
Pas with my Maladictioun
Tyll Eternall Afflictioun
In cumpany with feindis fell
In euerlaſtyng fyre of hell
Quhen I ſtude naikit att zour zett
Houngry, thriſty, cauld and wett
Rycht feblyll, ſeik, and lyke to de
I neuer gat of zow ſupple
And quhen I lay in preſoun ſtrang
For zow, I mycht haue lyng full lang
Without zour conſolatioun
Or ony ſuppoztatioun.

¶ Trymling for dreid, than ſall thay ſay
With mony hyddous harmeſay
Allace gude Lorde, quhen ſaw we the
Subiect to ſic neceſſitie
Quhen ſaw we the, cum to our doun
Houngre, thriſtie, naikit pure
Quhen ſaw we the in preſonn ly

Or the refusit herbery
¶ Than sall that most precelland kyng
Tyll those wratcheis mak answeryng
That tyme, quhen ze refusit the puris
Quhilkis neidfull cryit at zour duris
And of zour superfluitie
For my saik, maid thaim no supple
Refusand thame, ze me refusit
With wratcheitnes, so ze wer abusit
Tharefor ze sall haue to zour hyre
The euerlestyng byrnand fyre
But grace, but peace, or confortyng
Than sall thay crye, full sore weipyng
That we wer maid, allace gude Lorde
Allace, is thare none Misericorde
But thus, withouttin hope of grace
Tyne presens of thy plesand face
Allace for ws, it hade bene gude
We had bene smorit in our cude
¶ Than with one rair, the erth sall ryue
And swolly thame boith man and wyue
Than sall those Creaturis forlorne
Warie the hour, that thay wer borne
With mony zamer, zewt and zell
Frome tyme thay feill, the flammis fell
Apon thare tender bodeis byte
Quhose torment salbe Infinyte
The erth sall close, and frome thare sycht
Sall takin be, all kynde of lycht

Thare salbe gowlyng, and gretyng
But hope of ony confortyng
In that Inestimabyll pane
Eternallye thay sall remane
Byrnand in furious flammis rede
Euer deand, bot neuer be dede
That the small Minuth of one hour
To thame salbe so gret dolour
Thay sall thynk thay haue done remane
Ane thousand zeir, in to that pane
Allace I trimyll tyll heir tell
The terrabyll tormentyng of hell
That painfull pytt, quho can deplore
Quhilk mon indure, for euer more.

¶ Than sall those glorifeit Creaturis
with myrith and infinite plesouris
Conuoyit with Joy Angelic all
Passe to the heuin Imperyall
With Christ Jesu, our Souerane kyng
In glore, Eternallye to ryng
Off man quhilk passis the Ingyne
The thousand part, for tyll defyne
Allanerlie of the leist plesour
Wet. tit. Preordinat for one Creatour.

¶ Than sall one Fyre, as Clerkis sane
Mak all the hyllis, and valais plane
Frome erth, vpe to the Heuin Impyre
All beis renewit by that fyre
Purgyng all thyng materiall

Under the heuin Imperyall
Boith erth, and walter, fyre, and air,
Salbe more perfyte maid and fair
The quhilk; affore had myxit bene
Sall than be purifeit and maid clene
The erth lyke Christall salbe cleir
And euerilk Planeit in his speir
Sall rest withouttin more mouyng
Boith sterny heuin, and christelyug
The first and heast heuin mouabyll
Sall stand but turnyng firme and stabyll
The Sonne in to the Orient
Sall stand, and in the Occident
Rest sall the Mone, and be more cleir
Nor now bene Phebus in his speir
And als that Lantern, of the heuin
Sall geue more lycht, be greis seuin
Nor it gaue sen the warld began
The Heuin renewit salbe than
Rychtso the erth, with sic deuyse
Compair tyll heuinlye Paradyse
¶ So heuin and eirth salbe all one Exo.xxi.
As menith the Apostill Ihone
The gret see, sall no more appeir
Bot lyke the Christall pure and cleir iCori.ii.
Passyng Imaginatioun
Off Man, to mak narratioun
Off glore, quhilk God, haith done prepair
Tyll euery one that cumis thair

The quhilk with eris, nor with eine
Off man may nocht be hard nor seine
With hart it is vnthynkabyll
And with toungis Inpronunciabyll
Quhose plesouris salbe so perfyte
Haupng in God, so gret delyte
The space now of ane thousand zeir
That tyme sall nocht, ane hour appeir
Quhilk can nocht comprehendit be
Tyll we that plesand sycht sall se.

Cor. xii. Quhen Paule wes reuyst in the spreit
Tyll the thrid Heuin, of glore replcit
He saith, the Secretis quhilk he saw
Thay wer nocht leifsum for to schaw
To no man on the erth leuand
Quhairfor preis nocht tyll vnderstand
Quhowbeit thare to thow haik delyre
The Secretis of the heuin Impyre
The more men lukis on Phebus bycht
The more febyll, salbe thare sycht
Fychtso latt no man sett thare cure
To Sers, the heych Diuyne Nature
The more men studye, I suppose
Salbe the more krome thare purpose
To knaw, quhareto sulde men Intend
Quhilk Angellis can nocht comprehend
Bot efter this gret Iugement
All thyng tyll ws salbe patent
Lat ws with Paule, our mynde addres

He beand full of Heuinlynes
Full humilye, he techeit ws
Nocht for to be to curious
Quhowbeit men be of gret Ingyne
To seik the heych Secretis Diuyne
Quhose Iugementis ar vncertiabyll
And straynge wayis Inuestigabyll
(That is to say) past out fyndyng
Off quhome no man may fynde endyng
It suffices ws for tyll Implore
Gret God, to bryng ws to that glore.

Rom. xi.

FINIS.

Of certane plesouris

Off the glorieit Bodeis.

Sen thair is non in erth, may comprehend
The heuinlie glore, of plesouris Infinyte
Quhairfor my sone, I pray yͤ not pretend
Ouer far to seik, that mater of delyte
Quhilk passit Naturall reasoune tyll Indyte
That God affore that he the warld creat
Preparit to thame, quhilk ar predestinat.

Expe.

All Mortall men, salbe maid Immortall
(That is to say) neuer to de agane
Impossabyll, and so Celestiall
That fyre nor sworde, may do to thame no pane

Nor hait, nor cald, nor froſt, nor wynd, nor rane
Thocht ſic thyng wer, may do to thaim no deir
Thoſe Creaturis, rycht ſo ſalbe als cleir

As flammand Phebus, in his Wantoun
Conſydder than, geue thare ſalbe gret lycht
Quhen euery one, in to that Regioun
Sall ſchyne lyke to the Sonne, & be als bryght
Lat vs with Paull, deſyre to ſe that ſycht
To be diſſoluit, Paull had A gret deſyre
With Chriſt, to be in tyll the heuin Impyre.

And moreattour, as Clerkis can diſcryue,
Thare maruellus mythis, deis incomparabyll
Amang the reſt, in all thare wyttis fyue
Thay ſall haue ſenſuall pleſouris delectabyll
The heuinly ſound, quhilk ſalbe Inmarrabyll
In thare eariis, contineuallye ſall ryng
And als the ſycht of Chriſt Jeſus our kyng

In his tryumphand throne Imperiall
With his mother, þ Virgene quene of Quenis
Thare ſalbe ſene, the Court Celeſtiall
Apoſtolis Martyris, Confeſſoris, & Virgenis
Brychter than Phebus, in his ſpeir yat ſchynis
The Patriarkis, and Prophetis, Venerabyll.
Thare ſalbe ſene, with gloir Ineſtimabyll

¶ And with thare Spirituall Eis ſalbe ſene
That ſycht, quhilk bene moſt Superexcellend

God as he is, and euermore hes bene
Contineually, that sycht contempland
Augustyne sayis, he had leuer take on hand
To be in Hell, he seyng the assence
Off God, nor be in Heuin, but his presence.

¶ Quho seis God, in his Diuynitie
He seis in hym, all vther plesand thyngis
The quhilk with toung, can not pronuncit be
Quhat plesour bene, to se that kyng of kyngis
The gretest pane, ẏ damnit folk doun thringis
And to the Deuyllis, the most punytioun
It is of God, to want fruitioun.

¶ And mairattour, thay sall feill sic ane smell
Surmountyng far, the fleure of erdlye flouris
And in thare mouth, ane taist as I heir tell
Off sweit, and Supernaturall Sapouris
Als thay sall se the heuinlye brycht colouris
Schenyng amang those Creaturis Diuyne
Quhilk tyll discryue, trãscendis mãnis ingyne.

¶ And als thay sall haue sick Agilitie.
In one Instant, to passe for thare plesoure
Ten thousand mylis, in twynkling of one Ee
So thare Joyis, salbe without messoure
Thay sall Reioyis, to se the gret doloure
Off dampnit folk in hell, and thare torment
Because of God, it is the Juste Jugement.

Subtellytie thay ſall haue maruellouſlye
Subponyng that thare wer one wall of bras
One glorifeit body, may rycht haſtellye
Out throw that wall, without impediment pas
Sicklyke as dois the ſone baime throw ȳ glas
As Chriſt tyll his Diſciplis did appeir
All entres clos, and non of thame did ſteir.

1.Cor.15 Quhowbeit in heuin, thocht euerilk Creature.
Haue nocht alyke kilicitie nor glore
Zit euerilk one ſall haue ſo gret pleſoure
And ſo content, thay ſall deſyre no more
To haue more Ioye, thay ſall no way Implore
Bot thay ſalbe all ſatyfeit and content
Lyke to this rude exempyll ſubſequent

Tak ane crowat, ane pynte ſtope, & ane quart.
One galoun pitſchair, ane puntion & ane tun
Of wyne, or balme, gyf euerilk one thair part.
And fyll thame full, tyll that thay be ouer run
The lytle crowat in comparifoun
Salbe ſo full, that it may hald no more
Of ſic miſſouris, thocht thair be twenty ſcore

In to the Tun, or in the Pontioun.
So all thoſe veſſchellis, in one qualitie
May hald no more, without thay be ouer run
Zit haue thay nocht alyke in quãtitie

So be this rude exemppll thow may se
Thocht euerilk one, be nocht alyke in gloze
Ar satyfeit, so that thay desyre no moze

Thocht presentlye be Goddis prouiance
Beistis foulis, and fyschis, in the seis
Ar necessar now, for mannis sustenance
with cornis, herbis, flouris, & fruitfull treis
Than sall thare be non sic commoditeis
The erth sall beir no plant, nor beist brutall
Bot as the Heuinnis brycht lyke burtall

Suppone sum be on erth, walkand heir doun.
Or heych abone, quhare euer thay pleis to go
Off God, thay haue ayeleir fruitionn
Baith eist or west, by doune, or to, or fro
Clerkis declaris plesouris mony mo
Quhilk dois trãscend all mortal mãnis ingyne
The thousand part, of those plesouris diuyne.

In to the Heuin, thay sall perfytlie knaw.
Thare tẽder freindis pair fader & pair mother
Thare Predecessouris, quhilk thay neuer saw
Thair spousis bairnis syster & thare brother
And euerilk one, sall haue sic luke till vther
Off vtheris gloze, and Joy, thay sall reioise
As of thair awin, as Clerkis doith suppose

¶ Than salbe sene, that brycht Jerusalem. Apoc. xxi.
Quhilk Jhone saw, in his Reuelatioun

Esa.lxvi We mortall men, allace ar far to blame
That wyll nocht haue consideratione
And ane contineuall contemplatione
With hote dispyr, to cum on to that glore
Quhilk plesour sall indure forr euer more

Ro. viii. O Lorde our God, and kyng Omnipotent
Quhilk knew or thow the heuin, & erth, create
Quho wald to the be inobedient
And so deserue, for to be Reprobate
Thow knew the noumer, of predestinat
Quhom ꝯ did call, and hes thame Justifeit
And sall in Heuin with the be glorifeit.

Grant ws to be Lorde, of that chosin sort
Quhawne of thy Mercy supercrcellent
Did purifie, as Scripture doith report
With the blude of that holy Innocent
Jesu, quhilk maid hym self Obedient
Onto the deth, and steruit on the Rude
Lat ws O Lord, be purgit with that blude,

Ro. viii. ALl Creature, that euer God Creat.
As wyttis Paull, thay wys to se that day
1 Cor. xv. Quhen the Chyldryng of God predestinat
Sall do appeir in thare new fresche array
Quhe Corruptioun beis clengit clene away
And cheangit beis, thare mortall qualitie
In the gret glore, of Immortalitie.

And moreattour, all dede thyngis corporall,
Vuder the Concaue, of the Heuin Impyre
That now to laubour, subiect ar and thrall
Sone, mone, & sterris, erth, walter air, and fyre
In one maneir, thay haue ane hote desyre
Wyssing that day, that thay may be at rest
As Erasmus, exponeth Manifest.

We se the gret Gloube, of the firmanent
Contineuallie, in mouyng maruellous
The sewin Planetis, contrary thare intent
Ar reft about, with coursse contrarious
The wynd, and see, with stormes furious
The troublit air, w Frostis, Snaw, & Rane,
Onto that day, thay trauell euer in pane

And all the Angellis, of the Ordouris nyne
Hauand compasioun of our Misareis
Thay wys efter that day, and to that fyne
To se ws fred, frome our Infirmiteis
And clengit frome, thir gret Calamiteis
And trublus lyfe, quhilk neuir sall haue ende
On to that day, I mak it to the kende.

FINIS.

Ane Exhortatioun

Gyffin be Father Experience, vnto his Sonne, The Curteour.

Expe. My sone now mark weil i thy memory
Of yis fals warld, ẏ trubl⁹ trãsitori
quhose dredful day is drawis neir a
Thairfor cal god to be yi adiu= (end
And euery day my sone, *Memento Mori.* (tori
And wat not quhẽ, nor quhare ẏ thow sal wend
Heir to remane, I pray the nocht pretend
And sen thow knawis the tyme is veray schorte
In Christis blude, sett all thy hole confort.

Be nocht to myche solyst in temporall thyngis
Math.vi Sen ẏ persauis Pape Empriour nor kyngis
In to the erth, haith no place parmanent
Thow seis ẏ deth, yaim dulfully dõn thringis
And rauis yaim frõe yair rent, ryches & ryngis
Thairfor on Christ confirme thyne hole intent
And of thy callyng, be rycht weill content
Than God, that fedis the foulis of the air
All neidfull thyng for the, he sall prepair.

Job.xiiii Consydder in thy contemplatioun.
Aye sen the warldlis first Creatioun
Mankynd hes tholit this misary mortall
Aye tormentit with trybulatioun
With dolour, dreid, and desolatioun
Gentyles, and Chosin peple of Israell
To this vnhape, all subiect ar and thraell
Quhilk Misary but doute sall euer indure
Tyll the last day, my sonne thareof be sure.

That day, as I haue maid narratioun
Salbe the day of consolatioun
Tyll all the childring of the chosin noumer
Thare endit, beis thair desolatioun
And als I mak the supplycatioun
In erthlye materis, tak the no more cummer
Dreid not to de, for deth is bot ane slummer
Leue ane Juste lyfe, and wt ane Joyus hart
And of thy guddis, tak plesandlye thy part

Off our talkyng, now latt ws mak ane end
Behald quhow Phebus, dōnwart dois discend
Towart his palyce, in the Occident
Dame Synthea I se, scho dois pretend
In tyll hir wattry Regioun tyll ascend
With vissage paill, vp frome the Orient
The dew now dounkis, the rosis redolent
The Mareguldis that all day wer reiosit
Off Phebus heit, now craftelly ar closit

The blyssfull birdis, bownis to the treis
And ceasis of thare heuinlye armoneis
The Cornecraik in the croft, I heir hir cry
The bak, the howlat, febyll of thair eis
For thair pastyme, now in the ewinnyng fleis
The Nychtyngaill, with myrthfull melody
Hir naturall notis, peirsit throuch the sky
Tyll Synthea, makand hir obseruance
Quhilk on the nycht, dois tak hir dalyance

I se Polartick, in the north appeir
And Venus ryssing with hir bemes cleir
Quharefor my Sonne, I hald it tyme to go
Wald God (said I) ze did remane all zeir
That I mycht of zour heuinnlye Lessonis leir
Off zour departyng, I am wounder wo
Tak pacience (said he) it mon be so
Perchance I sall returne, with delygence
Thus I departit, frome Experience

And sped me home, with hart seyching full sore
And enterit in my quyet Oritore
I tuke paper, and thare began to wryte
This Miserie, as ze haue hard afore
All gentyll Redaris, hartlye I Implore
For tyll excuse, my rurall rude Indyte
Thocht Phareseis, wyll haue at me dispyte
Quhilz wald not ẏ thare craftynes wer kend,
Lat God be Juge, and so I make ane end.

FINIS.

Quod Lyndesaye.

.1552.

Heir followis the

Tragedie, of the Umquhyle maist Reuerend Father Dauid be the Mercy of God. Cardinall, and Archebyschope of Sanctandrous. &c. ☞ Compylit be Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont king of armes.

☞ THE PROLOG.

NOCHT Lang ago, efter the hour of myme.
Secreitly sittyng, in myne Oratorie
I tuk ane Buke, tyll occupye the tyme
Quhare I fand mony Tragedie and storie
Quhilk Jhone Bochas, had put in memorie
Quhow mony Myentis, Conquerouris and kingis
War dulfullie deposit, frome thare tyngis.

Quhow Alexander, the potent Conquerour
In Babilone, was poysonit, pieteouslie
And Julius, the mychtie Emperiour
Murdreist at Rome, caulles, and creuellie
Wyudent Pompey, in Egypt schamefullie
Ye murdreist was, quhat nedith myces more
Quhose Tragideis, war pietie tyll deplore.

¶ I sittyng so, vpon my Buke redyng
Rycht suddantlie, afore me did appeir
Ane woundit man, aboundantlie bledyng
With village paill, and with ane dedlye cheir
Semand ane man, of two and fyftie zeir
In Rayment reid, clothit full curiouslie
Off vellot, and of Saityng Crammosie.

With febyll voce, as man oppreſt with paine
Soiftlye he maid me ſupplycatioun
Sayand my freind, go reid, and reid againe
Geue thow can fynde, by trew Narratioun
Off ony paine, lyke to my Paſſioun
Rycht sure I am, war Jhone Bochas on lyue
My tragedie at lenth, he wald diſcryue.

¶ Sen he is gone, I pray the tyll indyte
Off my Infortune, cum Remembrace
Or at the leiſt, my Tragedie to wryte
As I to the ſall ſchaw the Circumſtance
In teirmes breue, of my vnhappy chance
Sen my beginnyng, tyll my faitell ende
Quhilk I wald tyll, all creature war kende

¶ I not ſaid I, mak ſic memoriall
Geue of thy name, I had Intelligence
I am Dauid, that cairfull Cardinall
Quhilk doith appeir (ſaid he) to thy preſens
That vmquhyle had, ſo gret preeminens
Than he began, his dedis tyll indyte
As ze ſall heir, and I began to wryte,

I Dauid Betone, vmquhyle Cardinall.
Off nobyl blude, be lyne I did diſcend
Duryng my tyme I had no perigall
Bot now is cum, allace my faitell end
Aye gre, by gre, vpwarte I did aſcende
Swa that in to this realme, did neuer tyng
So gret one man as I, vndet ane kyng.

Quhen I was ane zoung Joly gentyll man
Pzencis to ſerue, I ſett my hole intent
Firſt tyll aſcende, at Arbzoith I began
Ane Abaſie, of gret tyches and tent
Off that eſtait, zit was I nocht contente
To get moze tyches, Dignitie and gloze
My hart was ſet, allace allace thartfoze.

I maid ſic ſeruyce, tyll our Souerane kyng,
He did Pzomoue me, tyll moze hie eſtait
One Pzince abuſe, all pzeiſtis foz tyll tyng
Archibyſchope of Sanctandzous, conſecrat
Tyll that honour, quhen I wes Eleuate
My prydefull hart was nocht content at all
Tyll that I create wes, one Cardinall.

Zit pzaiſt I tyll, haue moze auctozie,
And fynalie, was choſin Chancelare
And foz vphalding, of my dignitie
Was maid Legate, than had I no compare
I purcheiſt foz, my pzoffect ſingulare
My Borſis, and my Thzeaſure, tyll auance
The Byſchopreik, of Werapoſe in France.

Off all Scotland, I had the Gouernall:
But my awyse, concludit wes no thyng
Abbot, Byschope, Archibyschope Cardinall
In to this Realme, no hiear could I tyng
Bot I had bene Pape, Emperous, or Kyng
For schortnes of the tyme, I am nocht abyll
At lenth to schaw, my actis honorabyll.

¶ For my moste Princelye Prodigalytie.
Amang prelatis, in france, I bure the pryse
I schew my Lordlye Lyberalitie
In Banketting, playng, at cartis and Dyse
In to sic wysedome, I was haldin wyse
And sparit nocht, to playe with Kyng nor Knycht
Thre thousand crownis of gold, vpon ane nycht

¶ In France, I maid seir honest Voyagis.
Quhare I did Actis ding, of Remembrance
Throuch me war maid, Tryumphād Mariagis
Tyll our Souerane, both profket and plesance
Quene Magdalene, the first Dochter of france
With gret tryches was, in to Scotland brocht
That mariage throch my wysedome wes wrocht.

Efter quhose deith, in krance I paste agane
The secunde Quene, homwart I did conuoye
That Lustye princes, Marie de Lorane
Quhilk wes resauit, with gret tryumphe & Joye
So seruit I, our rycht Redouttit Roye
Sone efter that, Harye of Ingland Kyng
Off our Souerane, desyrit ane commonyng.

¶ Off that metyng, our kyng wos weill content
So that in Zorck, was sett boith tyme and place
Bot our Prelatis nor I, wald neuer consent
That he sulde se, kyng Harye in the face
Bot we wer weill content, quhowbeit his grace
Had salit the sey, to speik with ony vther
Except that kyng quhilk was his mother brother

Quhair throch yar rose, gret weir & mortal stryfe
Gret heirschipp, hōnger, darth, and desolatioun
On ather syde, did mony lose thare lyfe
Geue I wald mak ane trew Narratioun
I causit all that trybulatioun
For tyll tak peace, I neuer wald consent
Without the kyng of france, had bene content

¶ Duryng this weir, war takin presoneris:
Off nobyll men, fechtyng full furiouslie
Mony one Lorde, Barrone, and Bachileris
Quhar throuch our king, tuke sic melancolie
Quhilk draue hym to the dede, rycht dulefullie
Extreme Dolour, ouirset did so his hart
That frome this lyfe, allace he did depart.

Bot efter that boith strenth, and speche wes lesit.
Ane paper blank, his grace I gart subscryue
In to the quhilk, I wrait all that I plesit
Efter his deth, quhilk lang war tyll discryue
Throuch that wrytting, I purposit belyue
With supporte of sum Lordis beneuolens
In this Regioun, tyll haue Preemynens.

Siii.

Off all Scotland, I had the Gouernall:
But my awyse, concludit wes no thyng
Abbot, Byschope, Archibyschope Cardinall
In to this Realme, no hiear could I tyng
Bot I had bene Pape, Emperous, or Kyng
For schortnes of the tyme, I am nocht abyll
At lenth to schaw, my actis honorabyll.

¶ For my moste Princelye Prodigalytie.
Amang prelatis, in france, I bure the pryse
I schew my Lordlye Lyberalitie
In Banketting, playng, at cartis and Dyse
In to sic wysedome, I was haldin wyse
And sparit nocht, to playe with Kyng nor knycht
Thre thousand crownis of gold, vpon ane nycht

¶ In France, I maid seir honest Voyagis.
Quhare I did Actis ding, of Remembrance
Throuch me war maid, Tryumphād Mariagis
Tyll our Souerane, both profket and plesance
Quene Magdalene, the first Dochter of france
With gret ryches was, in to Scotland brocht
That mariage throch my wysedome wes wrocht.

Efter quhose deith, in france I paste agane
The secunde Quene, homwart I did conuoye
That Lustye princes, Marie de Lorane
Quhilk wes resauit, with gret tryumphe & Joye
So seruit I, our rycht Redouttit Roye
Sone efter that, Harye of Ingland Kyng
Off our Souerane, desyrit ane commonyng.

Off that metyng, our kyng wos weill content
So that in Zork, was sett boith tyme and place
Bot our Pzelatis noz I, wald neuer consent
That he sulde se, kyng Harye in the face
Bot we wer weill content, quhowbeit his grace
Had salit the sey, to speik with ony vther
Except that kyng quhilk was his mother bzother

Quhair throch yar rose, gret weir & mortal stryke
Gret heirschipp, hönger, darth, and desolatioun
On ather syde, did mony lose thare lyke
Geue I wald mak ane trew Narratioun
I cauſit all that trybulatioun
For tyll tak peace, I neuer wald consent
Without the kyng of france, had bene content

During this weir, war takin preſoneris:
Off nobyll men, kechtyng full furiouſlie
Mony one Lorde, Barrone, and Bachilleris
Quhar throuch our king, tuke sic melancolie
Quhilk drawe hym to the dede, rycht dulefullie
Extreme Dolour, ouirset did so his hart
That frome this lyfe, allace he did depart.

Bot efter that boith strenth, and speche wes lesit.
Ane paper blank, his grace I gart subscryue
In to the quhilk, I wrait all that I plesit
Efter his deth, quhilk lang war tyll discryue
Throuch that wytting, I purposit belyue
With suppozte of sum Lordis benevolens
In this Regioun, tyll haue Pzeempnens.

Bot.

As for my Lord, our rychteous Gouernour
Geue I wald schortlie schaw the veritie
Tyll hym I had no maner of fauour
Duryng that tyme, I purposit that hee
Suld neuir cum, to vone Auctoritie
For his supporte, tharefor he brocht amang ws
Furth of Ingland, the nobyll Erle of Angous.

Than was I put abak, frome my purpose.
And suddantlie, caste in captyuitie
My prydefull hart to daut, as I suppose
Deuysit by, the heych Diuinitie
Zit in my hart, sprang no humylitie
Bot now the word of God full weill I knaw
Quho dois exault hym self, God sall hym law.

In the meine tyme, quhen I wes so subiectit.
Imbassaldouris, war sent in to Ingland
Quhare thay boith peace, and mariage cõtractit
And more surelie, for tyll obserue that band
War promeist diuers pleagis of Scotland
Off that contract, I wes no way content
Nor neuir wald, thare to geue my consent

Tyll Capytanis, that kepit me in waird.
Gyftis of gold, I gaue thame gret plentie
Rewlaris of court, I rychelie did rewaird
Quhare throuch I chapit, frome Captyuitie
Bot quhen I was fre, at my libertie
Than lyke ane Lyone, lowsit of his Caige
Out throuch this realme, I gan to rejl and rage

Contrare the Gouernour, and his companie.
Oft tymes maid I insurrectioun
Purposyng for till haue hym haistelie
Subdewit on to my correctioun
Or put hym till, extreme subiectioun
Duryng this tyme, geue it war weill dissydit
This realme by me, was vterlie deuydit.

The Gouernour, purposyng to subdew.
I ralit ane oyste, of mony bald Baroun
And maid ane raid, quhilk Lythgow zit may rew
For we distroyit ane myle about the town
For that I gat, mony blak malysoun
Zit contrare the Gouernouris intent
With our zōng Pyinces, we to Sterulyng went

For heygh contemptioun, of the Gouernour.
I bzocht the Erle of Lennor, furth of France
That lustie Lord, leuand in gret plesour
Did loce that land, and honest ordinance
Bot he and I, fell soune at variance
And thzoch my counsall, was within schort space
Forfaltit, and flemit, he gat none vther grace.

Than thzouch my pzudens, pzatyke and ingyne
Our Gouernour I causit to consent
Full quyetlie, to my counsale inclyne
Quhareok his Nobyllis, war nocht weill content
For quhy, I gart dissolue in plane Parliament
The band of peace, contratit with Ingland
Quharthzoch com harme, & heirschip to scotlād.

¶ That peace brokin, arrose new mortall weris.
Be sey, and land, sic reik, without releik
Quhilk to report, my krayit hart afferis
The veritie to schaw, in termes breif
I was the rute, of all that gret myscheif
The south countre may saye, it had bene gude
That my Norice, had smorde me in my cude

I wes the cause, of mekle more myschance
For vphald of, my glore and dignitie
And plesour of, the potent kyng of france
With Ingland wald I haue no vnitie
Bot quho consydder wald the veritie
We mycht full weill, haue leuit in peace and rest
Fyne or ten zeris, and than playit lowis or kast

Had we with Ingland, kepit our contractis.
Our nobyll men, had leuit in peace and rest
Our Marchādis had nocht lost so mony packis
Our commoun peple, had nocht bene oppressit
On ather syde, all wrangis had bene redressit
Bot Edinburgh sen syne, Leith and Kyngorne
The day and hour, may ban that I was borne.

¶ Our Gouernour, to mak hym to me sure.
With sweit, and subtell wordis, I did hym lyre
Tyll I his Sone, and Air, gat in my cure
To that effect, I fand that crafty wyle
That he no maner of waye, mycht me begyle
Than leuch I quhen, his liegis did allege
Quhow I his Sone, had gottin in to plege.

The Erle of Angus, and his Germane brother.

I purposit, to gar thame lose thare lyfe
Rycht so tyll haue, distroyit mony vther
Sum with the fyre, sũ with the sword and knyfe
In speciale, mony gentyll men of fyfe
And purposit, tyll put to gret Torment
All fauoraris, of the auld and new Testament

Than euery freik, thay take of me sic feir.
That tyme, quhen I had so gret Gouernans
Gret Lordis dreidyng, I sulde do thame deir
Thay durst nocht cum tyll court, but assurans
Sen syne thair hes, nocht bene sic varians
Now tyll our Prince, Barronis obedientlie
But assurance, thay cum full courtellie.

My hope was moste, in to the kyng of france.
To gyddir with, the Popis holynes
Moyr nor in God, my worschipe tyll auance
I traistit so, in to thare gentylnes
That no man durste, presome me tyll oppres
Bot quhen the day, come of my faitell hure
Far was frome me, thare supporte and succoure.

Than to preserue, my tythes and my fyfe
I maid one strynth, of wallis heych and braid
Sic ane Fortres, wes neuer found in fyfe
Beleuand thare, durst no man me inuaid
Now kynd I trew, the saw, quhilk Dauid said
Without God of ane hous, be maister of wark
He wyrkis in waine, thocht it be neuer so stark

For I was throuch the hie power Diuine.
Rycht dulefulliye doung down, amang the asse
Quhilk culd not be, throch mortal mãnis ingyne
Bot as Dauid did slay, the gret Gollyasse
Or Holopharne, be Judeth keillit wasse
In myd amang, his tryumphant Armye
So was I slane, in to my cheiff Cietie.

Quhen I had gretest Dominatioun.
As Lucifer had, in the heuin Impyre
Came suddantlyie, my Depryuatioun
Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspyre
So creuell was, thare furious byrnand Yre
I gat no tyme, layser nor lybertie
To saye, ☞ *In Manus Tuas Domine.*

☞ BEhald my Faitell Infylicitie.
I beand in my strenth, Incomparabyll
That dreidfull Dungioun, maid me no supple
My gret ryches, nor rentis proffitabyll
My Sylucr work, Iowellis, inestimabyll
My Papall pompe, of gold, my ryche threasure,
My lyfe and all, I loste in half ane hour.

¶ To the peple, wes maid ane Spectakle.
Off my dede, and deformit Carioun
Sum said it wes, ane manifest Myrakle
Sum said it was Diuine Punitioun
So to be slane, in to my strang Dungeoun
Quhen euery man, had Jugit as hym lyste
Thay Saltit me, syne cloist me in ane kyste.

I laye vnburyit, fewin monethis and moze
Or I was bozne, to closter kirk or queir
In ane mydding, quhilk paine bene tyll deplore
Without suffrage, of Chanoun, Monk, or freir
All proude Prelatis, at me may Lessonis leir
Quhilk sang so lang, and so tryumphantlie
Syne in the dust, doung doun so dulefullie.

TO THE PRELATIS.

O Ze My Brether, Princis of the Preistis,
I mak zow hartly Supplycatioun
Boith nycht and day, remolke in to zoure breistis
The Proces, of my Deprivatioun
Consydder quhat bene, zour Vocatioun
To follow me, I pray zow nocht pretend zow
Bot reid at lenth, this Sedull, that I send zow

Ze knaw quhow Jesu, his Discipilis sent.
Imbassaldouris, tyll euery Nationn
To schaw his law, and his commandiment
To all peple, by Prædycatioun
Tharefor, I mak to zow Narratioun
Sen ze to thame, ar verray Successouris
Ze aucht tyll do as did zour Predicessouris.

Quhow dar ze be so bauld, tyll tak on hand
For to be Herraldis, to so gret one King
To beir his Wellage, boith to burgh and land
Ze beand dum, and can pronunc no thyng
Lyke Menstralis, that can nocht play nor sing
Or quhy suld men, geue to sic birdis hyre
Quhilk can not gybe, thair scheip about tymyre.

Schame ze nocht, to be Chriſtis ſeruaturis.
And for zour fee, hes gret Temporall landis
Syne of zour office, can nocht take the curis
As Cannone Law, & Scripture zow cõmandis
Ze wyll not want, teind cheif, nor offrandis
Teinde woll, teind lambe, teind calf, teind gryce
To mak ſeruyce, ze ar all out of vſe (and guſe

My deir bretheir, do nocht as ze war wount
Amend zour lyfe now, quhill zour day Indurís
Traiſt weill ze ſall, be callit to zour count
Off euerilk thyng, belanging to zour curis
Leif halſarrtrie, zour harlottrie and huris
Remembring on, my vnprouiſit dede
For efter deith, may no man mak remede.

Ze Prelatis quhilkis, hes thouſandis for to ſpende
Ze ſend ane ſemplyll freir, for zow to preche
It is zour craft, I mak it to zow kend
Zour ſelfis, in zour Templis for to teche
Bot farlye nocht, thocht ſyllie freris fleche
For and thay planelie, ſchaw the veritie
Than wyll thay want, the Byſchope charitie.

Quharefor bene gewin zow ſic Royall rent
Bot for tyll fynd, the peple Spirituall fude
Prechand to thame, the auld and new teſtament
The law of God, doith planelye ſo conclude
Put nocht zour hope, in to no wardly gude
As I haue done, behauld my gret threaſoure
Maid me no helpe, at my vnhappye houre.

¶ That day quhen I, was Byschope consecrat.
The gret Byble, wes bound apon my bak
Quhat wes tharein, lytill I knew god wat
Moze than ane beist, berand ane pzecious pak
Bot haistelie, my conuenent I bzak
Foz I wes oblyste, with my awin consent
The law of God, to pzeche with gude intent.

¶ Bzether rycht so, quhen ze wer consecrat.
Ze oblyste zow all, on the sammyn wyse
Ze may be callit, Byschoppis countrafait
As Gallandis buskit, foz to mak ane gyse
Now thynk I Pzencis, ar no thyng to pzyse
Tyll geue ane famous office tyll ane fule
As quho walde putt. ane Myter on ane Mule.

Allace and ze, that sozrowfull sycht hade syne
Quhow I laye bulrand, baithit in my blude
To mend zour lyfe, it had occasioun bene
And laik zour auld, cozruptit consuetude
Failzeing thare of, than schoztlie I conclude
Without ze frome, zour rebaldzye arryse
Ze sall be seruit, on the sammyn wyse.

☞ TO THE PRENCIS.

¶ Impzudent Pzencis, but discretioun.
Haupng in erth, power Imperiall
Ze bene the cause, of this Transgressioun
I speik to zow all, in to generall
Quhilk doith dispone, all office spirituall
Geuand the saulis, quhilkis bene Chzystis scheip
To blynd Pastouris, but conscience to keip.

¶ Quhen ze Prencis, doith laik ane officiar
Ane Baxster, Browster, or ane maister Cuke
Ane trym Tailzeour, ane counnyng Cordonar
Ouir all the land, at lenth ze wyll gar luke
Most abyll men, sic officis tyll bruke
Ane Browster, quhilk can brew moste hoilsũ aill
Ane cũnyng Cuke, quhilk best can cessone caill.

Ane Tailzeour, quhilk hes fosterit bene in frãce.
That can mak garmentis, on the gayest gyse
Ze Prencis bene, the cause of this myschance
That quhen thare doith, vaik ony benefyse
Ze aucht tyll do, apone the sammyn wyse
Gar sears, and seik, baith in to burgh and lande
The law of God quho best can vnderstande.

Mak hym Byschope, that prudentlie can preche
As dois pertene tyll his vocatioun
Ane Persone, quhilk his Parisone can teche
Gar Vicaris, mak dew Mynistratioun
And als I mak zow, supplycatioun
Mak zour Abbotis, of rycht Religious men
Quhilk Christis law, can to thare Conuent ken.

Bot not to rebaldis, new cum frome the roste.
Nor of ane stuffat, stollin out of ane stabyll
The quhilk in to the scule, maid neuer na coste
Nor neuer was, tyll Spirituall science abyll
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabyll
Off Rome rakaris, nor of rude Ruffianis
Off calsay Paikaris, nor of Publycanis.

¶ Noꝛ to Fantaſtyke, kenzeit flattaris.
Moſt meit to gather muſtillis in to Maye
Of Cowhubeis, noꝛ zit of clatterraris
That in the kirk, can nother ſing noꝛ ſaye
Thocht thay be clokit vp, in clerkis arraye
Lyke doptit Doctoꝛis, new cum out of Athenis
And mūmyll ouer, ane pair of maglit matenis.

✤ Nocht qualyfeit, to bꝛuke ane benefyſe.
Bot thꝛouch ſchir Symonis ſolyſtatioun
I was pꝛomouit, on the ſammyn wyſe
Allace thꝛouch Pꝛencis ſupplycatioun
And maid in Rome, thꝛouch fals narratioun
Byſchope, Abbote, bot no Religious man
Quho me pꝛomouit, I now thare banis ban

Quhowbeit I was Legat, and Cardinall
Lytill I knew, tharein quhat ſulde be done
I vnderſtude, no ſcience ſpirituall
No moꝛe than did, blynd Alane of the mone.
I dꝛeid the kyng that ſyttith heych abone
On zow Pꝛencis, ſall mak ſoꝛe puniſchement
Rycht ſo on ws, thꝛouch rychteous Iugement.

¶ On zow Pꝛencis, foꝛ vndeſcreit geuyng.
Tyll Ignoꝛantis, ſic officis tyll vſe
And we, foꝛ our Inopoꝛtune aſkyng
Quhilk ſulde haue done, ſic dignitie refuſe
Our Ignoꝛance, hes done the warld abuſe
Thꝛouch Couatyce, of tyches, and of rent
That euer I was ane Pꝛelate I repent.

O kyngis mak ze no cair, to geue in cure.
Uirginis p;ofeſt, in to Religioun
In tyll the keipyng, of ane commoun hure
To mak thynk ze, nocht gret diſtioun
Ane woman Perſone of ane partſoun
Quhare thare bene, two thouſand ſaulis to gyde
That frome Harlots can not hir hyppis hyde.

Quhat and kyng Dauid, leuit in thir dayis,
Or out of heuin, quhat and he lukit down
The quhilk did found ſo mony fair Abbayis
Geand the gret, Abhominatioun
In mony abayis, of this Natioun
He wald repent, that Narrowit ſo his boundis
Off zeirly rent, thre ſcore of thouſand poundis.

Quha therfor, I counſale euerylk chriſtinit kyng,
Within his realme, mak Reformatioun
And ſuffer no mo Rebaldis, for to ryng
Abuſe Chriſtis, trew Congregatioun
Failzeyng tharcof, I mak Narratioun
That ze Prencis, and Prelatis, all at onis
Sall burne be in hell, Saule, blude, and bonis.

That euer I brukit Benefice I rew,
Or to ſic hycht, ſo proudely did pretend
I man depart, tharefor my freindis adew
Quhare euer it pleſith God, now man I wend
I praye the tyll, my freindis me Recommend
And failze nocht, at lenth, to put in wryte
My Tragedie, as I haue done Indyte.

FINIS.

Heir followis the

Teſtament, and Complaynt of our Souerane Lordis Papyngo. Kyng James the Fyft. Quhilk lyith ſore woundit, and may not dee. Tyll euery man haue hard quhat he ſayis. Quharefor gentyll redaris hatis zow that he wer out of paine.

¶ Compylit be Schir Dauid Lyndeſay of the mont Knycht, *Alias*, Lyone King of Armes.

Suppoſe I had Ingyne Angelicall.
With ſapience more than Salamountrall

I not quhat mater put in memoꝛie
The Poetis auld, in ſtyle Heroycall:
In bꝛeue ſubtell termes Rethoꝛycall
Off euerilke mater, tragedie and ſtoꝛie
So oꝛnatlie, to thare heych laude and gloꝛie
Haith done Indyte, quhoſe ſupꝛeme ſapience
Tranſcendith far, the dull Intellygence,

COff Poetis now, in tyll our bulgare toung.
(Foꝛ quhy) the bell of Rethoꝛick bene young
Be Chaw:eir, Goweir, and Lidgate laureate
Quhoo dar pꝛeſume, thir Poetis tyll Impung
Quhoſe ſweit ſentence, thꝛouch Albione bene ſũg
Oꝛ quho can now, the woꝛkis cuntrafait
Off Kennedie, with termes aureait
Oꝛ of Dunbar, quhilk language had at large
As maye be ſene, in tyll his goldin targe.

Quintyng, Meꝛſar, Rowll, Hẽderſon, hay: thoſ=
Thocht thay be ded, par libells bene leuãd. (land
Quhilkis to reheirs, maketh redaris to reioſe
Allace foꝛ one, quhilk lampe wes of this land
Off Eloquence, the ſowand balmy ſtrand
And in our Inglis, rethoꝛick the roſe
As of Rubeis, the Charbunckle bene choſe
And as Phebus, dois Synthia pꝛeſell
So Gawane Dowglas, Byſchope of Dunkell.

CHad quhen he wes, in to this land on lyue.

A buke vulgare Poetis, prerogatyne
Boith in pratick, and speculatioun
I saye no more, gude redaris may discryue
His worthy workis, in nowmer mo than fyue
And speciallye, the trew Translatioun
Off Virgill, quhilk bene consolatioun
To cunnyng men, to knaw his gret Ingyne
Als weill in Naturall Science, as Deuyne.

And in the courte, bene present in thir dayis.
That ballattis breuis, lustellie and layis
Quhilks tyll our Prince, daylie thay do present
Quho cā say more, thā schir James Inglis says
In ballatts, farses, and in plesand playis
Bot Culrose, hes his pen maid Impotent
Kyde in cunnyng, and pratick rycht prudent
And Stewarte, quhilk disyrith one staitly style
Full Ornate werkis, daylie dots compyle.

Stewart of Lorne, wyll carpe rycht curiouslie.
Galbreith, kynlouch, quhē thay lyst tham applie
In to that art, ar craftie of Ingyne
Bot now of lait, is starte vpe haistelie
One cunnyng Clerk, quhilk wrytith craftelie
One plant of Poetis, callit Ballentyne
Quhose ornat workis, my wytt can nocht defyne
Gett he in to the courte auctoritie
He wyll precell Quintyng and Kennetie.

So thocht I had ingyne, as I haue none.
I watt nocht quhat to wryt, be sweit sanct Ihone

(For quhy) in all the garth of Eloquence
Is no thyng left, bot barrane stok and stone
The Poleit termes, ar pullit euerilk one
Be thir forenamit Poetis of prudence
And sen I fynd, non vther new sentence
I sall declare, or I depart zow fro
The complaynt, of ane woundit Papingo.

Quharefor because, myne mater bene so rude
Off sentence, and of Rethorike denude
To rurall folke, myne dyting bene directit
Far flemit frome the sycht of men of gude
For cunnyng men, I knaw wyll soune conclude
It dowe no thyng, bot for to be deiectit
And quhen I heir myne mater bene detractit
Than sall I sweir, I maid it bot in mowis
To landwart lassis, quhilks kepith kye & zowis.

Heir endis the Prolong. And followis the Complaynt.

Quho clymmit to hycht, pforce his feit mon
Expreme I sal that be Experience (faill
Geue that zow pleis, to heir one pieteous taill
How one fair Bird, be fattell violence
Deuorit was, and mycht mak no defence
Contrare the deth, so failzeit naturall strenth
As efter, I sall schaw zow at more lenth.

¶ One Papyngo rycht plesand and perfyte.
Presentit was tyll our moist nobyll kyng
Of quhõe his grace one lang tyme had delyte
More fair of forme, I war flew neuer on wyng
This proper bird he gaue in gouernyng
To me quhilk wes his simpyll seructoure
On quhome I did my delygence and cure

¶ To lerne hir language artificiall
To play platfute, and quhissill fute before
Bot of hir Inclynatioun naturall
Scho countrafaitit all fowlis les and more
Off hir curage, scho wald without my lore
Syng lyke ye Merle, and crawe lyke to the coke
Pew lyk ye Gled, and chant lyke the Lauerock.

¶ Bark lyk ane Dog, and kekell lyke ane ka
Blait lyk ane hog, and buller lyke ane bull
Gaill lyke ane goik, and greit quhẽ scho wes wa
Clym on ane corde, syne lauch & play the fule
Scho mycht haue bene ane menstrall agane zule
This blyssit bird wes to me so plesande
Quhare cure I fure, I bure hir on my hande

¶ And so befell, in tyll ane myrthfull morrow
In to my garth, I past me to repose
This bird and I, as we wer wount aforrow
Amang the flowris fresche, fragrant and formose
My vitale spretis, dewlie did reiose

Quhen Phebus rose, and raue the cloudis sabyll
Throuch brychtnes of his beamys amyabyll.

☞ Without vapour, was weill purificate.
The temperat air, soft sober and serene
The erth, be Nature so edificate
With holsum herbis, blew, quhyte, reid, & grene
Quhilk eleuate my spretis frome the splene
That day Saturne, nor Mars, durst not appeir
Nor Eole, of his roue, he durst nocht steir

☞ That daye perforce, behuffit to be fair.
Be Influence, and cours celestiall
No planete presit, for to perturbe the air
For Mercurious, be mouyng naturall
Exaultit wes, in to the throne tryumphall
Off his mantioun, vnto the fyftene gre
In his awin souerane signe of virginee

¶ That day did Phebus, plesandlie depart.
Frome Geminie, and enterit in Cancer
That daye Cupido, did extend his dart
Venus that daye, coniunit with Iupiter
That daye Neptunus, hid hym lyke one sker
That daye dame Nature, with gret besynes
Fortherit Flora, to keyth hir craftynes.

¶ And retrograde wes Mars, in Capricorne,
And Synthea, in Sagitter assesit
That daye dame Ceres, goddes of the corne

Full Joyfullie Johane Wpponland applelit
The bad aſpect, of Saturne wes appelit
That daye be Jono, of Jupiter the Joye
Perturband ſpretis, cauſyng to hauld coye.

The ſound of birdis, ſurmontit all the ſkyis.
With melodie, of notis Muſycall
The balmy droppis of dew, Tytane vpdrys
Hyngande vpone, the tender twyſtis ſmall
The hevinlie hew, and ſound Angelicall
Sic perfyte pleſoure, prentit in myne hart
That w gret pyne, freme thyne I mycht depart

Tho ſyll amang thoſe herbis ampabyll
I did remane one ſpace, for my paſtance;
Bot wardlie pleſour, bene ſo variabyll
Myrit with ſorrow, dreid and Inconſtance
That thare in tyll, is no contyncuance
So mycht I ſaye, my ſchorte ſolace allace
Was dreuin in dolour, in one lytill ſpace

For in that garth, amang thoſe fragrant flouris
Walkyng allone, none bot my bird annd Ye
Onto to the tyme, that I had ſaid myne houris
This Bird I ſett, vpon one branche me bye
Bot ſcho began, to ſpeill rycht ſpedalie
And in that tree, ſcho did ſo heych aſcende
That be no waye, I mycht hir apprehende

Sweit bird said I be war, mont nocht ouer hie.
Returne in tyme, perchance thy feit may failze
Thou art rycht fat, and nocht weill vsit to fle
The gredie gled, I dreid scho the assailze
I wyll said scho ascend, vailze quod vailze
It is my kynd, to clym aye to the hycht
Off fedther and bone, I watt weill I am wycht.

So on the heychast lytill tender twyste,
With wyng displayit, scho sat full wantounlie
Bot Boreas, blew one blast, or euer scho wyst
Quhilk braik the branche, and blew hir sodantlie
Doun to the ground, with mony cairfull crye
Upon ane stob, scho lychtit on hir breist
The blude ruschit out, and scho cryit for a preist

God wat gyrk than, my hart wes wo begone,
To see that fowle flychter amang the flouris
Quhilk wt gret murnyng, gan to mak hir mone
Now cumyng ar said scho, the faitall houris
Off bitter deth, now mon I thole the schouris
O dame Nature, I pray the of thy grace
Len me layser to speik one lytill space.

For to complene, my fait Infortunate
And so dispone, my geir or I depart
Sen of all confort, I am desolate
Allone, except the deth heir with his darte
With aufull cheir, reddy to peirs myne hart

And with that word, scho tuke vne passioun
Syne flatlyngis fell, and swappit in to swoun.

With sory hart, peirst with compassioun
And salt teris, distellyng frome myne Eine
To heir that birdis lamentatioun
I did aproche, onder ane hauthorne grene
Quhare I mycht heir and se, and be vnsene
And quhen this bird, had swounit twyse or thryse
Scho gan to speik, sayng on this wyse.

¶ O fals Fortune, quhy hes thov me begylit
This day at morne, quho knew this cairfull cace
Vaine hope in the, my reasoun haith exilit
Hauyng sic traist, in to thy fenzeit face
That euer I wes brocht, in to the court allace
Had I in forrest flowin amang my feris
I mycht full weill, haue leuit mony zeris.

Prudent counsell, allace I did refuse.
Agane reassoun, vsyng myne appetyte
Ambitioun did so myne hart abuse
That Eolus, had me in gret dispyte
Poetis of me, haith mater to indyte
Quhilk clam so heych, and wo is me thairfore
Nocht doutyng, that the deth, durste me deuore.

This daye at morne, my forme and feddrem fair.
Abuse the prude Pacoke, war precellande
And now one catyue carioun, full of cair

Baithand in blude, doun from my hart distellad
And in myne eir, the bell of deith bene kuelland
O fals warld, fy on thy felycitie
Thy Pryde, Auaryce, and Immundicitie

¶ In the I see, no thyng bene permanent
Off thy schort solace, sorrow is the ende
Thy fals Infortunate gyftis bene bot lent
This day ful prude, the morne no thyng to spend
O ze that doith prentende, aye tyll ascend
My fatale ende, haue in rememberance
And zow defende frome sic vnhappy chance.

Quhydder that I wes strickin in extasie,
Or throuch one stark Imagynatioun
Bot it apperit in myne Fantasie
I hard this dolent lamentatioun
Thus dullit in to desolationn
Me thocht this bird, did breue, in hir maneir
Hir counsale to the Kyng, as ze sall heir.

☞ Heir follows the first Epystill of the Papyngo direct to kyng James the Fyft.

PRepotent Prince, peirles of pulchritude
Glore, honour, laude, tryumphe & victore
Be to thy heych excellent Celsitude
With Marciall dedis, dyng of memorie
Sen Atropus, consumit haith my glorie
And dolente deith, allace mon ws depart
I leif to the, my trew vnfeuzeit hart.

☞ To gydder, with this Cedull subsequent
With moist reuerent Reconmendatioun
I grant thy grace, gettis mony one document
Be famous Fatheris predicatioun
With mony notabyll Narratioun
Be plesande Poetis in style Heroycall
Quhov thowfuld gyde, thy Seait Imperiall.

¶ Sum doith deplore, the gret Calamiteis.
Off diuers Realmes Transmutatioun
Sum pieteouslie, doith treait of Tragedeis
All for thy graces Informatioun
So I intend, but adullatioun
In to my barbour rusticall indyte
Amang the reste, schir sum thyng for to wryte.

☞ Souerane consaue this simpyll similytude.
Off officiaris, seruyng thy Senzeorie
Quho gydis thame weil gettis of thy grace gret
Quhō bene Iniuste, degradit ar of glorie & gude
And cancellat out of thy memorie
Prouidyng syne more plesand in thare place
Beleue rycht so, fall God do with thy grace.

¶ Considder weill, thow bene bot officiare.
And wassell, so that dyng Incomparabyll
Preis thov to pleis, that puissant prince preclare
Thy ryche rewarde, salbe Inestimabyll
Exaultit heych in glore Interminabyll

Abone Archangels, virtus, potestatis
Plesandlie placit amang the Principatis.

Off thy vertew, Poetis perpetuallie,
Sall mak mentioun, vnto the warld be endit
So thow exers, thyne office prudentlie
In heuin, and erth, thy grace salbe commendit
Quharefor afeir, that he be nocht offendit
Quhilk hes exaltit the, to sic honour
Off his peple, to be one Gouernour.

And in the erth, hath maid sic ordinance.
Under thy feit, all thyng terrestryall
Ar subiect to thy plesour and pastance
Both fowle and fysche, and bestis pastorall
Wen to thy seruyce, and weme, thay bene thrall
Halkyng, hountyng, armes, and leifull amour
Preordinat ar, be God, for thy plesour.

Maisteris of Musick, to recreat thy spreit,
With dantit voce, and plesande Instrument
Thus may thow be, of all plesouris repleit,
So in thyne office, thow be deligent
Bot be thow found, sleuthfull or negligent
Or Inutile, in thyne executioun
Thow sall nocht faill, deuine punitioun.

Quharefor, sen thow hes sic capacitie,
To lerne to playe, so plesandlie and syng
Ryde hors, tyn speris, with gret audacitie

Schute with hand bow, crosbow, and culuerynge,
Amang the rest schir, lerne to be ane kyng
Kyith on that craft, thy pryngnant fresche ingyne
Grantit to the, be Influence Diuine.

¶And sen the Diffinitioun of ane kyng,
Is for to haue, of peple gouernance
Addres the first, abufe all vther thyng
Tyll put thy bodye, tyll sic ordinance
That thyne vertew, thyne honour may auance
For quhob suld Princis, gouerne grete regionis
That can nocht dewlie gyde thare awin personis

¶And gene thy grace, wald leif tycht plesandlie
Call thy Counsale, and cast on thame the cure
Thare Juste Decretis, defend and fortyfie
But gude counsale, may no Prince lang indure
Wyrk with counsale, than sall thy work be sure
Cheis thy counsale, of the moste Sapient
Without regarde, to blude tyches or rent.

¶Amang all vther pastyme and plesour
Now in thy adolescent zeris zeing
Wald thob ilk day, studie bot half one hour
The Regiment, of princelie gouernyng
To thy peple, it war ane plesand thyng
Thare mycht thob kynd, thyne awin vocatioun
Quhob thob suld vse, thy sceptour, swerd & croun

☞ The Cronecklis to knaw, I the exhorte.
Quhilk may be myrrour, to thy Maiestie
Thare sall thou fynd, boith gude & euyll reporte
Off euerilk Prince, efter his qualytie
Thocht thay be dede, thare deidis sall nocht dee
Traist weill thou salbe stylit in that storie
As thou deseruis, putt in memorie.

Request that Roye, quhilk rent wes on the rude.
The to defend, frome dedis of defame
That no Poyte reporte of the bot gude
For princes dayis, Induris bot ane drame
Sen first kyng Fergus, bure ane Dyadame
Thou art the last king, of fyue score and fyue
And all ar dede, and none bot thou on lyue.

Off quhose number, fyftie and fyue bene slane.
And moist parte in thare awin mysgouernance
Quharefor, I the beseik my Souerane
Consydder of thare lyuis, the circumstance
And quhē thou knawis, ꝑ cause of thare mischāce
Off vertew than, exault thy salis on hie
Traistyng to chaip, that faitale destanie.

Trait ilk trew Barroun, as he war thy brother.
Quhilk mon at neid, the and thy realme defende
Quhen suddantlie one doith oppresse one vther
Lat Justice myxit with mercy thame amende

Haue thov thare hartis, thov hes yneuch to spēd
And be the contrar, thov arte bot kyng of bone
Frōe tyme thyne hereis hartis bene from ye gone

¶ I haue no laser, for to wryt at lenth.
Myne hole intent, ontyll thyne Excellence
Decressit so I am, in wyt and strenth
My mortall wounde, doith me sic violence
Peple of me, maye haue experience
Because allace, I wes Incounsolabyll
Now mon I dee, on Catyue myserabyll

☞ Heir Followis the Secunde Epistyl of the Papyngo, directit to hir Brether of Courte.

BRETHER of court, with mynd precordial
To the gret god, hartlie I cōmend zow
Imprent my fall, in zour memoriall
Togidder with this cedul yat I send zow
To preis ouer heych, I pray zow not pretend zow
The vaine ascens of court, quho wyll consydder,
Quho sittith moist hie, sal fynd ẏ sait most slidder

☞ So ze that now, bene lansyng vpe the ledder.
Tak tent in tyme, fassinnyng zour fingaris faste
Quho clymith moist heych, moist dynt hes of the
And leist defence, aganis the bitter blast (woder

Off fals fortune, quhilk takith neuer reſt
Bot moſte redouttit, daylie ſcho doun thryngis
Nocht ſparing Papis, Conquerours nor kyngis

Thocht ze be montit vpe abone the ſkyis.
And hes boith kyng, and court in gouernance
Sum was als heych, quhilk now rycht lawly lyis
Complanyng ſore, the courtis variance
Thare preterit tyme, may be experience {hie
Quhilk throuch vaine hope of courte did clym ſo
Syne wantit wyngis, quhē thay wend beſt to flie

Sen ilke court bene, vntraiſt and tranſitorie,
Cheangyng als oft, as woddercok in wynd
Sum maikand glaid, and vther ſum rycht ſorie
Formaſte this day, the morne may go behyind
Lat not vaine hope of court, zour reaſone blyind
Traiſt weill ſum mē, wyll gyf zow laud as lordis
Quhilk wald be glaid, to ſe zow hang in cordis

I durſt declare, the myſerabilitie.
Of diuers curtis, war nocht my tyme bene ſchort
The dreidfull cheange, vaine gloze, and vilitie
The painfull pleſour, as Poetis doith repozte
Sum tyme in hope, ſum tyme in diſconfozte
And how ſū mē dois ſpend, thair .L. zouthed haill
In court, ſyne endis in the hoſpytaill.

¶ Quhow sum in court, bene quyet counsalouris.
Without regarde, to commoun weill or kyngis
Castyng thare cure, for to be Conquestouris
And quhen thay bene, heych rasit in thare kyngis
How cheange of court pam dulfully doun thringis
And quhen thay bene krome thair estait deposit
Quhow mony of thare fall, bene rycht rciosit.

¶ And quhou konde kenzeit kulis and flatteraris
For small seruyce optenith gret rewardis
Pandaris, pykthankis, custronis and clatteraris
Loupis vp frõe laddis sine lychtis amang lardis
Blasphematours, beggaris, and cõmoun bardis
Sum tyme in court, hes moze auctozitie
Noz deuote Doccouris in Diuinitie.

Quhow in sum countre, bene barnes of Baliall.
Full of dissimilit paintit flatterrie
Prouocande be Intoxitat counsall
Prencis till huredome, and till hasardzie
Quho dois in Prencis prent sic harlotrie
I saye for me, sic peirte prouocatouris
Sulde puneist be, abuse all strang tratouris.

¶ Quhate trauers, troubyll and calamitie,
Haith bene in courte, within thir houndzeth zeris
Quhat mortall cheangis, quhat miseritie
Quhat nobyll men, bene brocht vpon thair beris
Trast weill my freinds, follow zow mõ zour feris

So ſen in court, bene no tranquillytie
Sett nocht on it ȝour hole fielycite.

The courte cheageith, ſumtyme with ſic outrage
That few or none, may makyng reſiſtance
And ſparis nocht the p̃ince, moꝛe than the paige
As weill apperith be experience
The Duke of Rothaſay, mycht mak no defence
Quhilk wes pertenand Roye of this regioun
Bot dulefully deuorit in p̃eſoun.

Quhat dꝛeid quhat dolour had that nobyll kyng
Robart the thꝛide, ſtrome tyme he knew the cace
Off his two Sonnis, dolente departyng
P̃ince Dauid deyid, and James captyue allace
Tyll trew Scottis mẽ, quhilk wes a cairful cace
Thus may ȝe knaw, the courte bene variand
Quhẽ blude ryall, the cheang may not gaueſtand

Quho rang in court, moꝛe hie and tryumphand.
Noꝛ Duke Murdoke, quhil that his day indurit
Was he nocht gret P̃otectour of Scotland
Zit of the court, he was nocht weill aſſurit
Itt cheangit ſo, his lang ſeruyce wes ſmurit
He and his Sonne, fair Walter but remede
Foꝛfaltit war and put to dulefull dede.

Kyng James the firſt, the patroun of p̃udence.
Gem of Ingyne, and peirll of polycie
Well of Juſtice, and flude of Eloquence

Quhose vertew, doith transcende my fantasie
For tyll discryue, zit quhen he stude moste hie
Be fals Exhorbitant conspiratoun
That prudent Prince, wes pietrouslie put doun.

¶ Als James the secunde, Roye of gret renoun.
Beand in his superexcelland gloze
Throuch reatles schuttyng of ane gret cannoun
The dolent deith, allace did hym deuoze
One thyng thair bene, of quhilk I maruell moze
That Fortune had, at hym sic mortall feid
Throuch fyftie thousand, to waill him by the heid

¶ My hart is peirst with panes for to pance.
Or wytt that courtis variatioun
Off James the thrid, quhen he had gouernance
The dolour, dreid, and desolatioun
The cheange of court, and conspiratioun
And quhow that Cochrame with his companye
That tyme in courte, clam so presumpteouslye

It had bene gude, tha beirnes had bene vnborne
Be quhome that nobyll Prince wes so abusit
Thay grew as did the weid abuse the corne
That prudent Lordis counsall wes refusit
And held hym quyet, as he had bene inclusit
Allace that Prince, be thare abusioun
Was fynalie brocht to confusioun.

¶ Thay clam so heych, and gat sic audience
And with thare Prince, grew so familiar
His Germane brother, mycht get no presence
The Duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar
Lyke baneist men, was haldin at the bar
Tyll in the kyng, thare grew sic mortall feid
He flemit the Duke, and patt the Erle to dede

Thus Cochrame, with his catyue companye
Forsit thame to flee, bot zit thay wantit federis
Abufe the heych Cederis, of Libanye
Thay clam so hie, tyll thay lape ouir yair ledderȝ
On lawder bryge, syne keppit wer in tedderȝ
Stranglit to deith, thay gat none vther grace
Thair king captyue, quhilk wes ane cairful cace

¶ Tyl putt in forme, that fait Infortunat.
And mortall cheange, perturbith myne ingyne
My wytt bene waik, my fyngaris faitegate
To dyte, or wryt, the rancour and rewyne
Te Ciuyll weir, the batttell Instetyne
How that the Sonne, with baner braid displayit
Agane the Fader, in battell come arrayit.

Wald god that prince had bene that day cõfortit
With sapience of the prudent Salomone
And wͥ ye strenth of strang Sampsone supportit
With the bauld oste, of gret Agamenone
Quhat suld I wys, remedie wes thare none

At moyne ane king, wt sceptour sweird and croun
Att ewin, ane dede dekoymit carioun.

Allace quhare bene, that rycht redoutit Roye.
That potent prince, gentyll king James ye feird
I pray to Chryste, his Saule for to conuoye
Ane greater nobyll, rang nocht in to the eird
O Atropus, warye we maye thy weird
For he wes myrrour, of humylitie
Lode sterne, and lampe of libiralytie.

Duryng his tyme, so Justice did preuaill.
The Sauage Iles, trymblit for terrour
Elsdale, Euisdale, Liddisdale, and Annerdale
Durste nocht rebell, doutyng his dyntis dour
And of his Lordis, had sic perfyte fauour
So for to schaw, that he aferit no fone
Out throuch his realme, he wald ryde hym alone

And of his court, throuch Europe spräg ye fame.
Off lustie Lordis, and lufesum Ladyis zing
Tryumphand tornayis iustyng & knychtly game
With all pastyme, accordyng for one kyng
Ye wes the glore, of princelie gouernyng
Quhilk throuch the ardent luke, he had to france
Agane Ingland, did moue his Ordinance

Off Flodoun feilde, the rewyne to rouolke,
Or that moste dolent daye for tyll deplore
I nyll for dreid, that dolour zow dissolfe

Schaw how that prince, in his tryumphād glore
Distroyit was, quhat nedeith proces more
Nocht be the vertew of Inglis ordinace
Bot be his awin wylfull mysgouernance.

Allace that daye, had he bene counsalabyll.
He had obtenit, laude, glore, and victorie
Quhose pieteous proces, bene so lamentabyll
I nyll at lenth, it put in memorie
I neuer red, in Tragidie nor storie
At one Journaye, so mony nobyllis slane
For the defence, and luke of thare Souerane.

¶ Now brether marke, in zour remembrance.
Ane Myrrour, of those mutabiliteis
So may ze knaw, the courtis inconstance
Quhen prencis bene, thus pullit frome thair seis
Efter quhose deith, quhat straynge aduersiteis
Quhat gret mysreule, in to this regioun rang
Quhē our zong prince could noder spek nor gang

During his tender zouthe, and innocence. (chāce
Quhat stouith, quhat raif, quhat murthur & mys
Thair wes not ellis, bot wrakyng of vengeance
In to that court thare rang sic variance
Diuers rewlaris, maid diuers ordinance
Sum tyme our Quene, rang in auctoritie
Sum tyme the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Sum tyme the realme, was reulit be regentis,
Sum tyme Lufetenentis, ledaris of the law
Than rang so mony Inobedientis
That few, or none, stude of ane vther aw
Oppressioun did so lowde his bugyll blaw'
That none durst ryde, bot in to feir of weir
Ioke vponeland, that tyme did mys his meir.

¶ Quho was moze heycht, in honour eleuate.
Noz was Margareit, our heych & mychie prince
Sic power, was to hir appzopziate
Off king and realme, scho wes gouernoz
Zit come one cheange, within ane schozte pzoces
That peirle pzeclare, that lusty plesand quene
Lang tyme durst nocht in to the court be sene

The Archebischop of sanctādzus James Betōn
Chancellare, and pzimate in power passozall
Clam nyrt the kyng, moste heych in this regioun
The ledder schuke, he lape and gat one fall
Auctozitie, noz power spirituall
Ryches, kreindschip, mycht not that tyme pzeuail
Quhen dame Curia, began to steir hi taill.

His heych pzudence pzeualit hym nocht ane myte
That tyme the courte, bair hym sic moztall feid
As pzesoneir, thay keipt hym in dispyte
And sum tyme wyst not, quhare to hyde his heid
Bot dissagyst, lyke Jhone the raik he raid

Had nocht bene hope, bair hym sic companye
He had bene stranglit, be malancolye

Quhat cummer & cair, wes in the court of france
Quhen kyng francose, wes takin presoneir
The Duke of Burboun, amyd his ordinance
Deit at ane straik, rycht bailfull brocht on beir
The court of Rome, that tyme rane all aureir
Quhē Pape Clement, wes put in strang presoun
The nobyll Citie, put to confusioun.

In Ingland, quho had greter gouernance
Nor thare tryumphand courtly Cardinall
The commoun weill, sum sayis he did auance
Be equale Justice, boith to gret and small
Thare wes no Prelate to hym paregall
Inglismen sayis, had he roung langer space
He had deposit Sanct Peter of his place

Quhis princely pompe, nor Papale grauitie.
His palyce ryall, rych, and radious
Nor zit the flude, of Superfluitie
Off his ryches, nor trauell tedious
Frome tyme dame Curia, held hym odious
Prevalit hym not, nor prudence moste profound
The ledder braik, and he fell to the ground.

Quhare bene the douchty Erlis of Dowglas
Quhilkis ryallie, in to this regioun rang
Forfalt and flane, quhat nedith moze proces

The Erle of Marche, wes merschellit yam amãg
Dame Curia thame dulefullie doun thrang
And now of lait, quho clam more heych amãg vs
Nor did Archebalde Umquhyle the Erle of An-
(gous.
Quho with his Prince wes more familiar.
Nor of his grace, had more auctoritie
Was he nocht gret Wardane, and chancellar
Zit quhen he stude vpon the heychest gre
Traistyng no thyng, bot perpetuitie
Was suddanlie deposit frome his place
Forfalt and flemit, he gat non vther grace

¶ Quharefor traist nocht in tyll auctoritie,
My deir brother, I praye zow hartfullie
Presume nocht in zour vaine prosperitie
Conforme zour traist, in God alluterlie
Syne serue zour Prince, wenteir hart trewlie
And quhen ze se the court, bene at the best
I counsall zow than, draw zow to zour rest

Quhare bene, the heych trysiphant court of troye
Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peris
Or Julius, that rycht redoutit Roye
Agamenone, moste worthy in his weris
To schaw thare fyne, my frayit hart aferis
Sum murdreist war, sum poysonit pieteouslie
Thare cairfull courtis, dispersit dulefullie.

¶ Traist weill thare is no constant court bot one
Quhar Christ bene kyng, quhose tyme itermina=
And heych tryũphant glore beis neuir gone (byll
That quyet court, myrthfull and Immutabyll
But variance standith aye, ferme and stabyll
Dissimilance, flattry, nor fals reporte
In to that court. sall neuer get resore.

Traist weill my freindis, this is no fenzeit fare
For quho that bene, in the extreme of dede
The veritie but doute, thay sulde declare
Without regarde, to fauour or to fede
Quhill ze haue tyme, deir brother mak remade
Adew for euer, of me ze get no more
Beseikand God, to bryng zow to his glore.

Adew Edinburgh, thow heych tryũphant toun
Within quhose boundis, rycht blythfull haue I
Off trew merchãdis, ẏ rute of this regiõn (bene
Moste reddy to resaue, court, king, and Quene,
Thy polecye, and Justice, may be sene
War deuotioun, wysedome, and honestie
And credence tynt, thay mycht be found in the

☞ Adew fair Snawdoun, with thy touris hie
Thy Chapell royall, Park, and tabyll rounde
May, June, and July, walde I dwell in the
War I one man, to heir the birdis sounde
Quhilk doith agane, thy royall roche redounde

Adew Lythquo, quhose palyce of plesance
Wycht be one patrone, in Portingall or France.

Fair weill Falkland, the forrtrace of fyke.
Thy polyte Park, vnder the lowmound law
Sum tyme in the, I led ane lustye lyfe
The fallow deir, to see thame raik on rawe
Courte men to cum to the, thay stand gret awe
Saynd thy burgh, bene of all burrowis baill
Because in the, thay neuer gat gude aill.

Heir Followis the commonyng betuix the Papingo. And hir holye Executouris.

THE Pye persauit the papingo in paine.
He lychtit doun and fenzeit him to greit
Sister said he, alace quho hes zow slane
I pray zow mak puisione for zour spreit
Dispone zour geir, and zow confes complett
I haue power be zour contritioun
Off all zour mys, to geue zour full remissioun

I am (said he) one Channoun regulare.
And of my brether Pryour principall
My quhyte rocket. my clene lyfe doith declare
The blak bene of the deith memoriall
Quharefor, I thynk zour gudis naturall
Sulde be submyttit hole, in to my cure
Ze knaw I am ane holye Creature.

The Reuin come rolpand, quhe he hard the raik
So did the Gled, with mony pietcous pew

And kenzeitlye thay contrakait gret cair
Syster (said thay) zour rakleſnes we rew
Now beſt it is, our Juſte counſall enſew.
Sen we pretend to heych promotioun
Religious men, of gret deuotioun

I am ane blak Monk, said the ruclande reuin
So said the gled, I am ane holy freir
And hes power to bryng zow quyke to heuin
It is weill knawin, my conſcience bene full cleir
The blak Bybill, pronunce I ſall perqueir
So tyll our brether, ze wyll geue ſum gude
God wat geue we hes neid of lyues fude.

The Pappyngo said, father be the rude,
Howbeit zour rayment be religious lyke
Zour conſcience, I ſuſpect be nocht gude
I did perſaue, quhen preuelye ze did pyke
Ane chekin frome ane hen, vnder ane dyke
I grant said he, that hen was my gude freind
And I that chekin tuke, bot for my teind.

Ze knawe the faith be ws mon be ſuſteind.
So be the Pope, it is preordinate
That ſpirituall me, ſuld leue vpon thair teind
Bot weill wat I, ze bene predeſtinate
In zour extreme to be ſo fortunate
To haue ſic holy conſultatioun
Quhatefore, we mak zow exhortatioun.

Sen dame Nature hes grantit zow sic grace
Layser to mak cofessioun generall
Schaw furth zour syn, in haist quhil ze haif space
Syne of zour geir, mak one memoriall
We thre sall mak zour festis funerall
And with gret blys, bury we sall zour bonis
Syne trentalls twenty, trattyll all at onis.

The reukis sall rair, that mē sall on thame rew
And crye, *Conmemoratio Animarum.*
We sall gar cheknis cheip, and geassyngis pew
Suppose the geis, and hennis suld crye alarum
And we sall serue, *Secundum Vsum Sarum.*
And mak zow saif, we fynd sanct Blase to borgh
Cryand for zow, the cairfull corrynogh.

¶ And we sall syng, about zour sepulture.
Sanct Mongois matynis, and the mekle creid
And syne deuotely saye, I zow assure
The auld Placebo bakwart, and the beid
And we sall weir for zow, the murnyng weid
And thocht zour spreit, with Pluto war profest
Deuotelie sall zour derigie. be addrest.

Father (said scho) zour facunde wordis fair.
Full sore I dreid, be contrar to zour dedis
The wyffis of the village, cryis with cair
Quhē yai psaue, zour muow ouirthort yar medis
Zour fals cōsait, boith duke, ⁊ draik sore dreidis

I maruell suithlie, ze be nocht eschamit
Fo; zour defaltis, beyng so defamit.

It dois abho;, my pure perturbit spe;it
Cyll mak to zow ony confessioun
I heir men saye, ze bene one Ypocrite
Exemptit frome, the senze and the sessioun
To put my geir, in zour possessioun
That wyll I nocht, so help me dame nature
No; of my co;ps, I wyll zow geue no cure

Bot had I heir, the nobyll Nychtingall.
The gentyll Ja, the Merle, and Turtur trew
My Obsequees, and feistis funerall
O;dour thay wald, with notis of the new
The pleisand Down, moste angellyke of hew
Wald god I wer, this daye with hym confest
And my deuyse, dewlie be hym add;est

The my;thfull Maueis, with the gay goldspink
The lustye Larke, wald god thay war p;esent
My info;tune, fo;suith thay wald fo;thing
And confo;te me, that bene so Impotent
The lwpkt Swallow, in p;attick moste p;udent
I wate scho wald, my bledyng stem belyue
With hir moste vertcous stone restringityue.

Compt me the cace, vnder confessioun
The Gled said, p;oudlye to the Papingo
And we sall lwrk, be our p;ofessioun

Counsall to keip, and schawit to no mo
We the beseik. or thow depart ws fro
Declare to ws, sum cauſis reasonabyll
Quhy, we bene haldin, so abhominabyll

☞ Be thy trauell, thow hes Experience.
First beand bred, in to the Orient
Syne be thy gude seruyce, and delygence
To Pyencis maid, heir in the Occident
Thow knawis the vulgare peppillis Jugement
Quhare thow transcurrit the hote Meridionall
Syne nyrt the Poull, the plage Septemtrionall

☞ So be thyne heych ingyne superlatyue
Off all countreis, thow knawis the qualiteis
Quharefore, I the conjure be God of lyue
The veritie declare, withouttin leis
Quhat thow hes hard, be landis or be seis
Off ws Kirkmen, both gude and euyll reporte
And quhod thay Juge, schaw ws we the exhorte

¶ Father said scho, I natyne Creature
Dar nocht presume, with sic mater to mell
Off zour cace, ze knaw I haue no cure
Demand thame quhilk, in prudence doth precell
I maye nocht pew, my panes bene so fell
And als perchance, ze wyll nocht stand content
To knaw, thy vulgare peppillis Jugement.

Zit wyll the deith, alyte withdrawe his darte.
All that lyis in my Memoryall
I ſall declare, with trew vnfenzeit hart
And firſt I ſaye, to zow in generall
The commoun peple ſayith, ze bene all
Degenerit frome zour holy prematyuis
As teſtyfeis the proces of zour lyuis.

Off zour peirles prudent predicessouris.
The beginnyng, I grant wes verray gude
Apoſtolis, Martyres, Virgines, Confeſſouris
The ſound of thair excellent Sanctitude
Was hard ouer all the warld be land and flude
Plantyng the faith, be Predicatioun
As Chriſte had maid to thame Narratioun.

To fortyfie the faith, thay tuke no feir.
Afore Prencis, precheing full prudentlie
Of dolorus deith, thay doutit nocht the deir
The veritie, declaryng feruentlie
And Martyrdome thay ſufferit patientlie
Thay tuke no cure of land, ryches nor rent
Doctryne and deid, war baith equeuolent.

To ſchaw at lenth, thair worris wer gret wundes
Thare myracklis, thay wer ſo manifeſt
In name of Chriſte, thay halit mony hounder
Raſyng the dede, and purgeing the poſſeſt
With peruerſt ſpretis, quhilks had bene oppreſt

The crukit ran, the blynd men gat thare Ene
The deiff men hard, the lypper war maid clene.

The Prelatis spowsit wer, with pouertie.
Those dayis, quhen so thay flurisit in fame
And with hir, generit Lady Chaistitie
And dame Deuotioun, notabyll of name
Humyll thay war, simpyll, and full of schame
Thus Chaistitie, and dame Deuotioun
War principall cause, of thare promotioun

Thus thay contynewit, in this lyfe deuyne.
Ay tyll thare rang, in Romes gret Cietie
Ane potent Prince, was namit Constantyne
Persauit the kirk, had spowsit pouertie
With gude intent, and mouit of pietie
Cause of Diuors, he fande betuix thame two
And partit thame, withouttin wordis mo.

Syne schortlie with ane gret solempnitie
Withouttin ony Dispensatioun
The kirk he spowsit, with dame Propirtie
Quhilk haistalye be proclamatioun
To pouertie gart mak narratioun
Under the pane of petrifying of hir eine
That with the kirk, scho sulde no more be seine.

Sanct Syluester, that tyme rang Pope in rome
Quhilk first consentit to the mariage
Off propirtie, the qnhilk began to blome

Taking on hir, the cure with heych corage
Deuotioun drew hir tyll one heremytage
Quhen scho considerit lady propirtie
So heych exaultit in to dignitie.

O Sylueſter, qnhare was thy diſcretioun,
Quhilk Peter did renounc, thow did reſaue
Androw, and Jhone, did leif thare poſſeſſioun
Thar ſchippis, & nettis, lynnes, and all the laue
Off tẽporall ſubſtance, no thing wald thay haue
Contrarius, to thare contemplatioun
Bot ſoberlye, thare ſuſtentatioun.

Jhone the Baptiſt, went to the wyldernes
Lazarus, Martha, and marie Magdalane
Left heretage, and guddis moꝛe and les
Prudent ſanct Paule, thocht propertie prophane
Frome toun, to toun, he ran in wynde and rane
Upon his feit, techeing the woꝛd of grace
And neuer was, ſubiectit to ryches.

The gled ſaid, ſit I heir no thyng bot gude
Proceid ſchortlye, and thy mater auance
The Happyngo ſaid, father be the rude
It wer to lang, to ſchaw the circumſtance
Quhow propertie, with hir new alyance
Grew gret with chylde, as trew men to me talde
And bure two dochteris, gudlie to behalde,

The eldest Dochter, named was ryches
The secunde Syster, Sensualytie
Quhilks did incres, within one schorte process
Perplesande to the Spiritualytie
In gret substance, and excellent bewtie
Thir Ladyis two, grew so within few zeris
That in the warld, wer nō mycht be thare peris.

This royall Ryches, and Lady Sensuall
Frome ȳ tyme furth, tuke hole the gouernance
Off the moste part, of the stait spirituall
And thay agane, with humyll obseruance
Amorously, thare wyttis did auance
As trew luffaris, thare ladyis for to pleis
God wate geue than, thare hartis war at Eis.

Soune thay forzet, to study, prayr, and preche.
Thay grew so subiect, to dame sensuall
And thocht bot paine, pure peppll for to teche
Zit thay decretit, in thare gret counsall
Thay wald no more, to mariage be thrall
Traistyng surely, tyll obserue Chastytie
And all begylit, quod Selualytie.

Apperandlye, thay did expell thare Wyffis.
That thay mycht leif at large, without thirlage
At libertie to lede, thare lustie lyffis
Thynkand men thrall, that bene in mariage
For new faces, prouokis new corage

Thus Chaistytie thay turne, in to delyte
Wantyng of Wyffis, bene cause of appetyte

¶ Dame Chaistitie, did steill away for schame
Frome tyme scho did, persaue thare prouidance
Dame Sensuall, one letter gart proclame
And hir exilit Italy, and France
In Inglande, couthe scho get none ordinance
Than to the kyng, and courte of Scotlande
Scho markit hir, withouttin more demande.

¶ Traistyng in to that court, to get confort.
Scho maid hir humyll supplycatioun
Schortlye thay said, scho suld get na support
Bot bostit hir, with blasphematioun
To preistis go mak, your protestatioun
It is said thay, mony one houndreth zeir
Sen Chaistitie, had ony entres heir.

¶ Tyrit for trauell, scho to the preistis past.
And to the rewlaris of religioun
Off hir presens, schortlye thay war agast
Sayand thay thocht, it bot abusioun
Hir to resaue, so with conclusioun
With one auyce, decretit and gaue dome
Thay walde resset, no Rebell out of Rome

Suld we rasaue, that Romanis hes refusit
And baneist Inglande, Italye, and France
For your flattrye, than wer we weill abusit

Walle hyne ſaid thay, and faſt 3our waye auance
Amang the Nonnis, go ſeik 3our ordinance
For we haue maid aith, of fidelytie
To dame Ryches, and Senſualytie.

Than pacientlȳ, ſcho maid progreſſioun.
Towarde the Nonnis, with hart ſyching ful ſore
Thay gaik hir preſens, with proceſſioun
Reſſauand hir, with honour, laud, and gloze
Purpoſyng, to preſerue hir euer more
Off that nouellis, come to dame Propertie
To Ryches, and to Senſualytie.

Quhilks ſped thame at the poſt rycht ſpedalye,
And ſett ane ſeage, proudlye about the place
The ſillye Nonnis, did 3eild thame haiſtelye
And humlye of that gylt, aſkit grace
Syne gaue thair bandis of perpetuall peace
Reſſauand thame, thay keſt vp wykket3 wyde
Than Chaiſtytie, walde no langer abyde

SO for refuge, faſt to the treris ſcho fled
Quhilks ſaid thay wald of ladyis tak no cure
Quhare bene ſcho now, than ſaid the gredy gled
Nocht amang 3ow, ſaid ſcho I 3ow aſſure
I traiſt ſcho bene, vpon the bo3row mure
Beſouth Edinburgh, and that rycht mony menis
Profeſt amang the Syſteris of the ſchenis.

☞ Thare hes scho found, hir mother Pouertie.
And Deuotioun, hir awin syster carnall
Thare hes scho found, faith, hope and charitie
Togidder with the verteous Cardinall
Thare hes scho found, ane Conuent zit vnthrall
To dame Sensuall, nor with ryches abusit
So quietlye, those ladyis bene Inclusit.

The Pyote said, I dreid be thay assailzeit.
Thay rander thame, as did the holy Nonnis
Doute nocht said scho, for thay bene so artalzeit
Thay purpose to defend thame ẇ thair gounnis
Reddy to schute, thay haue sar gret Cannounnis
Perseuerance, Constance, and Conscience
Austerytie, Laubour, and Abstynance.

¶ To resyste, subtell Sensualytie.
Strongly thay bene, enarmit feit and handis
Be abstynence, and keipith pouertie
Contrar ryches, and all hir fals seruandis
Thay haue ane Boumbard, braissit vp in bandis
To keip thare porte, in myddis of thare clois
Quhilk is callit; *Domine custodi nos.*

Within quhose schote thare dar no Enimeis
Approche thare place, for dreid of dyntis doure
Boith nycht and daye, thay wyrk lyke desye beis
For thare defence, reddye to stand in stoure
And hes sic watcheis, on thare vtter toure

That dame Sensual, with seage dar not assailze
Noz cum within, the schote of thare artailze.

The Pyote said, quhareto sulde thay pzesume.
Foz to resyste, sweit Sensualytie
Oz dame ryches, quhilkz reularis bene in Rome
Ar thay moze constant, in thare qualytie
Noz the pzencis, of Spiritualytie
Quhilkis plesandlye, withouttin obstaikle
Haith thame resaut, in thare habitakle.

Quhow lang traist ze, those ladyis sall remane
So solyter, in sic perfectioun
The Papingo said, bzother incertane
So lang as thay, obey cozrectioun
Cheisyng thare heddis, be electioun
Unthzall to ryches, oz to pouertie
Bot as requyrith, thare necessitie.

O pzudent pzelatis, quhare was zour pscians
That tuke on hand, tyll obserue Chaistytie
But austeir lyfe, laubour, and abstenance
Persaut ze nocht, the gret pzosperitie
Apperandlye, to cum of pzopertie
Ze knaw gret cheir, gret eais and Ydelnes
To Lychozie, was mother and maistres.

Thow rauis vnrockit, the rauin said be the rude
So to tepzoue, ryches, oz pzopertie
Abzaham, and Ysaac, war ryche and berry gude

Jacobe, and Josephe, had prosperitie
The Papingo said, that is verytie
Ryches I grant, is nocht to be refusit
Prouidyng alwaye, it be nocht abusit

Than said the Rauin, one replycatioun.
Syne said thy reasone, is nocht worth ane myte
As I sall preue, with protestatioun
That no man tak, my wordis in dispyte
I saye, the temporall Prencis hes the wyte
That in the kirk, sic Pastours dois prouyde
To gouerne saulis, yat not tham selfis can gyde

Lang tyme efter the kirk tuke propertie
The Prelatis leuit in gret perfectioun
Unthrall to Ryches, or Sensualytie
Under the holy Spreitis protectioun
Orderlye chosin, be electioun
As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustyne
Benedic, Barnerd, Clement, Cleit, and Lyne.

Sic pactent Prelatis, enterit be the porte
Plesand the peple, be predicatioun
Now dyke lowparis, dois in the kirk resort
Be Symonie, and supplycatioun
Off Prencis, be thare presentatioun
So sillye Saulis, that bene Christis scheip
Ar geuin to hungre gormande wolfis to keip

No maruell is, thocht we Religious men
Degenerit be, and in our lyke confusit
Bot sing, and drynk, none vther crakt we ken
Our Spirituall Fatheris, hes vs so abusit
Agane our wyll, those treuthouris bene intrusit
Lawit men hes now, religious men in curis
Prokest Virgenis, in keipyng of strong huris.

Prencis preucis, quhar bene zour heych prudence
In dispositioun, of zour Beneficeis
The guerdonyng, of zour Courticience
Is sum cause of, thir gret Enormyteis
Thare is one sorte, watand lyke houngre fleis
For spirituall cure, thocht thay be no thing abyll
Quhose gredie thristis, bene Insatiabyll.

Prencis, I pray zow be no more abusit.
To verteous men hauyng so small regarde
Quhy sulde vertew, throuch flattrye be refusit
That men for cunnyng, can get no rewarde
Allace that euer one braggar, or ane barde
Ane hure maister, or commoun hasarture
Sulde in the kirk, get ony kynde of cure

War I one man, worthy to weir ane croun
Aye quhen thare vakit ony beneficeis
I suld gar call, ane Congregatioun
The principall, of all the prelateis
Moste counnyng clerkis, of Vniuersiteis

Moste famous fatheris, of religioun
With thare aduyse, mak dispositioun.

I sulde dispone, all offices Pastorallis.
Tyll Doctours of deuynitie or Iure
And cause dame Vertew, pull vp all hir salis
Quhen counnyng men, had in ye kirk moist cure
Gar Lordis send, thare sonnes I zow assure
To seik science, and famous sculis frequent
Syne thame promoue, that war moste sapient

Gret plesour war, to heir ane Byschope preche.
One Dane, or Doctour, in Diuinitie
One Abbote, quhilk could weill his cõuent teche
One Persoun, flowyng in Phylosophie
I tyne my tyme, to wys quhilk wyll nocht be
War nocht the precheing, of the beggyng freris
Tynt war the faith, amang the Seculeris.

As for thare precheing, quod the Papingo
I thame excuse ⁊ for quhy, thay beue so thrall
To Propertie, and hir ding Dochteris two
Dame Ryches, and fair lady Sensuall
Thay may nocht vse, no pastyme spirituall
And in thare habitis, thay tak sic delyte
Thay haue renuncit, russat, and roploch quhyte

Cleikand to thame, skarlote, and Crammosie.
With Meneuer, martrik, Grice, ⁊ ryche armyne
Thare lawe hartis, exaultit ar so hie

To see thare Papale pompe, it is ane pyne
More ryche arraye, is now with frenzeis fyne
Upon the bardyng, of ane Byscheopis Mule
Nor euer had Paule, or Peter agane zule.

Syne fair ladyis, thare Chene may not eschape
Dame Sensuall so, sic seid haith in tham sawin
Les skaith it war, with lycence of the Pape
That ilke Prelate, one Wyfe had of his awin
Nor se thar bastardis, ouirthort ẏ cuntre blawin
For now be thay, be weill cumin frome ẏ sculis
Thay fall to work, as thay war commoun bullis

PEw quod the gled, thow prechis all in vaine.
ze Seculare floks, hes of our cace no curis
I grant said scho, zit men wyll speik agane
Quhow ze haif maid a hundreth thousand huris
Quhilk ȝ neuir hade bene, war not zour lychorus
And geue I lee, hartlye I me repent (luris
Was neuer Bird, I watt more penitent.

Than scho hir schraue, w̄ deuote contynance
To that fals gled, quhilk fenzeit hym one freir
And quhen scho had, fulfyllit hir pennance
Full subtellye at hir, he gan inqueir
Cheis zow said he, quhilk of ws brether heir
Sall haue of all zour naturall geir the curis
Ze knaw none bene, more holye creaturis.

I am content, quod the pure Papingo.
That ze kreir Gled, and cozby monk zour brother
Haue cure of all my guddis, and no mo
Sen at this tyme, freindschip I fynd non vther
We salbe to zow trew, as tyll our Mother
Quod thay, and sweir, tyll fulfyll hir intent
Off that said scho, I tak ane Instrument.

The Pyote said, quhat sall myne office bee.
Quirman said scho, vnto the tother two
The rowpand Reuin, said sweit syster lat se
Zour holy intent, foz it is tyme to go
The gredie gled said, brother do nocht so
We wyll remane, and haldin vp hir hede
And neuer depart frome hir, tyll scho be dede

The Papingo, thame thankit tenderlye.
And said, sen ze haue tane on zow this cure
Depart myne naturall guddis equalye
That euer I had, oz hes of dame Nature
First to the Howlet, Indegent and pure
Quhilk on the daye, foz schame dar nocht be sene
Tyll hir I laik, my gaye galbarte of grene.

My brycht depurit Ene, as chrystall cleir.
On to the Bak, ze sall thame baith present
In Phebus presens, quhilk dar nocht appeir
Off naturall sycht, scho bene so Impotent
My birneist beik, I laik with gude entent

Onto to the gentyll, pieteous Pillycane
To helpe to peirs, hir tender hart in twane

I laik the Goik, quhilk hes no sang bot one.
My musyke, with my voce Angelycall
And to the Guse, ze geue quhen I am gone
My Eloquence, and toung Rethoricall
And tak and dype, my bones gret and small
Syne close thame in, one cais of Ebure fyne
And thame present, onto the Phenix syne.

To birne with hir quhen scho hir lyke renewis
In Arabye, ze sall hir fynde but weir
And sall knaw hir, be hir moste heuinly hewis
Gold, Asure, Gowles, Purpour, and Synopeir
Hir dait is for to leik, fyue houndreth zeir
Mak to that bird, my commendatioun
And als I mak zow supplycatioun

Sen of my corps, I haue zow geuin the cure.
Ze speid zow to the court but tareyng
And tak my hart, of perfyte portrature
And it present, onto my Souerane kyng
I wat he wyll it cleis, in to one tyng
Commande me to his grace, I zow exhorte
And of my passioun mak hym trew reporte.

Ze thre my trypes, sall haue for zour trauell
With lusker and lowng, to part equale amang zow
Prayand Pluto, the potent prince of hell

Geue ze kaisze, that in his keit he kang zow
Be to me trew, thocht I no thyng belang zow
Soze I suspect, zour conscience be to large
Doute nocht said thay, we tak it with the charge.

Adew bzether, quod the pure Papingo.
To talking moze, I haue no tyme to tarye
Bot sen my spzeit, mon fra my body go
I recommend it to the quene of farye
Eternallye, in tyll hir court to carye
In wyldernes, among the holtis hoze
Than scho inclynit hir hed, and spak no moze.

Plungit in tyll hir moztall passioun.
Full greuouslie, scho gryppit to the ground
It war to lang to mak narratioun
Off sychis soze, with mony stang and stound
Out of hir wound, the blude did so abound
One coumpas round, was vñ hir blude maid reid
Without remaid, thare wes no thyng bot dede.

And be scho had, *In Manus tuas* said.
Extinctit wer, hir naturall wyttis fyue
Hir hed full softlye, on hir schulder laid
Syne zaild the spzeit, with panes pungityue
The Rauin began, rudely to ruge and tyue
Full gozmondlyke, his emptie thzote to feid
Eatt softlye bzother said the gredy gled.

Quhill scho is hote, depart hir ewin amang ws.
Tak thow one half, and reik to me ane vther
In tyll our tycht, I wat no wycht dar wrang ws
The Pyote said, the feinde resaue the fouther
Quhy mak ze me stepbarne, and I zour brother
Ze do me wrang schir gled, I schrew zour harte
Tak thare said he, the puddyngis for thy parte.

Than wyt ze weill, my hart wos wounder sair
For to behalde, that dolent departyng
Hir Angell feddaris, fleyng in the air
Except the hart, was left of hir no thyng
The Pyote said, this pertenith to the kyng
Quhilk tyll his grace, I purpose to present
Thow quod the gled, sall faill of thyne entent.

The Rauin said, god nor I rax in ane raipe.
And thow get this, tyll other kyng or duke
The Pyote said, plene I nocht to the pape
Than in ane smedie, I be smorit with smuke
With that the gled, the pece claucht in his cluke
And fled his way, the laue with all thare mycht
To cheace the gled, flew all out of my sycht.

Now haue ze hard, this lytill Tragedie.
The sore complent, the testament & mylchance
Off this pure Bird, quhilk did ascend so hie
Beseikand zow, excuse myne Ignorance
And rude indyte, quhilk is nocht tyll auance

And to the quair, I geue commandiment
Mak no repair, quhare Poetis bene preſent

Becauſe thow bene, but Rethorike ſo rude
Be neuer ſene, beſyde none vther buke
With Kyng nor Quene, wᵗ Lord nor mā of gude
With coit one vnclene, clame kyndent to ſū cuke
Steil in ane nuke, quhen thay lyſte on the luke
For ſmell of ſmuke, men wyll abhor to beir the
Heir I manſweir the, quhairfor to lurke go leir
(the.

FINIS.

Heir follouis the

Dreme, of Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the mont, Familiar Seruitour, to our Souerane Lord Kyng James the Fyft. &c.

THE EPISTIL.

Rycht Potent Prince, of hie Imperial blude
Onto thy grace, I traist it be weill knawin
My seruyce done, onto thy Celsitude
Quhilk nedis nocht, at lenth for to be schawin
And thocht my zouthed now be neir ouer blawin
Excerst in seruyce, of thyne Excellence
Hope hes me hecht, ane gudlie recompence.

Quhen thow wes zoung, I bure ẏ in myne arme
Full tenderlie, tyll thow begouth to gang
And in thy bed, oft happit the full warme
With lute in hand, syne sweitlie to the sang
Sumtyme in dansing, feiralie I flang
And sumtyme playand fairsis on the flure
And sumtyme on myne office, takkand cure.

And sumtyme lyke ane feind transfegurate.
And sumtyme lyke the greillie gaist of gye
In diuers formis, oft tymes disfigurate
And sumtyme dissagyis full plesandlye
So sen thy birth, I haue continewalye
Bene occuppit, and aye to thy plesoure
And sumtyme seware, Coppare and Caruoure.

Thy purs maister, and secreit Thesaurare.
Thy Yschare aye, sen thy Natyuitie
And of thy chalmer cheiffe Cubiculare
Quhilk to this houre, hes keipit my lawtie
Louyng be to the blyssit Trynitie
That sic ane wracheit worme, hes maid so habyll
Tyll sic ane Prince, to be so greabyll.

Bot now thoh artte be Influence naturall
Hie of Ingyne, and rycht Inquisityue
Off antique storeis, and dedis marciall
Moze plesandlie, the tyme forsyll ouerdryue
I haue at leuth, the storeis done discryue
Off Hectour, Arthour, and geutyll Julyus
Off Alexander, and worthy Pompeyus.

Off Jasone, and Media, all at lenth.
Off Hercules, the actis honorabyll
And of Sampsone, the supernaturall strenth
And of leill Luckaris, storeis amiabyll
And oft tymes haue I keinzeit mony fabyll

Off Troylus, the ſorrow and the Joye
And Seigis all, of Tyir, Thebes, and Troye.

The Prophiſeis of Kynnour, Beid, & Marlyng.
And of mony vther pleſand ſtorye
Off the reid Etin, and the gyir carlyng
Conforȝand the, quhen that I ſawe the ſorye
Now with the ſupporte, of the king of glorye
I ſall the ſchaw ane ſtorye of the new
The quhilk affore, I neuer to the ſchew

Bot humilie I beſeik, thyne Excellence.
With ornate termes, thocht I can nocht exprȝes
This ſempyll mater, for laik of Eloquence
Zit nocht withſtandyng, all my buſynes
With hart and hand, my mynd I ſall adrȝes
As I beſt can, and moſte compendious
Now I begyn, the mater haputt thus.

THE PROLONG.

IN to the Calendis of Januarie.
Quhen freſche Phebus, be mouyng circulair
Frome Capricorne, wes enterit in Aquarie
With blaſtis, that the brȝanchis maid full bair
The ſnaw, and ſleit, perturbit all the air
And flemit Flora, frome euery bank and bus
Throuch ſupporte, of the auſteir Eolus.

Off.

¶ Eftir that I, the lang wynteris nycht.
Hade lyne walking, in to my bed allone
Thrauch heuy thocht, that no way ſleip I mycht
Remembryng of diuers thyngis gone
So vp I roſe, and clethit me anone
Be this fair Tytane, with his lemis lycht
Ouer all the land, had ſpred his baner bryght.

¶ With cloke and hude, I dreſſit me belyue
With dowbyll ſchone, & wyttanis on my handis
Howbeit the air, wes rycht penitratyue
Zit fure I furth, lanſing ouirthorte the landis
Towarte the ſee, to ſchorte me on the ſandis
Becauſe vnblomit was, baith bank and brayc
And ſo as I was paſſing be the wayc.

☞ I met dame Flora, in dule weid diſſagyſit.
Quhilk in to May, wes dulce and delectabyll
With ſtalwart ſtromes, hir ſweitnes wes ſuppriſit
Hir heuynlie hewis, war turnit in to ſabyll
Quhilks vmquhyle war to luffars amiabyll
Fled frome the froſte, the tender flouris I ſaw
Under dame Naturs mantyll, lurking law.

¶ The ſmall fowlis, in flokkis law I fler.
To Nature makand gret lamentatioun
Thay lychtit doun, beſyde me on ane tree
Off thare complaynt, I hade compaſſioun:
And with ane pieteous exclamatioun.

Thay said blyssit be Somer, with his flouris
And wacyit be thow wynter, with thy schouris.

¶ Allace Aurora, the syllie Larke can crye,
Quhare hes thow left, thy balmy lyquour sweit
That vs reiosit, we mountyng in the skye
Thy syluer droppis, at curalt in to sleit
O fair Phebus, quhare is thy hoilsum heit
Quhy tholis thov, thy heuinlie plesand face
With mystie vapouris, to be obscurit allace

Quhar art thov May, w June, thy syster schene
Weill bordourit with dasyis of delyte
And gentyll Julet, with thy mantyll grene
Enamilit with rosis, reid and quhyte
Now auld and cauld Janeuar in dispyte
Reiffis frome vs, all pastyme and plesoure
Allace quhat gentyll hart, may this Indure.

¶ Ouersylit ar with cloudis odious.
The goldin skyis, of the orient
Cheangeyng in sorrow, our sang melodious
Quhilk we had wount to sing with gude intent
Resoundand to the heuinnis firmament
Bot now our daye, is cheangit in to nycht
With that thay rais, & flew furth out of my sycht

Pensyue in hart, passing full soberlie.
Onto the see, fordwart I fure anone
The see was furth, the sand wes smoith, & dryye

Than vp and doun, I musit wyne alone
Tyll that I spyit, ane lytill Caue of stone
Heych in ane craig, vpwart I did approche
But tarying, and clam vp in the Roche

And purposit, for passing of the tyme.
Me to defende frome Ociositie
With pen and paper to Regester in ryme
Sum mery mater, of Antiquitie
Bot Idelnes, ground of iniquitie
Scho maid so dull, my spretis me within
That I wyste nocht, at quhat end to begin.

Bot satt styll in that coue, quhare I mycht se.
The woltryng of the wallis vp and doun
And this fals wardlis Instabilytie
Unto that sey, makkand comparisoun
And of the wardlis wracheit variasoun
To thame that fixis, all thare hole intent
Considdryng quho moste had, suld moste repent

So with my hude, my hede I happit warme
And in my cloke, I fauldit boith my feit
I thocht my corps with cauld, suld tak no harme
My mittanis, held my handis weill in heit.
The skowland craig, me couerit frome the sleit
Thare styll I satt, my bonis for to rest
Tyll Morpheus with sleip, my spreit opprest

So throw the boustious blastis of Eolus
And throw my walkyng, on the nycht before
And throuch the seis mouyng maruellous
Be Neptunus, with mony route and rore
Constranit I was, to sleip withouttin more
And quhat I dremit in conclusioun
I sall zow tell ane maruellous visioun.

☞ FINIS.

WHEIR ENDIS THE PROLONG.
And Followis the Dreme.

E thocht ane lady of portratour pfyte
Did salus me, w̄ benyng contynance
And I quhilk of hir p̄sens had delyte
Tyl hir agane maid humyl reuerence
And hir demandit, sauyng hir plesance
Quhat wes hir name, scho answerit courtesly
Dame Remembrance, scho said, callit am I.

Quhilk cummyng is, for pastyme and plesoure.
Off the, and for to beir the companye
Because I se thy spreit withoute mesoure
So sore perturbit be malancolye
Causyng thy corps, to varin cauld and drye
Tharefor get vp, and gang anone with me
So war we boith, in twynkling of ane Ee.

Doun throw the eird, in myddis of the centeir.
Ouer I wyste, in to the laweſt hell
In to that cairfull coue, quhen we did enter
Zowlyng and zowlyng, we hard with mony zell
In flame of fyre, rycht furious and fell
Was cryand mony cairfull creature
Blaſphemand God, and waryand nature

Thare ſawe we diuers Papis and Empriouris.
Withoute recouer, mony cairfull kyngis
Thare ſawe we mony wangous Conquerouris
Withouttin rycht, reiffaris of vtheris tyngis
The men of kirk, lay boundin in to byngis
Thare ſaw we mony cairfull Cardinall
And Archebiſchopis, in thare pontificall.

Proude and peruerſ Prelatis, out of nummer.
Priouris, Abbottis, and fals flattrand freris
To ſpecifye thame all, it wer ane ciummer
Regulare chānonis, churle monkis, & chartarers
Curious clerkis, and preiſtis ſeculeris
Thare was ſum part, of ilk Religioun
In haly kirk, quhilk did abuſioun.

Than I demandit dame Remembrance.
The cauſe of thir Prelattis punyſioun
Scho ſaid the cauſe, of thare vnhappy chance
Was Couatyce, Luſte, and ambuſioun
The quhilk nowgarris thame want fruitioun

Off God, and heir eternallie man dwell
In to this painefull poysonit pytt of hell.

Als thay did nocht instruct the Ignozent,
Pzouocand thame to pennence, be pzecheing
Bot seruit wardlie Pzencis insolent
And war pzomouit, be thare kenzett kiecheing
Nocht koz thare science, wysedome noz techeing
Be Symonie, was thare pzomotioun
Moze koz deneris, noz koz deuotioun.

¶ And vther cause, of the punysioun.
Off thir vnhappy pzelattis Impzudent
Thay maid nocht equale distributioun
Off haly kirk, the Patrimonie and rent
Bot tempozallie, thay haue it all mispent
Quhilkis suld haue bene tryppartit in to thze
First to vphauld the kirk in honestie.

The secunde part, to sustene thare aistatis
The thzid part, to be gewin to the puris
Bot thay disponethat geir, all vther gattis
On cartis, and dyce, on harlotrie, and huris
Thir catyuis tuke no compt of thair awin curis
Thare kirkis rewin, thare ladyis clenely cled
And rychelye rewlit boith at burde and bed.

Thare bastarde barnis, pzoudely thay pzouydit.
The kirk geir largelye, thay did on thame spende
In thare dikaltis, thare subdetis wer misgydit

And comptit nocht thare God, for till offend
Quhilk gart tham want grace at thair letter end
Rewland that rowte, I sawe in Capis of Bras
Symone Magus, and bischope Cayphas.

Bischope Annas, and the treatour Judas.
Machomete, that Prophett poysonabyll
Chore, Dathan, and Abirone thare was
Hereryis we sawe vnnumerabyll
It wes ane sycht, rycht wounderous lamentabyl
Quhow that thay lay, in to tha flammis fletyng
With cairfull cryis, girnyng and greityng

Religious men, wer punyste panefullie.
For vaine gloze, als for Inobedience
Brekand thare constitutionis wylfullie
Nocht haikand thare Quermen in reuerence
To knaw thare rewle, thay maid no delygence
Unleifsumlie, thay vsit property
Passing the boundis of wylfull pouertie.

Full soze weyyng, with vocis lamentabyll.
Thay cryit lowde, O Empriour Constantyne
We may wyit thy possessioun poysonabyll
Off all our gret punysioun and pyne
Quhowbeit thy purpose was, till ane gude fyne
Thow banciſt frome ws, trew deuotioun
Haikand sic Ee, till our promotioun.

Than we beheld ane den full dolorous.

Quhare that Prencis and lordis temporall
War Cruciate with panis regorous
Bot to expreme thare panis in speciall
It dois exceid all my memoriall
Importabyll paine, thay had but confortyng
Thare blude royall, maid thame no supportyng.

Sum catyue kyngis, for creuell oppressioun.
And vther sum, for thare wrangus conquest
War condampnit, thay and thare Successioun
Sum for publict adultrye, and incest
Sum leit thare peple neuer leif in rest
Delyting so, in plesour sensuall
Quharefor thare paine, was thare perpetuall

☞ Thare was the cursit Empriour Nero.
Off euerilk vice, the horrabyll weschell
Thare was Pharo, with diuers Prencis mo
Oppressouris of the barnis of Israell
Herode, and mony mo, than I can tell
Ponce Pylat was thare, hangit be the hals
With vniuste Jugis, for thare sentence fals.

Dukis, Merquessis, Erlis, Barronis knychtis
With thay Prencis, wer punyst panefullie
Partycipant thay wer, of thare vnrychtis
Fordwarte we went, and leit thir Lordis lye
And sawe quhare ladyis lamentabyllie
Lyke wod Lyonis, cairfullie cryand
In flam of fyre, rycht furiouslie fryand.

Emprices, Quenis, and ladyis of honouris
Mony Duches, and Comptas, full of cair
Thay peirsit myne hart, thay tender creaturis
So pynit in that pytt, full of dispare
Plungit in paine, with mony reuthfull rair
Sum for thare pryde, sum for Adultrye
Sum for thare tyisting men to Lechorye.

Sum had bene creuell, and malicius
Sum for making of wrangous heretouris
For to rehers, thare lyffis vitious
It wer bot tarye, to the auditouris
Off Lychorye, thay wer the verray luris
With thare prouocatyue Impudicitie
Brocht mony ane man, to Infelicitie.

Sum wemen for thare pussillamytie
Ouerset wt schame, thay did thame neuer schryue
Off secreit Synnis, done in quietie
And sum repentit neuer in thare lyue
Quhairfor but reuth. tha ruffeis did thame ryue
Regorustie withoute compassioun
Gret was thare dule, and lamentatioun

That we wer maid, thay cryit oft allace.
Thus Tormentit with panis Intollerabyll
We mendit nocht, quhen we had tyme aud space
Bot tuke in eird, our lustis delectabyll
Quharfor with feindis vgly and horrabyll

We ar condampnit, for euer more allace
Eternalie, withouttin hope of grace.

¶ Quhare is the meit, and drynke delicious.
With quhilk we fed, our catkull cartounis
Gold, syluer, sylk, with peirlis precious
Our ryches, rentis, and our possessionis
Withouttin hope, of our remissionis
Allace our panis ar, Insufferabyll
And our tormentis to compt Innumirabyll.

¶ Than we beheld, quhare mony ane thousand.
Comoun peple laye klichtrand in the fyre
Off euerilk stait, thare was ane baikfull band
Thare mycht be sene, mony sorrowfull syre
Sum for Inuy sufferit, and sum for yre
And sum for laik of restitutioun
Off wrangous geir, without remissioun.

Wanswone marchandis, for par wrangus winning
Hurdaris of gold, and commoun Occararis
Fals men of Law, in Cautelis rycht cunning
Theikis, reuaris, and publict oppressaris
Sum part thair was, of vnleill Laubararis
Craftismen thair saw we out of nummer
Off ilke stait to declare, it wer ane cummer.

¶ And alslangsum to me, for tyll Indyte.
Off this presoun, the panis in speciall
The heit, the calde, the dolour and dispyte

Quharefor I ſpeik of thame in generall
That dully den, that furneis Infernall
Quhoſe reward is rew, without remede
Euer deyand, and neuer to be dede.

Younger and thrist, in steid of meit and drynk.
And for thare clething, tadis and Scorpionis
That myrke Mansioun, is tapessit with stynk
Thay se bot horrayll visionis
Thay heir bot scrone and derysionis
Off foule feindis, and blasphemationis
Thare keillyng is, Imporrabyll passionis

For melody, miserabyll murnyng.
Thare is na solace, bot dolour Infinyte
In baitfull beddis, bitterlye burnyng
With sobbyng, sychyng, sorrow and with syte
Thare conscience thare hartis so did byte
To heir thame flyte, it was ane cace of cair
So in dispyte, plugeit in to dispair

A lytill aboue, that dolorous doungeoun.
We enterit in, ane countre full of cair
Quhare that we saw, mony ane legioun
Greitand and gowland, with mony reuthful rair
Quhat place is this, quod I, of bliss so bair
Scho answerit (and said) Purgatorye
Quhilk purgis Saulis, or thay cum to glorye.

¶ I se no pleſour heir, bot mekle paine.
Quharefor (ſaid I) leik we this ſorte in thrall
I purpoſe neuer, to cum heir agane
Bot zit I do beleue, and euer ſall
That the trew kirk, can no waye erre at all
Sic thyng to be, gret Clerkis dois conclude
Quhowbeit my hope, ſtandis moſt in criſtis blud

¶ Abuke that, in the thrid preſoun anone.
We enterit in, ane place of perditione
Quhare mony babbis war, makand drery mone
Becauſe thay wantit the fruitioun
Off God, quhilk was ane gret punytioun
Off Baptiſme, thay wantit the Inſenze
Upwart we went, and left that myrthles menze.

In tyll ane bolt, abone that place of paine
Unto the quhilk, but ſudgeorne we aſcendit
That was the Lymbe, in the quhilk did remaine
Our Forefatheris, becauſe Adam offendit
Etand the fruit, the quhilk was defendit
Mony ane zeir, thay dweit in that doungeoun
In myrknes, and in deſolatioun.

Than throuch the erth, of nature cauld and dry.
Glaid to eſchaip, thoſe places parrelous
We haiſtit ws, ryeht wounder ſpedalye
Zit we beheld, the ſecretis marueillous
The Wynis of gold, and ſtonis precious

Of fyluer, and of euerilk fyne metteil
Quhilk to declare, it wer ouer lang to dwell.

Up throuch the walter, schortlie we Intendit
Quhilk Inuirons the erth, withouttin doute
Syne throw the air, schortlie we ascendit
His Regionis throuch, behaldyng in and out
Quhilk erth, and walter, clolis round aboute
Syne schortlie vpwarte, throw the fyre we went
Quhilk wes the hiest, and hotest Eliment.

Quhen we had all, thir Elimentis ouer past.
That is to saye, Erth, walter, air, and fyre
Upwart we went, withouttin ony rest
To se the Heuynnis, was our maist desyre
Bot or we mycht wyn, to the heuin Impyre
We behuffit to passe, the way full ewin
Up throuch the Speris, of the Planetis schwin.

First to the Mone, and besyt all hir speir.
Quene of the see, and bewtie of the nycht
Of nature wak, and cauld, and no thyng clere
For of hir self, scho hes none vther lycht
Bot the reflex, of Phebus bemes bycht
The twelf lingnis, scho passis rounde aboute
In aucht and twenty dayis withouttin doute

Than we ascendit to Mercurious.
Quhilk Poetis callis god of Eloquence
Rycht Doctourlyke, with termes delicious

In arte exparte, and full of sapience
It wes plesour to pans on his prudence
Payntours, Poetis, ar subiect to his cure
And hote, and dry, he is of his nature.

And als as cunnyng Astrologis sayis.
He dois compleit his cours naturallie
In thre houndreth, and aucht and thretty dayis
Syne vpwart we ascendit haistelye
To fair Venus, quhare scho rycht lustelie
Was set in to ane sett, of syluer schene
That fresche Goddes, that lustie luffis quene.

Thay peirsit myne hart, hir blenkis amorous
Quhowbeit that sumtyme scho is chengeabyll
With countynance and cheir full dolorous
Quhylūmis rycht plesand, glaid and delectabyll
Sumtyme constant, and sumtyme variabyll
Zit hir bewtie, resplendand as the fyre
Swagis the wraith of Mars, that god of Yre.

This plesand Planeit, geue I can rycht discriue
Scho is baith hote, and wak, of hir nature
That is the cause, scho is prouocatyue
Tyll all thame, that ar subiect to hir cure
To Venus werkis, tyll that thay may Indure
Als scho completis, hir coursis naturall
In twelf monethis, withouttin ony fall.

¶ Than past we to the speir of Phebus brycht.
That lusty lampe, and lanterne of the heuin
And glader of the sterris, with his lycht
And principall of all the planetis sewin
And satt in myddis, of thame all full ewin
As Roye royall, rollyng in his speir
Full plesandlie, in to his goldin Cheir.

Quhose Influence and vertew excellent.
Geuis the lyfe, tyll euerilk erthlie thyng
That Prince, of euerilk planeit precellent
Dois foster flouris, and garris heirbis spryng
Throuch the cauld eirth, and causis birdis syng
And als his regulare mouyng in the hewin
Is Juste vnder the Zodiack full ewin.

☞ For to discryue his diadame Royall.
Bordourit aboute with stonis schyning brycht
His goldin Cairt, or throne Imperiall
The foure stedis, that drawis it full rycht
I leif to Poetis, because I haue no slycht
Bot of his nature, he is hote and drye
Completand in ane zeir, his cours trewlie

Than by to Mars, in hye we haistit ws.
Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder
His face flamand, as fyre rycht furious
His bost & brag, more aufull than the thounder.
Maid all ẏ heuin, most lyk to schaik in schonder

Quha wald behauld, his countynance and feir
Wycht call hym weill, the god of men of weir.

With colour reid, and luke malicious
Rycht colerick, of his complexioun
Iusteir, angrye, sweir and seductious
Principall cause, of the distructioun
Off mony gude and nobyll Regioun
War nocht Venus, his ye dois metigate
This warld of peace, wald be full desolate.

This god of greif, withouttin sudgeornyng.
In xeris twa, his cours he doith compleit
Than past we vp, quhare Iupiter the kyng
Satt in his speir, rycht amiabyll and sweit
Complexionate with waknes, and with heit
That plesand Prince, fair, dulce, and delicate
Prouokis peace. and banefis debait.

The auld Poetis, be superstitioun.
Held Iupiter, the Father principall
Off all thare goddes, in conclusioun
For his prerogatyuis, in spectall
Als be his vertew, in to generall
To auld Saturne, he makis resistance
Quhen in his malice, he walde wyrk vengeance.

This Iupiter withouttin sudgeornyng
Pallis throw all the twelf planetis full ewin

In zeris twelf, and than but taryng
We past vnto the hiest of the sewin
Tyll Saturnus, quhilk trublis all the hewin
With heuy cheir, and cullour pall as leid
In hym we sawe, bot dolour to the deid.

And cauld, and dyp, he is of his nature.
Foule lyke ane Oule, of eupll conditioun
Rycht vnpleſand, he is of poztrature
His Intoxicat diſpoſitioun
Jt puttis all thyng to perditioun
Ground of ſeiknes, and malancolious
Peruerſt and pure, baith fals and Jnuyous

Hys qualite, J can nocht loue bot lack.
As for his mouyng naturallie but weir
About the ſingis of the Zodiack
He dois compleit his cours, in thzetty zeir
And ſo we left hym in his froſty ſpeir
Upwarte we did aſcend Jncontinent
But reſt, tyll we come to the Firmament.

The quhilk was fyrit full of ſterris bzycht
Off figour round, rycht pleſand and perfyte
Quhoſe influence, and rycht excellent lycht
And quhoſe nummer, may nocht be put in wyte
Zit cunnyng Clerkis, dois naturallye indyte
How that he dois, compleit his couris but weir
Jn ſpace of ſewin and thzetty thouſand zeir

Than the nynt Speir, and mouare principall
Off all the laif, we beſyit all that heuin
Quhoſe daylie motioun, is contyncuall
Baith firmament, and all the planetis ſewin
Frome eſt, to weſt, gartis thame full cwin
In to the ſpace of four and twenty zeris
Zit be the myndis of the Iuſtronomeris

The ſewin Planetis, in to thare proper ſperis
Frome weſt to eſt, thay moue naturallie
Sum ſwyft, ſum ſlaw, as to thare kynde afferis,
As I haue ſchawin afore ſpecialie
Quhoſe motioun cauſis contynewallie
Rycht melodious, harmonie and ſound
And all throw mouyng of thoſe Planetis round.

Than montit we, with rycht feruent deſyre
Upthrow the heuin, callit Chriſtallyne
And ſo we enterit in the heuin Impyre
Quhilk to diſcryue, it paſſis myne Ingyne
Quhare God, in to his holy throne deuyne
Kyngis in to his glore, Ineſtimabyll
With Angellis cleir, quhilkis ar Innumirabyll

In Ordouris nyne, thir ſpretis glorious.
Ar deuydit, the quhilkis excellentlye
Makis louyng, with ſound melodious
Syngand, Sanctus, rycht wounder feruentlye
Thir ordouris nyne, thay ar full pleſandlye

Deuydit in to Jerarcheis thre
And thre Ordouris, in euerilk Jerarche.

The lawest ordoure, ar of Angelis bycht
Is Mellingeris send vnto this law Regioun
The secund ordour, Archangelis, full of mycht,
Virtus, Potestatis, Principatis of renoun
The sart is callit Dominatioun
The sewint Thronus, the auchtin Cherubin
The nynt and heast, callit Seraphin

And nyrt on to the blyssit Trynitie.
In his Trymphant throne Imperiall
Thre in tyll one, and one substance in thre
Quhose mdiuisabyll essens eternall
The rude Ingyne, of mankynd is to small
Tyll comprehend, quhose power Infinyte
And deuyne nature, no Creature can wyte

So myne Ingyne, is nocht sufficient
For to treit, of his heych Deuinitie
All mortal men, ar Insufficient
Tyll consydder thay thre, in vnitie
Sic subtell mater, I man on neid lat be
To study on my Creid, it war full fair
And lat Doctouris of sic hie materis declare

Than we beheld the blyſſe Humanitie
Of Chriſte, ſittand in to his Sege Royall
At the rycht hand, of the Deuynitie
With ane excellend courte Celeſtiall
Quhoſe exerſitioun contynewall
Was in louyng thair Prince, with reuerence
And on this wyſe, thay kepit ordinance.

Nyrr to the Throne, we ſaw ȝ Quene of Quenis
Weill cumpanyit, with Ladyis of delyte
Sweit was the ſang, of thoſe blyſſit Virginnis,
No mortall man, thare ſolace may indyte
The Angellis bryght, in nummer infinyte
Euerilk ordour in thare awin degre
War officiaris, vnto the diete.

Patriarkis, and Prophetis, honorabyll
Collaterall counſalouris in his conſiſtorye
Euangelliſtis, Apoſtolis, venerabyll
War Capitanis, on to the King of Glorye
Quhilk Chriſtane lyke, had worn the victorye
Of that tryumphand courte celeſtiall
Sanct Peter, was Luferenand generall

The Martyris war, as nobyll ſtalwart Knychtis
Diſcomfatouris, of crewell battellis thre
The fleſche, the warld, the feind, ȝ all his mȝhtis
Confeſſouris, Doctouris in Diuinitie
Is Chapell clerkis, on to his dette

And last we sawe infinyte multytude
Makand seruyce vnto his Celsitude

Quhilkis be the hie Deuyne permissioun.
Filicitie thay had Inuariabyll
And of his Godhed, cleir cognitioun
And compleit peace, thay had Interminabyll
Thare glore, and honour, was Inseparabyll
That plesand place, repleit of pulchritude
Innumirabyll it was, of magnitude

Thare is plentie, of all plesouris perfyte.
Euident brychtnes, but obscuritie
Withouttin dolour, dulcore, and delyte
Withouttin rancour, perfyte Cheritie
Withouttin hunger, Sasiabilitie
O happy ar those, Saulis predestinate
Quhen Saule and body, sall be glorificate.

Thir maruellous myrthis, for to declare
Be Arthimatik, thay ar Innumirabyll
The portratour of that place preclare
By Geomatre, it is Inmesurabyl
By Rethorike, als Inpronunciabyll
Thare is none eiris may heir, nor Eine may se
Nor hart may thynk, thare felycitie,

Quhare to sulde I. presume for tyll indyte.
The quhilk Sanct Pause, that doctour sapient

Can nocht, expres noȝ in to paper wyte
The hie excelland woȝke Indeficient
And perfyte plesoure, euer parmanent
In presens of, that mychtie kyng of gloȝe
Quhilk was, and is, and sall be euer moȝe

At Remembrance, humilye I did inquyre
Geue I mycht in that plesour styll remane
Scho said, aganis reasoun is thy desyre
Quharefoȝ my freind, thow mon returne agane
And foȝ thy Synnis, be pennance, sufferr paine
And thole the dede, with creuell pants soȝe
Oȝ thow be ding, to tyng with hym in gloȝe.

Than we returnit soȝe aganis my wyll.
Doun thȝow the speris, of the heuinnis cleir
Hir commandiment, behuffit I fulfyll
With soȝe hart, wyt ȝe withouttin weir
I wald full faine, haif tayȝt thare all ȝeir
Bot scho said to me, thare is no remede
Oȝ thow remane heir, first thow mon be dede

Quod I, I pray ȝow hartfullye madame
Sen we haue had, sic Contemplatioun
Off heuinlye plesouris, ȝit oȝ we passe hame
Lat vs haue sum consideratioun
Off eirth, and of his Situatioun
Scho answerit and said, that sall be done
So wer we baith, brocht in the air full sone.

Quhare we mycht se the Erth, all at one sycht,
Bot lyke one moit, as it appertit to me
In to the respect, of the heuinnis bycht
I haue maruell quod I, quhow this may be
The eirth semis of, so small quantitie
The leist Sterne kirit, in the Firmament
Is moir than all the eirth, be my Jugment

THE QVANTITE OF THE ERTH.

Scho sayis Sonne, thow hes schawin þ veritie
The smallest sterne, kirit in the firmament
In deid it is, of gretet quantytie
Than all the eirth, efter the intent
Off wyse, and cunnyng Clerkis sapient
Quhat quantytie is than the eirth, quod Je
That sall I schaw, quod scho, to the schortlie

Efter the myndis of the Austronimouris
And speciallie, the Auctour of the Speir
And vther diuers gret Philosiphouris
The quantytie of the erth Circuleir
Is fyftie thousand liggis, withouttin weir
Sewin houndreth, and fyftie, and no mo
Deutyng aye ane lig, in mylis two,

And euerilk myle, in aucht stagis deuyde.
Ilk staige, ane hundreth pais; twenty and fyue
Ane pais, fyue fute; quha wald than tycht deryde

Ane lute four palmes, geue I can rycht diſcrywe
Ane palme four Inche, and quha ſa wald belyue
The Circuit of the eirth, paſſe round aboute
Man be conſidderit on this wyſe but doute.

Suppone, that thare war none Impediment.
Bot that the eirth, but perrell wer and plane
Syne that the perſoun wer rycht deligent
And zeid ilk day, ten liggis in certane
He mycht pas round aboute, and cum agane
In four zeris, ſartene oulkis, and dayis two
Go reid the Auctour, and thow ſall fynd it ſo.
Finis.

¶ the deuiſioun of the Eirth.

THen certanlye ſcho tuke me be the hand
And ſaid my ſone cū on thy wayis wt me
And ſo ſcho gart me cleirly vnderſtand
How that the eirth, tryppartit wes in thre
In Affrik, Europe, and Aſſie
Efter the myndis of the Coſmographouris
That is to ſay, the wardlis Diſcriptouris.

Firſt Aſia, contenis in the Orient.
And is weill moir, than baith the vther twane

Affrik, and Ewrope, in the Occident
And ar deuydit be ane ſey, certane
And that is callit, the ſee Mediterane
Quhilk at the ſtrait of Marrok hes entre
That is betuix Spanze, and Barbarie.

Towart the ſouthweſt, lyis Affrica.
And in the nozthweſt Europa, doith ſtand
And all the eſt, contenis Aſia
On this wyſe, is deuydit the kerme land
It war mekle to me to tak on hand
Thir regionis, to declare in ſpeciall
Zit ſall I ſchaw, thare names in generall

In mony diuers famous Regionis.
Is deuydit this part of Aſia
Weill planeſit, with Cieteis, towzis, and townis
The gret Ynde, and Meſopotamia
Penthapolis, Egypt, and Meria
Capadocia, Seres, and Armenye
Babilone, Caldia, Perth, and Arabye.

Hedone, Judea, and Paleſtina.
Euer, Sethea, Tyir, and Galelie
Hiberia, Bactria, and Pheleſtina
Hircanea, Compagena, and Samarie
In tytill Aſia, ſtandis Galathie
Pamphilia, Iſaria, and Acid
Regia, Arathuſa, Illiria, and Meid.

☞ Secuudlie, we considderit Africa.
With mony fructfull famous regioun
As Ethiope, and Tripolitana
Zewges, quhare standis the tryumphant toun
Off nobyll Cartage, that riete of renoun
Garamantes, Nadabar, Libia
Getulia, and Maritania.

Futhensis, Numedie, and Thingetane,
Off Affrick, thir ar the principall
Than Ewrope, we considderit in certane
Quhose Regionis, schortlie rehers I sall
Foure principallis, I fynd abone thame all
Quhilkis ar Spanze, Italie, and France
Quhose Subregionis, wer mekle tyll auance

Nether Scithia, Trace, and Garmanie
Thusia, Histria, and Panonia
Denmark, Gotland, Grunland, and Almanie
Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rethia
Tentonia, and mony diuers ma
And was in foure deuidit Italie
Tuskane, Ethiccia, Naiplis, and Champanye

And subdeuydit sindry other wayis.
As Lumbardie, Veneis, and other ma
Calaber, Romanie, and Janewayis
In Grece, Eperus, and Dalmatica
Tessalie, Athica, and Illeria

Achaya, Boetia, and Macedone
Archadie, Pierie, and Lacedone.

And France we ſawe, deuydit in to thre.
Belgica, Rethia, and Aquitane
And ſubdeuydit in Flanderis, Picardie
Normandie, Galconze, Burguinze, & Bretane,
And vtheris diuers Dutcheris, in certane
The quhilks wer to long, for to declare
Quharefor of thame as now, I ſpeik na mare.

In Spanze, Iyis Caſtelze, and Arrogone.
Nauerne, Galice, Portingall, and Garnat
Than ſawe we famous Yis mony one
Quhilks in the Occiane ſey, was ſituate
Thame to diſcryue, my wyt wes deſolate
Off Coſmographie, I am nocht exparte
For I did neuer ſtudy in that arte.

Zit I ſall ſum of thare names declare.
As Madagaſcar, Gardes, and Taprobane
And vtheris diuers Yis gude and fair
Situate in to the ſey, Mediterrane
As Syper, Candie, Corſica, and Sardane
Crete, Abidos, Thoes, Cecilia,
Taplone, Colie, and mony vther ma.

Quho wald at lenth, heir the Diſcriptioun.
Off euerilk Yle, als weill as the ferme land.

And properteis, of euerilk Regioun
To study and to reid, man tak on hand
And the attentike werkis, vnderstand
Off Plenius, and worthy Tholomie
Quhilks war exparte, in to Cosmographie.

Thare fall thay fynd, the names and properteis
Off euery Yle, and of ilke Regioun
Than I inquirit of eirthly Paradyce
Off the quhilk Adam, tynt Possessioun
Than schew scho me, the Situatioun
Off that precelland place, full of delyte
Quhose properteis, wer lang for to Indyte.

OF PARADICE.

This Paradyce, of all plesouris repleit,
Situate I saw, in to the Orient
That glorius gairth, of euery flouris did fleit
The lusty Lillyis, the Rosis redolent
Fresche holesum fructis, Indefluent
Baith herbe, and tree, thare gressis euer grent
Throw vertew of the temperat air serene.

The sweit haissum arromatyke odouris,
Proceidyng frome the herbis Medicinall
The heuinlie hewis, of the fragrant flouris
It was aire syche, wonnard celestiall
The perfectioun in schaw in speciall

And Joyis of that Regioun deuyne
Off mankynd, it exceidis the Ingyne

¶ And als so hie in Situatioun,
Surmountyng the myd Regioun of the air
Quhare no maner of perturbatioun
Off wodder, may ascend so hie as thair
Four fludis flowyng frome ane Fontane fair
As Tygris, Ganges, Ewphrates, and Nyle
Quhilk in the est, Transcurris mony ane myle.

The countre closit, is aboute full rycht,
With wallis hie, of hote and birnyng fyre
And straitly kepit, be ane Angell brycht
Sen the departyng of Adam, our Grandschyre
Quhilk throw his cryme, Incurrit Goddis Yre
And of that place, tynte the Possessioun
Baith frome hym self, and his Successioun.

Quhen this lufesum lady Remembrance,
All this foresaid, had gart me vnderstand
I prayit hir, of hir beneuolence
To schaw to me, the countre of Scotland
Weill sonne (scho said) that sall I tak on hand.
So suddanlie, scho brocht me in certane
Ewin Juste abone the braid Yle of Bertane.

Quhilk standis northwest, in the Occians see
And deuydit in famous Regionis two
The south part Ingland, ane full ryche countre,

Scotland be north, with mony Ylis mo
Be west Ingland, Yriland doith stand also
Quhose properteis, I wyll nocht tak on hand
To schaw at lenth, bot only of Scotand

OF THE REALNE OF SCOTLAMD.

QUhilk efter my sempyll Intandiment
And as Remymbrance did to me report
I sall declare the suith, and verrayment
As I best can, and in to termes schort
Quharfor effecteouslie, I zow exhorte
Quhowbeit my wrytting, be nocht tyll auance
Zit quhare I faill, excuse myne Ignorance.

Quhen that I had ouersene, this Regioun.
The quhilk of nature is, boith gude and fair
I did propone, ane tytill questioun
Beseikand hir, the sam for to declare
Quhat is the cause, our boundis bene so bair
Quod I, or quhate dois mufe our Misere
Or quhareof dois proceid our pouertie.

For throw the supporte, of zour hie prudence
Off Scotland, I persaue the properteis
And als considderis be experience
Off this countre, the gret commoditeis
First the haboundance, of fyschis in our seis
And fructuall montanis, for our bestiall
And for our cornis, mony lusty vaill.

The ryche Ryueris, plesand and proffitabyll.
The lustie loochis, with fysche of sindry kyndis
Hountyng, halkyng, for nobyllis conuenabyll
Forrestis full, of Da, Ra, Hartis, and Hyndis.
The fresche fontanis, quhose holesū cristel stran-
Refreschis so, the fluriste grene medis (dis
So laik we no thyng that to nature nedis

Off euery mettell, we haue the ryche Mynis.
Baith Gold, Syluer, and stonis precious
Howbeit we want the Spyces, and the Wynis
Or vther strange fructis delycious
We haue als gude, and more neidfull for ws
Meit drynk fyre clathis that mȳ be gart abound
Quhilk als is nocht, in al the Mapamound.

More fairer peple, nor of gretar ingyne
Nor of more strenth, gret dedis tyll indure
Quharefor I pray zow, that ze wald defyne
The principall cause, quharefor we ar so pure
For I maruell gretlie, I zow assure
Considderand the peple, and the ground
That Ryches suld nocht, in this realme redound

My Sonne scho said, be my discretioun.
I sall mak answeit, as I vnderstand
I say to the, vnder confessioun
The falt is nocht, I dar weill tak on hand
Nother in to the peple, nor the land

As for the land, it lakis na vther thing
Bot laubour, and the peyplis goruernyng

Than quharein lyis our Iuperfectic
Quhod I, I pray zow hartfullie Madame
Ze wald declare to me the veritie
Or quho ſall beir, of our barrat the blame
For be my treuth to ſe, I thynk gret ſchame
So pleſand peple, and ſo fair ane land
And ſo few vertrous dedis, tane on hand.

Quod ſcho, I ſall efter my Iugement,
Declare ſum cauſis, in to generall
And in to termes ſchorte, ſchaw myne intent
And ſyne trauſcend, more in to ſpeciall
So this is myne concluſioun fynall
Wantyng of Iuſtice, polycie, and peace
Ar cauſe, of thir vnhappynes allace.

It is deficill, Ryches tyll incres.
Quhare Polycie, makith no reſidence
And Policey may neuer haue entres
Bot quhare that Iuſtice, dois deligence
To puneis quhare, thare may be found offence
Iuſtice may nocht, haue Dominatioun
Bot quhare Peace makis habitatioun.

Quhat is the cauſe, that wald I vnderſtand
That we ſuld want Iuſtice, and polycie
More than dois France, Italie, or Ingland

Madame quod I, schaw me the veritie
Sen we haue Lawis in this countre
Quhy want we lawis Exersitioun
Quho suld put Justice, tyll execution

Quhare in dois stand, our principall remeid
Or quha may mak mendis, of this myscheif
Quod scho, I kynd the falt in to the heid
For thay in quhome, dois ly our hole releif
I kynd thame rute, and grund of all our greif
For quhen the heddis, ar nocht delygent
The membris man, on neid be neligent.

So I conclude, the cauis principall
Off all the trubyll of this Natioun
Ar in to Prencis, in to spetiall
The quhilk hes the Gubernatioun
And of the peple Dominatioun
Quhose contynewall exersitioun
Suld be in Justice Execution

For quhen the sleuthful hird, dois sloug and sleip
Taking no cure, in kepyng of his flok
Quho wyll go sers, amang sic heirdis scheip
May haboyll kynd, mony pure scabbit crok
And goyng wyll, at large withouttin lok
Than Lupis cumis, and Lowrance in ane lyng
And dois but reuth, the selly scheip deuouryng.

Bot the gude hird, walkryfe and delygent

Woith ſo, that all his ſlokis ar rewlit rycht
To quhoſe quhiſtill all ar obedient
And geue the wolffis cumis daye or nycht
Thame to deuore, than ar thay put to flycht
Houndit and ſlane, be thare weill dantit doggis
So ar thay ſure, baith ȝowis lambis, & hoggis

So I conclud, that thrꝛow the necligence
Off our infatuate heidis Inſolent
Is cauſe of all this realmes indigence
Quhilk in Juſtice, hes nocht bene delygent
Bot to gude counſall inobedient
Hauand ſmall Ee, vnto the comoun weill
Bot to thare ſingulare prꝛoffect euerilk deill.

For quhen thir Wolffis be oppreſſioun
The pure peple but plete doith oppres
Than ſulde the prencis, mak puniſioun
And cauſe tha Rebauldis, for to mak redres
That ryches mycht be, and Policey incres
Bot rycht difficill is to mak remeid
Quhen that the falt is ſo, in to the heid

THE COMPLAYNT OF THE Comoun weill of Scotland.

AND thus as we wer talking to and fro.
We ſaw a bouſtius berne cũ outr ȝ bent
But hoꝛs on fute, als faſt as he mȝ go
Quhoſe rayment wes all raggit rewin & rent
Hill.

With wisage leyne, as he had kaistit lent
And fordwart kast, his wayis he did aduance
With ane rycht malancolious countynance

With scrip on hip, and pykstaff in his hand
As he had purposit, to passe fra hame
Quod I gude man, I wald faine vnderstand
Geue that ze plesit, to wyt quhat wer zour name.
Quod he my Sonne, of yat I think gret schame
Bot sen thow wald of my name haue ane keill
Forsuith thay call me Jhone the comoun weill.

Schir Commoun weill, quhy hes zow so disgysit
Quod I, or quhat makis zow so miserabyll
I haue maruell, to se zow so suppryst
The quhilk that I haue sene so honorabyll
To all the warld, ze haue bene prokitabyll
And weill honorit, in euerilk Natioun
How happinnis now zour tribulatioun.

Allace quod he, thow seis how it dois stand
With me, and quhow I am disherisit
Off all my grace, and mon pas of Scotland
And go afore, quhare I was cherisit
Remane I heir, I am bot perysit
For thare is few to me, that takis tent
That garris me go, so raggit rewin and rent

My tender freindis, ar all put to the flycht

For polecey is fled, agane in France
My Syster Justice, almaist haith tynt hir syght
That scho can nocht hald ewinly the ballance
Plane wrang, is plane capitane of Ordinance
The quhilk debarris Laute, and reassoun
And small remeid is found for oppin treassoun

In to the south allace, I was neir slane.
Ouer all the land, I culd fynd no releiff
Almoist betuix the Mers, and Lowmabane
I culde nocht knaw, ane leill man be ane theif
To schaw thare reif, thift murthour and mischeif
And vecious workis, it wald infect the air
And als lang sum, to me for tyll declair.

In to the hieland, I could fynd no remeid.
Bot suddantlie, I wes put to exile
Tha sweir swyngeoris, thay tuke of me non heid
Nor amangs thame, lat me remane ane quhyle
Als in the oute Ylis, and in Argyle
Unthrift, sweirnes, kalset, pouertie and stryfe
Pat polacey, in dainger of hir lyfe

In the law land, I come to seik refuge
And purposit thare, to mak my residence
Bot singulare proffect, gart me soune disfluge
And did me gret Iniuris, and offence
And said to me, swyth harlote hy the hence

And in this countre, se thow tak no curis
So lang as my auctoritie induris

And now I may mak no langer bebait
Nor I wate nocht, quhome to I suld me mene
For I haue socht throw all the Spirituall stait
Quhilk tuke na compt, for to heir me complene,
Thare officiaris thay held me at disdane
For Symonie, he rewlis vp all that rowte
And Couatyce that Carle, gart bar me oute

Pryde haith chaist, frome thaime humilitie
Deuotioun is fled, vnto the freris
Sensuale plesour, hes baneist Chaistitie
Lordis of Religioun, thay go lyke Seculeris
Taking more compt, in tellyng thare deneris
Nor thay do of thare constitutioun
Thus ar thay blyndit, be ambitioun

Oure gentyll men, ar all degenerat
Liberalitie, and Lawte, boith ar loste
And Cowardyce, with Lordis is laureate
And knychtlie curage, turnit in brag and boste
The Cruele weir, misgydis euer oist
Thare is nocht ellis, bot ilk man for hym self
That garris me go, thus baneist lyke ane elf

Tharefor adew, I may no langer tarye.
Fair weill quod I, and thow sanct Jhone to borrow
Bot wyt ze weill, my hart was wounder sarye

Quhen comoun weill, so sopit was in sorrow
Zit efter the nycht, cumis the glaid morrow
Quharefor I pray zow, schaw me in certane
Quhen that ze purpose, for to cum agane

That questioun, it sall be sone desydit
Quod he, thare sall na Scot haue confortyng
Off me, tyll that I see the countre gydit
Be wysedome, of ane gude auld prudent kyng
Quhilk sall delyte hym maist, abone all thyng
To put Justice, tyll exicutioun
And on strang tratouris mak puneisioun

Als zit to the I say, ane vther thyng
I se rycht weill that prouerbe, is full trew
Wo to the realme, that hes ouir zoung ane king
With that he turnit his bak, and said adew
Ouer firth and fell, rycht fast fra me he flew
Quhose departyng to me was displesand
With that Remembrance, tuk me be the hand

And sone me thocht, scho brocht me to the roche
And to the coue, quhare I began to sleip
With that one schip, did spedalye approche
Full plesandlie saling, apone the deip
And syne did slake hir salis, and gan to creip
Towart the land, anent quhare that I layi
Bot wyt ze weill. I gat ane fellown fraye

All hir Cannounis, sche leit craik of at onis

Down schuke the stremaris, frome ȳ topcastell.
Thay spartt nocht, the poulder nor the stonis,
Thay schot thare boltis, & doun par ankeris fell
The Marenaris, thay did so zoute and zell
That haistalie, I stert out of my dreme
Half in ane frap, and spedalie past hame.

And lychtlie dynit, with lyste and appityte.
Syne efter past, in tyll ane Oritore
And tuke my pen, and thare began to wryte
All the visioun, that I haue schawin afore
Schir of my dreme, as now thou gettis no more
Bot I beseik God, for to send the grace
To rewle thy realme, in vnitie and peace

Heir Endis the Dreme. ☞ And begynnis the Exhortatioun to the Kyngis Grace.

Schir Sen that God of his preordinance.
Haith grantit the, to haue the gouernance
Off his peple, and create the one Kyng
Faill nocht to prent in thy Remembrance
That he wyll nocht, excuse, thyne Ignorance
Geue thow be rebles in thy gouernyng
Quharefor dres the, abone all vther thyng
Off his lawis, to keip the obseruance
And thow schalt lang, in Realtie to tyng

Thank hym, that hes commandit Dame Nature
To pꝛent the of ſo pleſand poꝛtrature
Hir gyftis may be cleirly on the knawin
Tyll dame Foꝛtune, thow nedis no pꝛocurature,
Foꝛ ſcho hes lairglie, kyith on the hir cure
Hir gratytude ſche hes on to the ſchawin
And ſen that thow mon ſcheir, as thow hes ſawin
Haue all thy hope in God thy Creature
And aſke hym grace, that thow may be his awin

And ſyne conſidder thy vocatioun
That foꝛ to haue the gubernatioun
Off this kyntrik, thow art pꝛedeſtinate
Thow may weill wyt, be trew narratioun
Quhat ſoꝛow, and quhat trubulatioun
Haith bene in this pure realme infoꝛtunate
Now conſoꝛte thame, that hes bene deſolate
And of thy peple, haue compaſſioun
Syen thow be God, art ſo pꝛeoꝛdinate

Tak Manlie curage, and leik thyne Inſolence
And vſe counſale, of nobyll dame Pꝛudence
Founde the fermelie, on faith, and foꝛtytude
Dꝛawe to thy courte, Juſtice and Tempoꝛance
And to the commoun weill, haue attendance
And alſo I beſeik, thy Celſitude
Hait vicious men and luke thame that ar gude
And ilke flattrer, thow fleme frome thy pꝛeſence
And fals repoꝛte, out of thy courte exclude,

Do equale Justice, boith to gret and small
And be exampyll to thy peple all
Exersing verteous deidis honorabyll
Be nocht ane wrache, for oucht that may befall
To that vnhappy vice, and thow be thrall
Tyll all men, thow sall be abhominabyll
Kyngis nor knychtis, ar neuer conuenabyll
To rewle peple, be thay nocht lyberall
Was neuerßit na wrache, to honour habyll

And tak exempyll of the wracheit endyng
Quhilk maid Mydas of Trace, ẏ mychtie king
That to his Goddes, maid Inuocatioun
Throw gredines, that all substanciall thing
That euer he twycheit, suld turne but tarying
In to fyne gold, he gat his supplicatioun
All that he twychit, but delatioun
Turnit in gold, boith meit, drynk, and clethyng
And deit of hounger, but recreatioun

Als I beseik, thy Maiestie serene.
Frome Lychorie, thow keip thy body clene
Taist neuer that Intoxicat poysoun
Frome that vnhappy sensuall syn abstene
Tyll that thow get, ane lusty plesand Quene
Than tak thy plesour, with my benesoun
Tak tent how prydful Tarquyne tynt his croun
For the deforsyng of Lucres the schene
And was depryuit, and baneist Romes toun

And in diſpyit, of his Lycherous leuyng.
The Romanis wald be ſubiect to no kyng
Mony lang zeir, as ſtorys doith recorde
Tyll Iulyus, throw verteous gouernyng
And Wyncelie curage, gane on thame to tyng
And cholin of Romanis, Emprour and lord
Quharfor my Souerane, in to thy mynd remord
That vitious lyfe, makis oft ane euyll endyng
Without it be, throw ſpeciall grace reſtord.

And geue thow wald thy fame and honour grew
Vſe counſall, of thy prudent Lordis trew
And ſe thow nocht, preſumpteouſlie pretend
Thy awin particulare weill, for tyll Enſew
Wyth with counſall, ſo ſall thow neuer rew
Remember of thy freindis, the fatell end
Quhilks to gude counſall, wald not condiſcend
Tyll bitter deith, allace did thame perſew
Frome ſic vnhape, I pray God the defend

And tynalie, remember thow mon dee
And ſuddanlie pas, of this mortall ſee
And art nocht ſicker, of thy lyfe two houris
Sen thare is none, frome that ſentence may fle
Kyng, Quene, nor kynecht, of lawe eſtait nor hie
Bot all mon thole of deith, the bitter ſchouris
Quhar bene thay gone, thir Papis & emprours
Bene thay nocht dede, ſo ſall it fair on the
Is no remeid, ſtrenth, tyches, nor honouris.

FINIS.

And so for conclusioun.
Mak our Prouisioun
To get the infusiou
Off his hie grace.
Quhilk bled with effusioun
With scrone and derisioun
And deit with confusioun.
Cofirmand our peace.
Amen.

Heir beginnis the

Complaynt of Schir Dauid Lindesay.

SChir I beseik thyne Excellence.
Heir my complaynt with pacience
My dolent hart dois me constrane
Off my infortune to complane
Quhowbeit I stand in gret dowtance
Quhome I sall wyte of my myschance.
Quhidder Saturnis creueltie
Ryngand in my Natyuitie
Be bad aspect, quhilk wyrkis vengeance
Or vtheris heuinlye influence
Or geue I be predestinate
In Courte to be Infortunate
Quhilk hes so lang in seruyce bene
Contynewallie with kyng and quene

And enterit to thy Maiestie
The day of thy Natyuitie
Quharethrow my freindis bene eschamit
And with my fais I am defamit
Seand that I am nocht regardit
Nor with my brether in Courte rewardit
Blamand my sleuthfull neclygence
That seikis nocht sum recompence
Quhen diuers men dois me demand
Quhy gettis thow nocht sum peis of land
Als weill as vther men hes gottin
Than wys I to be dede and rottin
With sic extreme discomfortyng
That I can mak no answeryng
I wald sum wyse man did me teche
Quhidder that I suld flatter or fleche
I wyll nocht flyte, that I conclude
For crabyng of thy Celsitude
And to flatter, I am defamit
Want I reward, than am I schamit
Bot I hope thow sall do als weill
As did the fathce of Fameill
Off quhome Christmakis mentioun
Quhilk for ane certane pentioun
Feit men, to wyrk in his vyne raird
Bot quho come last, gat first rewaird
Quharethrow the first men wer displesit
Bot he thame prudentlie amestit
For thocht the last men, first wer seruit

Zit gat the first that thay deseruit
So am I sure thy maiestie
Sall anis rewarde me or I de
And rube the ruste of my ingyne
Quhilk bene for langour lyke to tyne
Althocht I beir nocht lyke ane baird
Lang seruyce zarnis ay rewaird
I can nocht blame thyne excellence
That I so lang want recompance
Had I solistit lyke the laif
My rewarde had nocht bene to craif
Bot now I may weill vnderstand
Ane dum man zit wan neuer land
And in the court men gettis na thyng
Withoute inopportune askyng
Allace my sleuth and schamefulnes
Debarrit fra me all gredynes
Gredie men that ar delygent
Rycht oft obtenis thare intent
And failzeis nocht to conqueis landis
And namelye, at zoung Prencis handis
Bot I tuke neuer non vther cure
In speciall, bot for thy plesour
Bot now I am na mair dispaird
Bot I sall get Princely rewaird
The quhilk to me sall be mair glore
Nor thame thow did reward afore
Quhen men dois aske ocht at ane kyng
Sulde aske his grace ane nobyll thyng

To his Excellence honorabyll
And to the asker prositabyll
Thocht I be in my askyng lidder
I prayse thy grace for to considder
Thow hes maid baith lordis and lairdis
And hes gewin mony ryche rewardis
To thame that was full far to seik
Quhen I lay nychtlie be thy cheik
I tak the Quenis grace thy mother
My lord Chanclare and mony vther
Thy Nowreis and thy auld Waistres
I tak thame all to beir wytnes
Auld Wille Dile, wer he on lyue
My lyfe full weill, he could discryue
Quhow as ane Chapman bertis his pak
I bure thy grace vpon my bak
And sumtymes strydlingis on my nek
Dansand with mony bend and bek
The first sillabis that thow did mute
Was pa, da lyn, vpon the lute
Than playt I twenty syngis perqueir
Quhilk wos gret piete for to heir
Fra play thow leit me neuer rest
Bot gynkartoun thow lukit ay best
And ay quhen thow come frome the scule
Than I behuikit to play the fule
As I at lenth in to my dreme
My sindry seruice did expreme
Thocht it bene better, as sayis the wyse

Hape to the court, noȝ gude ſeruyce
I wate thow luſkit me better than
Noȝ now ſum wyſe, dois thir gude man
Than men tyll vther did recoȝde
Said Lyndſay, wald be maid ane loȝde
Thow hes maid loȝdis, ſchir be ſanct Geill
Off ſum that hes nocht ſeruit ſo weill
¶ To zow my Loȝdis that ſtandis by
I ſall zow ſchaw the cauſis quhy
Geue ze lyſt tary I ſall tell
Quhow my infoȝtune firſt befell
I prayit daylie on my knee
My zoung maiſter that I mycht ſee
Off eild in his aiſtait Royall
Hauand power Imperyall
Than traiſtit I without demand
To be prȝomouit to ſum land
Bot my aſkyng I gat ouer ſoun
Becauſe ane chips fell in the mone
The quhilk all Scotland maid aſtert
Than did my purpoſe tyn arreir
The quhilk war langſum to declare
And als my hart is wounder ſare
Quhen I haue in remembȝance
The ſuddand cheange to my myſchance
The kyng was bot twelf ȝeris of aige
Quhen new rewlaris come in thare raige
Foȝ commoun weill makand no cair
Bot foȝ thare prȝoffeit ſingulair.

Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fullis
Thay tuke that zoung Prince frome the sculis
Quhare he vnder Obedience
Was lernand vertew and science
And haistelie plat in his hand
The gouernance of all Scotland
As quho wald in ane stormye blast
Quhen Marinaris bene all agast
Throw dainger of the seis raige
Wald tak ane chylde of tender aige
Quhilk neuer had bene on the sey
And to his biddyng of obey
Geuyng hym haill the gouernall
Off schip, marchand, and Marinall
For dreid of rockis and foreland
To put the ruther in his hand
Without godds grace, is no refuge
Geue thare de dainger, ze may Juge
I gyf thame to the deuyll of hell
Quhilk first deuysit that counsell
I wyll nocht say that it was treassoun
Bot I dar sweir, it was no reassoun
I pray God, lat me neuer se ryng
In to this realme, so zoung ane kyng
☞ I may nocht tary to desydit
Quhow than the court ane quhyle was gydit
Be thame that peirtlye tuke on hand
To gyde the kyng, and all Scotland
And als langsum for to declare

Thare facound flattryng wordis fair
Schir sum wald say zour maiestie
Sall now go to zour lybertie
Ze sall to no man be coactit
Nor to the scule no more subiectit
We thynk thame verray naturail fulis
That lernis ouir mekle at the sculis
Schir, ze mon leir to ryn ane speir
And gyde zow lyke ane man of weir
For we sall put sic men aboute zow
That all the warld and mo sall doute zow
Than to his grace, thay put ane gaird
Quhilk haistelie gat thare rewaird
Ilke man efter thare qualitie
Thay did solyst his maiestie
Sum gart hym raiffell at the rakcat
Sum harld hym to the hurly hakcat
And sum to schaw thare courtlie corsis
Wald ryid to leith, and ryn thare horssis
And wychtlie wallope ouer the sandis
Ze nother sparit spurris nor wandis
Castand galmound; w bendis and beckis
For wantones, sum braik thare neckis
Thare was no play bot cartis and dyce
And ay schir flattre bure the pryce
Roundand and rowkand ane tyll vther
Tak thow my part quod he my bruther
And mak betuix ws sicker bandis
Quhen ocht sall vaik amangs our handis

That ilk man ſtand to help his fallow
I hald thareto man be alhallow
Swa thow fyche nocht within my boundis
That ſall I nocht be godis woundis
Quod he, bot erar tak thy part
Swa ſall I thyne, be gods hart
Ind geue the Theſaureir be our freind
Than ſall we get baith tak and teind
Tak he our part, than quha dar wrang ws
Bot we ſall part the pelf amang ws
Bot haiſt vs quhill the kyng is zoung
Ind lat ilk man, keip weill ane toun
Ind in ilk quarter haue ane ſpye
Ws tyll aduerteis haiſtelie
Quhen ony caſualiteis
Sall happin in our countreis
Lat ws mak ſure prouiſioun
Or he cum to diſcretioun
No more he wate nor dois ane ſancte
Quhat thyng it bene to haue or wante
So or he be of perfyte aige
We ſall be ſicker of our waige
Ind ſyne lat ilk ane carle craik vther
That mouth ſpeik mair, quod he my brother
For god nor I rax in ane raipe
Thow myeht geue counſale to the Pape
Thus laubozit thay withtin few zeris
That thay become no pagis peris
Swa haiſtelye, thay maid ane hand

Sum gadderit gold, sum couqueist land
Schir sum wald say, be sanct Dinnyce
Geue me sum fate Benefyce
And all the proffect ze sall haue
Geue me the name, tak zow the laue
Bot be his Bowis, war weill cumit hame
To mak feruyce, he wald thynk schame
Syne slyp awaye, withouttin more
Quhen he had gottin, that he sang fore
Me thocht it was ane pieteous thyng
To se that fair zoung tender kyng
Off quhome thir gallandis stude no awe
To play with hym, pluke at the crawe
Thay become ryche, I zow assure
Bot aye the Prence, remanit pure
Thare wes few of that garisoun
That lernit hym ane gude lessoun
Bot sum to crak, and sum to clatter
Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter
Quod ane, the Deuyll stik me with ane knyfe
Bot schir, I knaw ane maid in fyfe
Ane of the lusteast wantoun lassis
Quhare to schir, be gods blude scho passis
Hald thy toung brother, quod ane vther
I knaw ane fairar be fyftene futher
Schir quhen ze pleis. to Leithgow pas
Thare sall ze se, ane lusty las
Now trittyll trattyll trolylow
Quod the thrid man, thow dois bot mow

Quhen his grace cumis to fair ſterlyng
Thair ſall he ſe, ane dayis derlyng
Schir quod the kourt, tak my counſall
And go all to the hie boirdall
Thare may we lope at lybertie
Withouttin ony grauitie
Thus euery man ſaid for hym ſelf
And did amangis thame part the pelf
Bot I allace or euer I wyſte
Was trampit doun in to the douſte
With heuy charge withouttin moir
Bot I wyſt neuer zit quhatefoir
And haiſtellie befoir my face
Ane vther ſlippit in my place
Quhilk rychelie gat his rewaird
And ſtylit was the Inſcient laird
That tyme I mycht mak no defence
Bot tuke perforce in patience
Prayand to ſend thame ane myſchance
That had the court in gouernance
The quhilkis aganis me did malyng
Contrar the pleſour of the kyng
For weill I knew his graces mynd
Was euer to me trew and kynd
And contrar thare Intentioun
Gart pay me weill my pentioun
Thocht I ane quhyle wantit preſence
Ye leit me haue no Indigence
Quhen I durſt nother peip nor luke

Zit wald I hyde me in ane nuke
To se those vncouth vanitetis
Quhow thay lyke ony beisy beis
Did occupy thare goldin houris
With help of thare new gouernouris
Bot my complaynt for to compleit
I gat the soure, and thay the sweit
Als Jhone Makerery the kyngis fule
Gat dowbyll garmoundis agane the zule
Zit in his maist tryumphant gloze
For his rewarde gaz the grand goze
Now in the court seindell he gois
In dreid men stramp vpon his tois
As I that tyme durst nocht be sene
In oppin court, for baith my Eine
Allace I haue no tyme to tary
To schawzow all the fery fary
Quhow those that had the gouernance
Amangis thame selfis, raist variance
And quho maist to my skaith consentit
Within few zeris, full sore repentit
Quhen thay could mak me no remeid
For thay war harlit out be the heid
And vtheris tuke the gouernyng
Weill wors, than thay in alkin thyng
Thay lordis tuke no more regaird
Bot quho mycht purches best rewaird
Sum to thare freindis gat benefyceis
And vther sum gat Byschopreis

For euery lord, as he thocht best
Wrocht in ane bird to fyll the nest
To be ane wacheman, to his marrow
Thay gan to draw at the cat harrow
The proudest Prelatis of the kirk
Was faine to hyde thame in the myrk
That tyme, so failzeit wes thare sycht
Sen syne thay may nocht thole the lycht
Off Christis trew Gospell, to be sene
So blyndit is thare corporall Ene
With wardly lustis sensuall
Takyng in realmes the gouernall
Baith gyding court and cessioun
Contrar to thare professionn
Quhareof I thynk, thay sulde haue schame
Off spirituall preistis to tak the name
For Esayas, in to his wark
Callis thame lyke Doggis, that can nocht bark
That callit ar preistis, and can nocht preche
Nor Christis law, to the peple teche
Geue for to preche, bene thare professioun
Quhy sulde thay mell, with court or Cessioun
Except it war, in spirituall thyngis
Referryng vnto lordis and kyngis
Temporall causis, to be desydit
Geue thay thare spirituall office gydit
Ilke man mycht say, thay did thare partis
Bot geue thay can play at the cairtis
And mollet moylie, on ane Mule

Thocht thay had neuer sene the scule
Zit at this day, als weill as than
Wyll be maid sic ane spirituall man
Prencis that sic prelatis promotis
Accompt thareof, to geue behuffis
Quhilk sall nocht pas, but panetschement
Without thay mend, and sore repent
And with dew ministratioun
Wyrk efter thare vocatioun
I wys that thyng, quhilk wyll nocht be
Thir peruerst Prelatis ar so hie
Frome tyme that thay bene callit lordis
Thay ar occasioun of discordis
And laitglie wyll proppynis hecht
To gar ilk lord with vther fecht
Geue for thare part, it may auaill
Swa to the purpose of my taill
That tyme in court rais gret debait
And euerilk lord, did stryue for stait
That all the realme, mycht mak no reddyng
Quhill on ilk syde, thare was blude scheddyng
And feildit vther in land and burgh
Att Lythgow, Melros, and Edinburgh
Bot to deplore, I thynk gret paine
Off nobyll men, that thare was slane
And als langsum, to be reportit
Off thame quhilk to the court resortit
As tyrannis, tratouris, and trausgressouris
And commoun publict plaine oppressouris

Wen murdȝeraris and commoun theiffis
In to that court, gat all releiffis
Thair was few lordis, in all thir landis
Bot tyll new regentis maid thare bandis
Than rais ane reik or euer I wyste
The quhilk gart all thare bandis brystе
Than thay allone, quhilk had the gyding
Thay culde nocht keip thare feit fromе lyding
Bot of thare lyffis, thay had sic dreid
That thay war faine tyll trott ouer tweid

NOw Potent Pȝince I say to the.
I thank the haly Trinitie
That I haue leuit to se this daye
That all that warld is went awaye
And thow to no man art subiectit
Nor to sic counsalouris coactit
The foure gret verteous Cardinalis
I se thame with the pȝincipalis
For Justice haldis hir sweird on hie
With hir ballance of Equitie
And in this realme, hes maid sic ordour
Baith thȝow the heland, and the bordour
That oppȝessioun, and all his fallowis
Ar haugit heych apon the gallous
Dame Pȝudence hes the be the heid
And temporance dois thy brydill leid

Ise dame forze mak assistance
Berand thy Targe, of assurance
And lusty lady Chastitie
Hes baneist Sensualitie
Dame Ryches takis on the sic cure
I pray God, that scho lang indure.
That Pouertie, dar nocht be sene
In to thy hous, for baith hir Ene
Bot fra thy grace fled mony mylis
Amangis the Hountanis in the Ylis
Dissimulance dar nocht schaw hir face
Quhilk wount was to begyill thy grace
Foly is fled out of the toun
Quhilk ay was countrar to ressoun
Polyce and Peace begynnis to plant
That verteous men can no thyng want
And as for sleuthfull Idyll lownis
Sall fetterit be, in the Gailzeownis
Jhone Upcland bene full blyith I trow
Becaus the ryschc bus, kepis his kow
Swa is thare nocht, I vnderstand
Withoute gude ordour in this land
Except the spiritualitie
Prayand thy grace, thareto haue Ee
Cause thame mak ministratioun
Conforme to thare vocatioun
To Preche, with vnfenzeit intentis
And trewly vse the Sacramentis
Efter Christis Institutionis

Leuyng thare baine traditiounis
Quhilkis dois the syllie scheip Illude
Quhame for Christ Jesus sched his blude
As superstitionis pylgramagis
Prayand to grawin Ymagis
Erpres aganis the Lordis command
I do thy grace tyll vnderstand
Geue thow to mennis lawis assent
Aganis the lordis commandiment
As Jeroboam and mony mo
Prencis of Israell all so
Assentaris to Ydolatrie
Quhilkis puneist war rycht pieteouslie
And frome thare realmes wer rutit oute
So sall thow be withouttin doute
Baith heir and hyne, withouttin moze
And want the euerlestyng glore
Bot geue thow wyll thy hart inclyne
And keip his blyssit law deuyne
As did the faithfull Patriarkis
Boith in thare wordis, and thare warkis
And as did mony faithfull kyngis
Off Israell, duryng thare ryngis
As kyng Dauid, and Salomone
Quhilkis Ymagis wald sufferr none
In thare tyche Tempillis for to stand
Becausse it was nocht goddis command
Bot distroyit all Ydolatrie
As in the scripture, thow may see

Quhose rycht reward was heuinly blys
Quhilk sall be thyne, thow doand this
Sen thow hes chosin sic ane gaird
Now am I sure, to get reward
And sen thow art the rychest kyng
That euer in this realme did ryng
Off gold and stonis precious
Wyse prudent, and Ingenious
And hes thy honour done awance
In Scotland, Ingland, and in France
Be Mercyall dedis honourabyll
And art tyll euery vertew abyll
I wat thy grace wyll nocht misken me
Bot thow wyll vther geue, or len me
Wald thy grace, len me to ane day
Off gold, ane thousand pound or tway
And I sall fyr with gude intent
Thy grace ane daye of payment
With Selit Oblygatioun
Under this protestatioun
Quhen the Basse, and the Yle of Maye
Beis sett vpon the mont Senaye
Quhen the lowmound besyde Falkland
Beis lyftit to Northhumberland
Quhen kirkmen zairnis no dignitie
Nor Wyffis no Soueranitie
Wynter but frost, snaw, wynd, or rane
Than sall I geue thy gold agane
Or I sall mak the payment

Eftir the daye of Jugement
Within ane moneth at the leiſt
Quhen Sanct Peter ſall mak ane feiſt
To all the Fyſcharis of Aberladye
Swa thow haue myne Acquittance reddye
Failzeand thareof, be ſanct Phillane
Thy grace gettis neuer ane grote agane
Geue thow be nocht content of this
I man requeiſt the kyng of blys
That he to me, haue ſum regaird
And cauſe thy grace, me to rewaird
For Dauid kyng of Iſraell
Quhilk was the gret Prophett Royall
Sayis God, hes haill at his command
The hartis of Prencis in his hand
Ewin as he lyſte thame for to turne
That mon thay do withoute ſudgeorne
Sum tyll erault to Dignitie
And ſum to depryue in pouertie
Dum tyme of lauid men, to mak lordis
And ſum tyme lordis to bynd in cordis
And thame alutterlye diſtroye
As pleſis God, that tyall Roye
For thow art bot ane Inſtrument
To that gret kyng Omnipotent
So, quhen pleſis his excellence
Thy grace ſall mak me recompence
Or he ſall cauſe me ſtand content
Off quiet lyfe and ſober rent

And tak me in my letter aige
Unto my sempyll Hermytage
And spend it that my eldaris woun
As did Matussalem in his toun
Off this complaynt with mynd full meik
Thy graces answeir schir I beseik.

☞FINIS.

Quod Lindesayto

Kyng

☞ Gentyll redaris, I wyll aduerteis zow that thare is of thir Bukis, Imprentit in France, The quhilkis ar verray fals. And wantis the tane half, and all wrang spelit, and left out heir ane lyne, and thar twa wordis.

¶ To Conclude thay ar all fals, and wantis mekle that this buke hes as may be sene, quha lyste tyll luke thame baith ouer, thay sall fynd my sayingis verray trew and wors nor I do say preue and se, than ze wyll geue me credence, thay ar nocht worthe ane plake.

BIBLIOTHECA LAMBETHANA